

Miscellany ESSAYS.

BY

Monfieur de St. EVREMONT,

UPON

<i>Philosophy,</i>	{	<i>Morality,</i>
<i>History,</i>		<i>Humanity,</i>
<i>Poetry,</i>		<i>Gallantry, &c.</i>

V O L. II.

Done into English by Mr. BROWN.

Jam senior, sed cruda Deo viridisque Senectus.

L O N D O N.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
ROBERT
EARL OF
SUNDERLAND;

Baron Spencer of Wormleighton.

MY LORD,

'**T**IS the Fate of Illustrious
Persons to be often visited
by such Importunate Addressers.
Their Quality, which priviledges
them on so many other occasions,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

does but the more expose them to frequent Persecutions of this nature. Nay, their Retirements are not able to protect them; for a true Town-Dedicator will Invade their most private recesses, and attacque them even in their Solitude. As I own my self somewhat interested in the Reputation of my Author, I was resolved, that whatever Injuries he suffer'd in the Translation, he should have right done him in the Choice of a Patron; and therefore to pitch upon one who was no stranger to his Person or to his Merit; and who best understood his value, because he has the truest and most accurate Judgment in the World. 'Tis true, my Lord, he needs no Patronage, as he shines in his Native Language, for there his own Merit abundantly secures him; but I am sensible, that after all the
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The Epistle Dedicatory.

care that has been taken with him, he will stand in need of it, as he appears in ours: With this view, my Lord, I have presum'd to give you the trouble of this bold Address; and perhaps your Lordship is the first Person in the World, that has suffer'd upon the score of being the Friend of. Monsieur *de St. Evremont*.

But besides this, my Lord, you have another Title to this Translation. We have long labour'd under a Mean, but unjust Character with our Neighbours, who lye more to the Southward, and are particularly obliged to your Lordship for reversing it. For I don't at all question but that your Lordship's extraordinary Merit, drew from our Author that Ingenuous Confession, which in his admirable Discourse to the Mareſcal *de Crequi*, he makes

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of the Partiality and unjust Prejudices of his own Country-men; your Lordship's Acquaintance has convinc'd him that colder Climates than his own, may produce Persons of as sprightly a Wit, and strong a Judgment; and that Politeness and Elegance were not confin'd to *France*. Thus our whole Island, my Lord, reaps the benefit of your Noble Qualifications. They have procured one of the most Authentic Testimonies in the World, to pass in its Favour. No Foreigner will urge our distance from the Sun, or have the hardiness hereafter to impute Barbarity to us. *St. Evremont* has acquitted us from that Imputation. *St. Evremont* has own'd us not to be inferiour in Wit to any of our Neighbouring Nations; and 'tis to your Lordship that we stand indebted for so advantageous a Confession.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I said, My Lord, one of the most Authentic Testimonies in the World. For I believe it will be agreed on all hands that since the Declension of the *Roman* Eloquence and Empire, there never was a truer or nicer Judge of Men and manners than our Author, or one in whom a fruitful Wit and a profoundness of reason were so happily reconciled. Amongst his own Country-Men or indeed any where else, I find none that can dispute the prize with him but *Montagne*; who was in truth an extraordinary Genius, and has left those remains behind him that will entertain and instruct, as long as Mankind preserves any Taste for Wit and good Sense. Tho' he writ in a very impolite Age, and his Language derives an unhappy tincture from one of the worst Provinces of *France*,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

yet there is something so forcible, so vigorous, and so Masculine in his expression, that after all the considerable improvements the French Tongue has received since his time, it still pleases, nay it Charms and affects us. Now as all this, and a great deal more, may deservedly be said in his Praise, yet his warmest Admirers must be forced to confess with me, that Nicety was never his Talent; that amongst his infinite Variety of Citations (for as our Author says very well of him, he's no troublesome Host, but when his own Conversation fails him, he has some Friends to keep it up, till he has got Breath again,) some never deserved to be mentioned, and others are urged *Mal a Propos*; in short, that his way of writing is too Pindarical, and his Excursions too frequent. 'Tis true, he is so
Complai-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Complaisant to his Reader, as never to leave him in any Barren Uncultivated places; he gives him an agreeable *Vista* of Groves and Meadows: The Scene varies every moment, and consequently, must delight him; but still he makes him wander; still he leads him out of the way, or at least for the sake of one Beautiful Prospect carries him a Mile or two about; and this at long run cannot fail to disgust nice Persons who are in pain till they arrive at their Journeys end. On the other hand *St. Evremont* is not only Master of all the good Qualities of *Montagne* without any of his defects, but possesses several others, to which the former was either altogether a Stranger, as Gallantry and a Delicateness of Discernment, or else was but slightly acquainted with.

To

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To dismiss this Comparison, he has a greater depth of penetration ; a greater justness in Reasoning ; a better taste of polite Learning, and a more exquisite knowledge of the World. Not to speak of his Language, which will admit no comparison. I cannot conclude this Article without observing, that even in his Misfortunes, our Author has received an honourable Elogy from one of the most Judicious Writers in France, but a Member of that Order, which is seldom guilty of paying Incense to Persons in disgrace ; and what is remarkable, an Order to which he himself had expressed no great Respect.

But I humbly beg your Lordships pardon, for dwelling so long upon a Subject which your Lordship better understands than any person whatever. I am sensible,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sible, I should Commit the same Solecism, should I enlarge upon all your several Eminent Qualities since they are as well known to the greater part of mankind, as St. *Evremonsts* Character is to your Lordship. That Air of politeness which distinguishes every thing you say or do; that Unwearied Generosity in extending your Favours; that greatness of Mind, that admirable Sagacity and Experience in all Affairs, are so readily acknowledged as well by those that have the honour to be admitted into your Conversations, as others that behold you at a distance, and only view you in your Character as it is universally established; that as they cannot be set in a better light, so the proclaiming of them wou'd be no *New Discovery*.

And yet my Lord, as in all Ages

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ges of the World, it has been (if I may be allowed the expression,) the *Appennage* of a conspicuous Merit to meet with many Enemies; you have not been without your share of them; but Heaven be Praised for setting such great Odds between their discretion and their Malice. 'Twas your Lordships happiness that they charg'd you with things so disproportion'd and absurd, that none seemed to believe them, but those who receive every thing without examination, or those whose interest it was to spread them. For as it was impossible for them to say the least injurious thing of you without having recourse to fiction, they managed it so profusely, that like the Old Relators of *Heroic* adventures, they destroyed that very belief they endeavoured to Propagate.
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The Epistle Dedicatory.

Even that Instrument, which by one of the most industrious Agents of Hell was designed to ruin your Reputation with the rest of mankind, for which purpose no Artifices of Threats and promises were left unpracticed ; that very Instrument, my Lord, served to proclaim your Lordships Virtue to the World; and never was Innocence more triumphant, and never did Truth gain a more glorious Conquest.

And now, my Lord, if your Candor has not been wholly exhausted in forgiving these injuries, I humbly beg you to employ it once more in pardoning the imperfections of this Translation. My Friends and I did our best endeavours, but found to our expence, it was equally difficult to imitate and Translate St. *Evremont*. The periods every where so Harmonious
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The Epistle Dedicatory.

and yet so unaffected, the Language so comprehensive and yet so clear, so Polite and yet so Natural, that tho' we cou'd pretend to have reached his meaning in all places, which is no easy matter in an Author so very nice and penetrating, yet we cannot without a sensible regret, observe how much we have fallen below the Original. Your Lordship has received better presents from other hands, but this is offered with no less sincerity. And in this single presumption, I was glad of this occasion to declare to all the World with what Zeal and Integrity,

*I am, my Lord,
your Lordships most Humble,
and most Obedient Servant,*

T. BROWN.

Preface.

I Had designed to have made some Critical Remarks and Observations upon those Chapters in the Second Volume of Monsieur de St. Evremont, where the occasion Naturally required them.

But the Book happening to swell larger by several Sheets than was expected, I have no room here to insert them. Mr. Dryden indeed, who in his excellent Preface before the first Volume, has given us a very good account of our inimitable Author, seems to have spared me this labour; but however, he has not so exhausted the Subject, but that there is still a very ample Field for those that come after him to Cultivate.

Preface.

I shall here take no notice of what our Author, both in his Discourse to the Marechal de Crequi, and in his Letter to Monsieur Justel, the late Learned Library - keeper at St. James's, has advanced upon the Score of Religion. For besides that he has managed the Controversie like a Gentleman, and not en Theologue; 'tis certain he drew his Character of the Reformed from the Huguenots of France, a sort of People whom we are not obliged to justify.

The first Volume will speedily be Re-printed, with great Amendments, and Additions; where I shall have a proper opportunity to prefix Dissertation, which I am forced for want of room here to omit.

T O
M O N S I E U R

T H E

M A R S H A L L de C R E Q U I,

*Who ask'd the temper of my Mind, and my
Thoughts of things in general.*

By Dr. D R A K E.

WHEN we are young, the Popular Opinion sways us, and we are more solicitous to gain the Esteem of others than of our selves. But arriv'd to Old Age, we are apt to have a less value for Foreign things, and are most taken up with our selves, when we are ready to abandon our selves.

Life is like our other Possessions, all vanishes, when we think our stock greatest: Our measures are seldom rightly understood, till little remains to be managed. Hence we see young Men squander (as it were) their Being, in which they think they have a long term of Years to come. We grow more chary of

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our selves, as we grow nearer to lose our selves.

The time has been, when my roving, uncontrol'd Fancy rambled after every thing strange to it: At present my Mind contracts it self to the Body, and unites more straitly with it: Nor is this out of any sense of Pleasure from such an Alliance, but out of necessity of the mutual Succour and Assistance, which they endeavour to afford one another.

In this feeble Condition, I yet retain some pleasures, but I have lost all sense of Vice, without knowing whether this change be owing to the Infirmary of a decay'd Body, or the moderation of a Mind better improv'd in Wisdom than heretofore. I fear my Age has a greater share in it than my Vertue, that I have more reason to complain, than bragg of the Obedience of Inclinations.

In vain should I ascribe to my Reason the Power of subjecting my desires, if they are too weak to raise themselves; and what Wisdom soever Men at my Years may boast of, it is hard to distinguish, whether those Passions, we now no longer feel, be subdued or expired.

Howsoever it be, when our senses are

no longer touch'd with their Objects, nor our Souls mov'd by their Impressions, it is properly no more then a State of Indolence: Yet is not this Indolence without it's Charms, To think himself exempt from all uneasiness, is enough to give Joy to a reasonable Man.

The Enjoyment of Pleasures is not always required; the privation of pain well used, renders our Condition sufficiently happy.

If any misfortune befall me, I am naturally little sensible of it, without dashing this happy Constitution with any thoughts of Constancy. For Constancy is only dwelling longer upon our Miseries. It appears the most aimable Vertue in the World to those who are under no afflictions, but is truly a new load to such as are.

Resistance only Fretts us, and Instead of easing one grievance adds another: Without Resistance we suffer only the evils inflicted on us, with it our own improvements too. For this reason under present Calamities, I resign all to Nature; I reserve my prudence for times of tranquillity. Then by reflecting upon my own Indolence, I take pleasure in the pains, I

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endure not, and by this means make happy the most indifferent State of Life.

Experience grows with Age, and Wisdom commonly with Experience: But when I ascribe this Vertue to Old Men, I mean not that they are always Masters of it. This is certain that they have always the Liberty to be wise, and to knock off decently those Fetters which prejudice has put upon the World. They only are allow'd to take things for what they really are.

Reason does as 'twere plant every thing in our Education; which is afterward in a manner quite over-run by Fancy. Age only has the power to drive out the one from what she had usurp'd, and reestablish the other in what she had lost.

For my self, I observe religiously all real Duties. The imaginary I refuse or admit, as I like or dislike 'em. For in things to which I am not oblig'd, I think it equal reason to reject what does not please me, or to accept what does.

Every day frees me from one link at least of the Chain, nor is it less for the advantage of those from whom I disengage my self, than me, who regain my liberty. They are as great gainers in the loss
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of an useless Man, as I should have been a loser, by idely devoting my self any longer to 'em.

Of all Ties, that of Amity is the only one that has, in my Opinion, almost irresistible Charms, and were it not for the disgrace that attends no Return, I cou'd love meerly for the pleasure of Loving, even where I was not belov'd again.

In Love ill plac'd, the Sentiments of Amity entertain us purely by their own agreeable sweetness. But we ought to divest our selves of a just hatred for the Interest of our own quiet.

Happy is that Mind which can entirely deny some Passions, and only unbend it self to some others. It would then be void of Fear, Sadness, Hatred, or Jealousie. It wou'd desire without violence, Hope without impatience, and Enjoy without transport.

The state of Vertue is not a state of Indolence. We suffer in it a perpetual Conflict betwixt Duty, and Inclination. Now we do what disgusts us, and now oppose what relishes well: Being almost always under force, both in our Actions, and Abstinence.

That of Wisdom is sweet and calm. It reigns Peaceably over our movements, being only to Govern well as Subjects, what Vertue Combats as Enemies.

I can say one thing of my self, as extraordinary as true, that is, that I have never in my self felt any Conflict between Passion, and Reason. My Passion never oppos'd what I resolv'd out of Duty ; and my Reason readily comply'd with what my Pleasure Inclind me to.

I pretend not that this easie accord is praise worthy ; on the contrary, I confess I have been often the more Vicious for it. Not out of any perverse disposition to Evil ; but because Vice cover'd the Crime, with an appearance of Pleasure.

It is certain, the nature of things is much better discover'd by reflection on 'em, when past, then by their impressions at perception. Now the great Commerce with the World, hinders all attention in Youth. What we see in others hinders us from examining well our selves.

Crowds please us at an Age, when we Love (as one may say) to diffuse our selves. Multitudes grow troublesome at another, when we naturally recoil to our selves, or instead of numbers come to

paucity of Friends, who are more united to us.

'Tis this humour, that insensibly withdraws us from Courts. We begin through that to seek some Mean between Hurry and Retirement. We grow afterwards ashamed to show an old Face amongst young Fellows.

Let us not flatter our selves with our Judgments: A brisk Buffoonery will run it down; and the false glittering of a youthful Fancy will turn to Ridicule our most delicate Conversations. If we have Wit, the best use of it is in private Companies; for in a Crowd the Spirit maintains it self but ill against the Body.

This Justice which we are oblig'd to do our selves, ought not to make us unjust to the young Men. We ought not perpetually to cry up our own Times, or enviously always condemn theirs. Let us not rail at Pleasures when we are past them, or censure Diversions, whose only Offence is our Incapacity.

Our Judgments ought to be always the same. We may live, but must not judge by Humour. There is in mine an odd peculiarity, which makes me measure Magnificence more by its trouble than pomp.

Shows, Feasts, and great Assemblies, invite not me to the sight of 'em: The Inconveniencies I must suffer, deter me. The elegant harmony of Consorts engages not me so much, as the difficulty of adjusting 'em disoblige me. Abundance disgusts me at my Meals, and Rarities seem to me an affected Curiosity. My fancy cannot recommend any thing to my palate by my scarcity. My choice shou'd be of things easily to be had, that my Delicacy may not be ruled by Fancy.

I am as fond of Reading as ever, because it depends more particularly on the mind, which tires not like the Senses. In truth, I seek in Books my Pleasure, rather than my Instruction.

As I have less time for Practice, I have less desire to learn. I have more need of a stock of Life than of methods of living; and the little that remains, is better spent in things agreeable, than instructive. The Latin Authors afford me the most, and I read whatever I think fine, a thousand times over without being cloy'd.

A nice Choice has confin'd me to a few Books, in which I seek rather sound than fine Wit; and the true Taste (to use a Spanish Expression) is ordinarily found in
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the Writings of conſiderable Men. I am pleas'd to diſcover in *Tully's* Epiftles, both his own Character, and that of thoſe Perſons of Quality that Write to him. He never divelts himſelf of his Rhetorick, and the leaſt recommendation to his moſt intimate Friend is as artificially Inſinuated, as if he were to prepoſſeſs a Stranger in an Affair of the greateſt Conſequence in the World.

The Letters of the reſt want thoſe fine turns ; but in my Mind, they have more good Senſe than his, and this makes me judge very Advantageouſly of the great and general Abilities of the *Romans* at that time.

Our Authors prefer the Age of *Auguſtus* upon the account of *Virgil* and *Horace* ; and perhaps more yet upon the ſcore of *Mæcenæſ*, who encouraged Men of Learning, than for thoſe Men of Learning themſelves.

It is nevertheleſs certain, that their Parts as well as Courages began at that time to decay. Grandeur of Soul was converted to Circumſpect Conduct, and found Diſcourſe to Polite Converſation : I know not what to think of the Remains of *Mæcenæſ*, unleſs it be that they had ſomething

Something of Grimace, which was made to pass for delicate.

Macenas was *Augustus's* great Favourite ; The Man that pleas'd, and whom all the Polite, and sprightly Wits courted ; now is it not likely that his judgment over-rul'd the rest, that they affected his Air, and Ap'd, as much as they could, his Character ?

Augustus himself leaves us no great Idea of his Latinity. What we see of *Terence*, what was reported at *Rome* of politeness of *Scipio* and *Lælius*, the Reliques of *Cæsar*, and what we have of *Cicero*, with the complaint of this last for the loss of what he calls, *Sales*, *Le-pores*, *Venustates*, *Urbanitas*, *Amanitas*, *Festivitas*, *Jucunditas* ; all together make me believe, upon better consideration, That we must search some other time than that of *Augustus*, to find the sound and agreeable Wit of the *Romans*, as well as the pure and natural Graces of their Tongue.

It may be said, That *Horace* had a very nice Palate in all these Matters ; which perswades me, that the rest of his Contemporaries had not. For the nicety of his Relish consisted chiefly in find-
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ing that of others ridiculous. But as for the Impertinencies, false Manners, and Affectations which he laugh'd at, his sense wou'd not at this day appear so very just.

I own that of *Augustus* to have been the Age of excellent Poets ; but it follows not, That it was that of Universal Genius's.

Poetry requires a peculiar Genius, that agrees not overmuch with good sense. It is sometimes the Language of Gods, sometimes of Buffoons, rarely that of a Civil Man. It delights in Figures, and Fictions, always besides the reality of things, tho' it be that only, that can satisfy a sound Understanding.

Not but that there is something Noble in making good Verse ; but we must have a great command of our Genius, otherwise the mind is possess'd with something Foreign, which hinders it from the free management of it self.

He's a Block-head (say the Spaniards) that can't make two Verses, and a Fool that makes four. If this Maxim prevail'd over all the World, we should want a thousand fine Works, the reading of which gives us a very delicate pleasure ; but this Maxim respects Men of Business, rather than profess'd Poets.

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However, those that are capacitated for such great Works, will not oppose the force of their Genius, for what I can say; and it is certain, that amongst Authors, those only will write few Verses, who find themselves curb'd more by their own natural Unaptness, than by my Reasons.

Excellent *Poets* are as requisite for our pleasure, as great *Mathematicians* for our use: But it is sufficient for us to be acquainted with their Works, and not engage our selves in the solitary Enthusiasm of the one, or to exhaust our Spirits in Meditation like the other.

Of all Poets, *Comedians* are most proper for the converse of the World: For they oblige themselves to paint naturally what passes in it, and to express after a lively manner the Thoughts, and Passions of Men.

How new an Air soever, may be given to old Thoughts, that sort of Poetry is very tedious which is fill'd with Similies of the Morning, the Sun, Moon, and Stars. Our Descriptions of a calm and a tempestuous Sea, represent nothing which the Antients have not done much better.

Now we have not only the same Ideas, but the very same Expressions, the same Rhymes.

Rhymes. I never hear of the Harmony of Birds, but I prepare my self for the murmuring of Brooks ; the Shepherds are always lolling upon Fern, and you may sooner find a Grove without a Shade in its proper sight, than in our Verses.

This must necessarily at length be very tedious ; which cannot happen in Comedy, where with pleasure we see our own Actions drawn, and are touch'd with Paralel Motions.

A Discourse of Woods, Rivers, Meadows, Fields, and Gardens, make but a very languishing Impression upon us, unless their Beauties be wholly new : But a discourse of Humanity, its Inclinations, Tendernesses, and Affections, finds something at the bottom of our Souls prepar'd to receive it ; the same nature produces and receives 'em, and they are easily transfused from the Actors to the Spectators.

The Delicacy of Love sooths me, and its tenderness touches me ; and as in *Spain* they love the best of any Country in the World, I am never weary of reading in their Authors Amorous Adventures. I am more affected with the Passion of one
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of their Lovers, than I shou'd be with my own, were I yet capable of any. The very Imagination of those Amours raises in me certain motions for the Gallant, which I cou'd never feel for my self.

There is perhaps as much Witt in the other Writings of that Nation, as in ours; but it is a Wit that gives me no satisfaction, except that of *Cervantes* in *Don Quixot*, which I cou'd read all my life without being disgusted one single moment.

Of all the Books I have ever read, *Don Quixot* is that, of which I shou'd be most ambitious to have been the Author. Nothing in my Opinion, can contribute more to the forming in us a true relish of every thing. I wonder how *Cervantes* cou'd, as it were out of the Mouth of one of the greatest Fools in the World, shew himself master of all the Understanding and Knowledge imaginable. I admire the diversities of his Characters, which are of the most uncommon stamp in the World, and at the same time the most natural.

Quevedo indeed appears a very Ingenious Author, but I esteem him more for wishing all other Books Burnt, when he
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had read *Don Quixot*, than for having been able to read 'em.

I am not acquainted enough with *Italian* Verse, to taste their delicacy, or admire their Grace and Beauty ; I meet with some Histories in that Tongue above all the Moderns, and some Treatises of Politicks even above what the Antients have Written.

As for the Morality of the *Italians*, it is full of Concepts, which favour more of a Fancy that aims to Sparkle, than of solid Sense founded on deep Reflections.

I am very curious of every thing that is fine in *French*, and am very much distasted at a thousand Authors, that seem only to have written for the Reputation of being Authors. I read not for the credit of having read abundance, and this is it which tyes me up to certain Books, where I'm assur'd to meet satisfaction.

Montagne's Essays, *Malherbe's* Poems, *Corneille's* Tragedies, and *Voiture's* Letters have established to themselves, as it were, a Title to please me during Life.

Montagne has not the same success with others through their whole Course. As he particularly lays open Men, the Young and the Old are pleased to see them-

themselves in him by the resemblance of their Thoughts. The space intermediate to these Ages, takes 'em off from Nature to other Professions; and then they find less in *Montagne* that fits 'em. The Art Military employs the General; Politicks the States-man; Divinity the Church-Man; and Law the Judge.

Montagne returns upon us, when Nature has brought us back again to our selves; and the approach of Age, when we truly feel what we are, recalls the Prince as well as his meanest Subjects from his Engagements to his Function, to the more near and sensible interest of his Person.

I Write not this out of any impulse of vanity, which urges Men to make their Fancies publick. I instruct my self by what I say, and understand my self better by expressing the Notion I have form'd of my self, then I could by private thought, and Internal Reflections.

The Idea a Man has of himself by simple attention to Internal Meditations, is always a little confus'd. The Image which is outwardly express'd is much more exact, and gives us a much truer
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Judgment of our selves, when it is again submitted to the Examination of the mind, after having been laid before our eyes.

Besides, the flattering Opinion of our own merit loses half its Charms, as soon as it comes into the light ; and the complaisance of self Love insensibly vanishing leaves behind it only a disgust of its sweetness, and shame for a vanity as foolishly entertain'd as judiciously quitted.

To equal *Malherbe* to the Antients, I find nothing finer then his own compositions. I wou'd only in his works retrench what is not worthy of him. It were injustice to postpone him to any one whoever. But he must bear with us, if for the honour of our own Judgments, we make him give place to himself.

Almost the same we may say of *Cornelle*. He wou'd be above all the Tragedians of Antiquity, if he were not in some of his pieces much below himself. He is so admirable in what is fine, that he take away all patience for what is indifferent. What in him is not excellent, methinks is naught ; not that it is bad, but that it wants the perfection of the rest.

It is not enough for him to please us lightly, he's bound to touch us to the quick.

If he ravishes not our minds, they employ their utmost penetration, enviously to discover the difference between him and himself.

Some Authors may simply move us. But those are petty ticklings, pleasing enough when we have nothing else to mind. *Corneille* prepares our minds for transports: If they be not elevated, they are left in a condition more uneasy than languour.

It is, I confess hard, always to Charm: Very hard at pleasure to raise a mind from its temper, to unhinge a Soul. But *Corneille* by having done it so often, has laid upon himself an Obligation to do it always. Let him expunge what is not noble enough for him, and he will leave us in a full admiration of those Beauties which no one can Parallel.

I should not excuse *Voiture* for a great many of his Letters, which he ought to have suppress'd, had himself been the Publisher: But he was like some Fathers, equally kind and prudent, who have a natural affection for their Children, and in secret cherish those that want worth, thereby

thereby to avoid exposing their Judgments to the Publick by their Indulgence.

He might have shew'd all his Fondness to some of his Works ; for there is something in 'em so unaccountably ingenious, so polite, so fine, and so agreeable, that it takes away all taste of the *Sales Attici* and the *Roman Urbanitas* ; ecclipses quite the Spirit and Wit of the *Italians*, and the Gallantry of the *Spaniards*.

We have in *French* some particular pieces of admirable Beauty ; of which number is the Funerall Oration of the Queen of *England* by Monsieur de *Meaux*. There is a certain Spirit diffus'd through the whole discourse, which gives as great an opinion of the Author before he is known, as of his Work, after 'tis read. His Character is impress'd on all that he says ; so that altho' I have never seen him, I pass easily from the admiration of his Discourse to that of his Person.

Nor am I less affected with the Abridgment of General History done by the same Prelate. Such reach is there in his Reflections : The sense so sound, so great a purity of Reasoning ! What a capacity of mind must he have in one Scheme to comprehend so great a variety

of Events, so far disjoyn'd both in time and place? What Judgment to reconcile 'em as he do's, and draw from 'em Consequences so advantagious to the true Religion?

How great soever the pleasure of Reading is to me, yet that of Conversation will ever be more sensible. The acquaintance of the Ladies would afford the sweetest, if their Charms did not put us to too much pain to defend our selves from doing Homage to 'em. Yet this is a violence *I* rarely suffer; as my Age renders me unacceptable, my Experience makes me nice; and if they can't be pleas'd with me, *I* am by way of return as little satisfied with them.

There are some whose Merits make a considerable impression on my mind, but their Beauty has little influence on me. And if *I* am at any time surprized by it, *I* presently reduce my Passion to a pleasing reasonable Amity, that has none of the uneasinesses of Love.

Amongst Ladies, the most meritorious person with them, is the Lover; the next, the Confident of their Inclinations; the third, he that ingeniously sets off all that is amiable in 'em. If nothing will
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win their hearts, we may at least gain their Favours by Complements; for next to the Lover, to whom all must give place, he pleases 'em most, that can make 'em please themselves best.

When you converse with 'em, avoid carefully all indifference, they are from their Souls Enemies to such coldness, or love your self, or flatter what they love, or paint 'em so as to plunge 'em still deeper in Love with themselves. For Love of some sort or other they must have, it is a Passion their Hearts are never unfurnish'd with. Direct a poor Heart how to employ it.

'Tis true, some of 'em can have esteem, and even tenderneſs too without Love; and others there are as worthy of our Confidence and Secrets as the most trusty of our Friends.

I know some that have no less Wit and Discretion, then Charms and Beauty: But those are Rarities, that Nature wantonly bestows on the World, whether by design or caprice, and we can draw no Consequences in Favour of the Generall, from things so particular, and from Qualities so uncommon. Women so extraordinary seem to invade the Character of

Men ; and perhaps it is a kind of revolt from their Sex, to shake off the Natural Conditions of it for the real Advantages of ours.

I confess I have formerly been more difficult in the choice of the Men, with whom I Convers'd, then at present I am ; and I think my self not so much a Loser in point of Delicacy, as a gainer in point of Sense. I then sought for Men that cou'd please me in every thing, I now seek every thing that may please me in any Man.

A Man in all respects agreeable, is too great a Rarity, and it is no Wisdom to hunt for what we are hardly ever like to find. That Delicacy of pleasure, which our imagination paints to us, is what we seldom enjoy ; the sickly nice Fancy gives us a disrelish of those things, which we during the whole course of our lives might obtain.

Not that, to say Truth, it is impossible to find such Jewels, but it is very rarely that Nature forms 'em, and that Fortune favours us with 'em. My good Stars made me know one of this rank in *France*, and another of equal merit in a *Forreign Country*, who was the whole delight of my Life. Death has robbed me of this Treasure,

sure, and I can never think on that cruel day on which Monsieur *Dauoigny* died, but I may with a sad and sensible regret, say,

—— — *Quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic di voluistis, habebo.*

Among your other measures for the conduct of Society, you must take care to apprehend the good things seperately ; beware to distinguish Solidity from Prolixity, good Nature from want of Sense, Science from Ridicule. You will find these Qualities promiscuously blended, not only among those Men whom you may at pleasure make choice of, or repudiate, but even among those whom your interest, or other tyes as obligatory, shall bind you to.

I have seen a Man of the gayest natural parts in the World, lay aside the happy facility of his Genius, and engage in Arguments of Science and Religion, in which he betray'd a ridiculous ignorance.

I know one of the most Learned Men in *Europe*, of whom one may Learn a Thousand things curious or profound, in whom nevertheless you will find an

impotence of Beleif in every thing extraordinary, fabulous, or exceeding Credit.

That great Master of the Stage, to whom the *Romans* are more beholding for the Beauty of their thoughts, then to their own Wit or Vertue : *Corneille* who sufficiently discovers himself without naming, speaks like an ordinary Man when he speaks for himself. He exhausts all his stock of thought for a *Greek* or a *Roman* : A *French-man* or *Spaniard* abates his courage ; and when he speaks for him, he is quite dispirited. He racks his imagination for all that is noble to adorn his Old *Heroe's*, and you would say, that he debarr'd himself the advantage of his own proper Wealth, as if he were not worthy the use of it.

If you know the World perfectly, you will find in it abundance of Men valuable for their Talent, and as contemptible for their failing. Expect not they shou'd always display their good Qualities, and discreetly cover their Infirmities. You shall see 'em slight their Vertues, and fondly indulge their defects. It rests upon your Judgment to make a better choice then themselves, and by your Address, to draw from 'em that worth, which they cou'd not easily communicate. For

For these Ten Years, which I have spent in a Forreign Country, I have found as much pleasure, and been as happy in the enjoyment of Conversation, as if I had been all the time in *France*. I have met with Persons of as great Worth as Quality, whose Society has been the greatest comfort of my Life. I have known Men as witty as any I have ever seen, who have join'd the pleasure of their Friendship to that of their Company.

I have known some Ambassadors so delicate, that it seem'd to me a considerable loss, whenever the Duty of their Character suspended the exercise of their more peculiar Excellencies.

I have formerly thought that there were no Man of Honour but in our Court ; that the effeminacy of warmer Climates, and a kind of Barbarity in the colder, hinder'd the Natives from being rais'd to this pitch, except very rarely. But experience has at length convinc'd me, that there are such everywhere, and if I have not discover'd it soon enough, it is because it is difficult for a *French-man* under long use to relish any but those of his own Country.

Every Nation has it's excellence, with

a certain turn proper and peculiar to its Genius. My Judgment, too much wedded to our own Air, rejected as faulty what was Foreign to us. Because we see 'em imitate us in the Fashion of things Exterior, we wou'd impose upon 'em the imitation of us, even in the Dress of Vertue too.

In truth, the grounds of any Essential Quality, are every where the same; but we endeavour to fit the Extrinsicks to our Humour, and those among us that pay the greatest deference to Reason, must have with it something to gratifie their Fancies.

The difference which I find between the Air of us and other Nations, to speak ingenuously, is that ours is industriously affected, and that of other Nations impressed by Nature, as it were in an indelible Character.

In all my life, I have never known but two Persons that were universally taking, and those differently. The one had agreeable Qualities of all sorts; for the ordinary sort of Men, for the Humorists, and even for the Fantastical; he seem'd to have in his Nature, wherewith to please every body. The other had so many
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ny rare Accompliſhments, that he might aſſure himſelf of eſteem where-ever Ver-tue was rever'd. The firſt cou'd inſi-nuate himſelf, and never fail'd to gain the Affections. The ſecond was ſome-what moroſe and fierce, but command-ed eſteem. To compleat this difference, a Man gave himſelf up with pleaſure to the inſinuations of the former, and ſub-mitted oftentimes with reluctance to the worth of the latter. I had a ſtrict Friendſhip with 'em both, and can ſay, That *I* never ſaw any thing in the one, but what was agreeable ; or in the other, but what was valuable.

When I want the company of men of Converſation, *I* have recourſe to the Learned ; and if I meet with Men ſkilfull in polite Learning, *I* think my ſelf no great loſer by exchangeing of the delicacy of the preſent, for that of paſt Ages. But there are very few that have a true Judgment : Polite Learning is by moſt Mens management rendered very nauſe-ous.

Of all the Men *I* ever knew, Antiqui-ty is the moſt indebted to Mr. *Waller*, not only for the nicety and fineneſs of his apprehenſion, which he employs to dive,
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even into the Soul of the Antients for their true meaning, but likewise for the Beauty of his Fancy, with which he embellishes their Thoughts too.

I have seen in few Years abundance of Criticks, and but few good Judges. I affect not that sort of Learned Men, that rack their Brains to restore a Reading, which is not mended by the Restitution. The whole Mystery of their Learning lyes in what we might as well be ignorant of, and what is worth the knowing, they never understand. They never imagine, never think nicely enough to taste the delicacy of the Sense, or the elegance of a Thought. They may serve well enough for Expositors to Grammarians; they drudge the same way, and are made of the same Lump: but they can never rightly apprehend any Man of Sense among the Antients; such a Talent is diametrically opposite to theirs.

In History, they neither mind Men, nor matters; they lay the whole weight on Cronology; and for the date of a Consul's Death, neglect the knowledge of his Character, or of the Transactions during his Consulate. Tully with them had been no more then a Compiler of Harangues,

rangues, or *Cæsar* then a Scribler of Commentaries. The Consul, the General slip by 'em without notice, the Spirit that animates their Works is unperceiv'd, and the principal Matters they treat of unknown.

I value infinitely a Critic of Sense, if the expression may be allow'd. Such is the excellent Work of *Machiavel* upon the *Decades* of *Livy*; and such wou'd be the reflections of *Monsieur de Rohan* upon *Cæsar's* Commentaries, had he peirc'd deeper into his Designs, and expos'd to a clearer light the secret Springs of his Conduct. Notwithstanding, *I* must own that he has equal'd, if not outreach'd the penetration of *Machiavel* in his remarks upon the clemency of *Cæsar* in the Civil Wars. But we may see that his own experience of such Wars, gave abundance of light to those judicious Observations.

After the Study of polite Learning (for which *I* have a more particular affection,) *I* Love the Science of those great *Lawyers*, who might themselves be Legislators; who reascend to that Original Justice that rules Humane Society, that know what liberty Nature permits in establish'd Governments, and what for the publick

publick Good, easies private Men of the burthen of Politicks.

The Conversation of Mr. ——— affords these instructions with as much pleasure as profit. From *Hobbs*, that great ingenious of *England*, we may receive these shining Lights, yet not altogether so true; for somethings he mistakes, others he pushes too far.

Were *Grotius* yet alive, all things might be Learnt of that universally Learn'd Man, who is yet more valuable for his Reasonings than for his Learning. Tho' he is Dead, his Writings still resolve the most important difficulties; and were Justice only regarded, they might be a standing rule to all Nations in points of War, and Peace. His Book, *de Jure Belli & Pacis*, ought to be the chief Study of Sovereign Princes, their Ministers, and whoever else have any share in the Government of the People.

Nay, even the knowledge of that Law which descends to the affairs of private Men, ought not to be slighted. But this is left to the care of the Gentlemen of the Gown, and denied to Princes as a thing below them, tho' every moment of their Reign, they issue out Warrants that extend to the

the Fortunes, Liberties, and Lives of their Subjects.

They are only entertain'd with Harangues about Valour, which is only an instrument of Deſtruction, and Diſcourſes of Liberality, which is but a more regular method of ſquandering, unleſs it is bounded by Juſtice. They ought indeed to ſuit the Vertues they preach to the neceſſities of every ones temper: To infuſe Liberality into the Covetous, to ſpur the unactive with the thirſt of Glory, and curb, as much as is poſſible, the ambitious with the Reins of Juſtice. But amongſt all the diverſity of Tempers, Juſtice is ſtill moſt requiſite; for it keeps up order as well in him that does it, as in them to whom it is done.

This is not a constraint that leſſens the power of a Prince, for in doing it to others, he learns to do it to himſelf, and ſo it is in him a voluntary act, tho' we neceſſarily receive it from his power.

I read not in Hiſtory of any Prince, better Educated then *Cyrus* the great. They were not contented exactly to inform him what was Juſtice in all reſpects, but they made him put his Inſtructions in Practice as often as occaſion was offer'd; ſo
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that they did at the same time imprint the notions of it on his Mind, and establish an habitual Justice in his Soul.

The Education of *Alexander* was of somewhat too large an extent : He was Taught the knowledge of every thing in Nature, but himself. His ambition afterwards diffus'd it self as far as his Learning ; and knowing all, he grew desirous to Conquer all. But he had little or no method in his Conquests, and abundance of irregularity in his Life for want of knowing what he owed to the publick, to private Men , and to himself.

No Men Whatsoever can take too effectual a care to make themselves just, for they have naturally too strong a Bias the contrary way.

Justice is the foundation and the Fence of all Society ; without it we should still be Strowlers, and Vagabonds ; our impetuosity would soon reduce us to our primitive confusion, out of which we are happily extricated, yet instead of chearfully acknowledging the benefit, we find a regret to submit to that happy Subjection it keeps us in, and still long after that Fatall Liberty which would be the unhappiness of our Lives.

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When the Scriptures tell us that the Just are few, it means not in my Opinion, that Men are not yet inclin'd to good Works. But it seems to intimate how little an Inclination they have to 'em out of a principle of Justice.

Indeed were Mens good Actions examined, they would most of 'em be found to have their source from the consideration of some other Vertues. Bounty, Friendship, and Benevolence are the ordinary Springs from whence they flow: Charity supplies our Neighbours wants; Liberality bestows, and Generosity obliges. Justice which ought to partake in all, is laid aside as burthenfome; and necessity alone gives it a share in our Actions.

Nature endeavours to find a kind of self complaisance in these first qualities, where we act upon pleasing Motives: But in this she finds a secret violence, where anothers Right extorts from us what we owe, and we only acquit our selves of our own Obligations, not lay any upon them by our beneficence.

It is a secret aversion to Justice that makes us fonder of giving than returning, of obliging than acknowledging. Thus we see the most liberal, generous Men

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are not usually the most Just. Justice includes a regularity that bridles 'em, as being founded on a constant method of Reason, oppos'd to those natural impulses, which are the Hinges upon which liberality almost always moves.

There is something, I know not what, heroical in great Liberality, as well as in great Valour; and there is a great Analogy between those two Vertues, the one raises the Soul above the Consideration of Wealth, as the other beyond the management and desire of Life. But with all these gay and generous Motives, without good Conduct, the one becomes ruinous, and the other Fatal.

Those whom cross accidents of Fortune have undone, are pityed by all the World; because it is a misfortune the Conditions of Humanity submit us to: But those that are reduc'd to Misery by vain profusion, raise more contempt than commiseration; because it is the Issue of a peculiar Folly, from which every Man has the good conceipt to think himself exempt.

But besides Nature is always a sufferer little by compassion, and to relieve herself of an uneasie thought, She represents to her self the Folly of the Prodigall, rather

ther than rest on the prospect of the Beggar. All things consider'd, it is enough for private Men to be Benefactors.

As this ought not to be meerly through a softness of Nature which lukewarmly lets go what it has not its strength to keep ; I despise the weakness which we call ill plac'd Bounty, and hate no less the vanity of those that never do a kindness but for the pleasure of boasting of it.

There are not so many ungratefull Men, as there are thought to be ; because there are not so many generous Men as we imagin. He that in silence suppresses a favour receiv'd is an unthankful Fellow, that deserv'd it not. But he that publishes one that he has done, turns it to an Injury, shewing to your disgrace the necessity you had of him.

I would have an honest Man cautious of receiving obligations, and sensible of 'em when receiv'd : I would have him that obliges satisfyed with the generosity of the Action, and not think of any acknowledgement from the Party oblig'd. When a return is expected, it is no longer liberality ; it is a sort of Trade, which the spirit of Interest wou'd introduce into Favours.

'Tis true, there are some persons in whose nature ingratitude is rooted : Ingratitude is the main ingredient in their composition ; with that their Heart their Soul, and every part is season'd : Then make no returns to Love, not because they are hard and insensible, but because they are ingratefull.

This ingratitude of the Heart is of all the kinds of it the most opposite to Humanity. For a generous Man may be sometimes necessitated to banish the thoughts of a past kindness, to ease himself of the trouble that some Obligations are apt to give. But Friendship knitts, not fetters us together ; and without some extraordinary violence to Nature, it is impossible to resist its tender engaging Charms.

The Ingratitude of the Soul is a Natural indisposition to acknowledge a Service, even without regard to Interest. Avarice may sometimes suppress an Obligation, to avoid the expence of a return. But pure Ingratitude is without farther design in it self averse to all acknowledgements.

There is another sort of Ingratitude founded on a Concept of our own worth ;
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our Vanity miſtakes ſervices done us, for dues paid to us.

The ambition of Liberty has likewiſe its ingratitude as well as Vanity. The only ſubjection it allows is to the Laws; out of abhorrence of a dependance, it hates the memory of Obligations that ſhow a ſuperiority in the Benefactor. This makes Republicans ingratefull. They think that a Diminution of their liberty, which others impute to their Ingratitude.

Brutus thought it meritorious to ſacrifice his Obligations to his liberty. All the kindneſſes heap'd on him were converted to Injuries, when he began to look upon 'em as Fetters. He could kill a Benefactor that aim'd to be his Maſter. An abominable Villany amongſt the Patrons of gratitude. An admirable vertue with the Sticklers for liberty.

As there are Men purely ingratefull, out of a meer ſenſe of ingratitude, ſo there are ſome meerly thankful out of a pure ſenſe of thankfulneſs. Their Hearts are ſenſible not only of good turns, but even of good will too; and have of themſelves a propenſity to acknowledge all manner of Obligations.

There is as great a diverſity of thanks,

as of ingratitude; there are some poor Spirits that think themselves oblig'd by every thing, as well as vain Humours that do so by nothing.

If self-concept has its proud ingrates, distrust of Merit has its weak thankful ones, that take common Justice for an Obligation.

This diffidence of themselves gives 'em an inclination to *subjection*, and that obliges them to make another sort of acknowledgment. These Persons as they are encumber'd with liberty, and ashamed of servitude, raise up chimerical Obligations, to give an honourable colour to their submission.

I will not reckon among the grateful, those poor wretches that think themselves oblig'd to us for not hurting 'em. They are not only Slaves, but Slaves that have not the Courage to hope well. To these transported Wretches all treatment that is not rigorous is favourable, and every thing that is not an injury, they think a kindness.

I shall only now consider Court Acknowledgments, which have not so much respect to the past, as design upon the future. They acknowledge obligations to
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all that are in any post to oblige; and by an affected gratitude for favours never done insinuate themselves into those, in whose power it is to do 'em, and industriously put themselves in the way of 'em. This trick of thanks as it is undoubtedly no Vertue, so neither is it a vice but cunning, which it is lawful to serve our selves with, and guard our selves from.

The great ones in requital have a trick as artificial to excuse themselves from doing kindneses, as the Courtiers can have to engage 'em to it. They reproach men with Services never done, and complain of ingratitude, tho' they have hardly ever obliged any one, to draw from hence a specious pretence to oblige no body.

But let this affected Gratitude, and these mysterious Complaints of Ingratitude pass; let us see what is to be wish'd in the pretences to, and the distribution of Benefits. I cou'd wish in the Pretenders more merit than Address, and in the Disposers more Generosity than Ostentation.

Justice respects every thing in the distribution of Favours: It regulates the

liberality of the Donour, and weighs the merit of the Receiver.

Generosity thus circumstantiated is an admirable Vertue: not so, it is the motion of a Soul truly noble, but ill govern'd; or of a wild Ostentatious Humour, that thinks Reason a clogg to it.

There are so many things to be consider'd in the distribution of kindneses, that the safest way is always to observe strict Justice, and consult Reason equally about those we make the Objects of 'em. But even among those that intend strict Justice, how many are misguided by their tempers to reward or punish? When we give way to Insinuation, and yield to Complement, Self-Love represents to us as Justice a Lavishness to them that flatter us; and we reward 'em for the Artifice they use to deceive our Judgments, and prevail upon the imbecility of our Wills.

They cheat themselves yet more easily, that mistake a morose Temper for an inclination to Justice. The itch of punishing is ingenious in 'em to set an ill gloss upon every thing. Pleasure with them is Vice, and Error a Crime. A man must divest himself of Humanity to escape
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their Rigour. Misled by a false Notion of Vertue, they think they chastise Criminals, while they torment the Miserable.

If Justice appoints a great Punishment, (which is sometimes necessary) it is proportion'd to some great Crime, but is never harsh or rigorous. Severity and Rigour are no part of it, but spring from the humour of those persons that execute it. As these sorts of Punishments flow from Justice without rigour, so likewise does Pardon in some cases rather than from Clemency. To pardon Faults of Error is but Justice to the failings of our Nature.

I might proceed to several other particulars of Justice, but it is now high time to think of Religion, which ought to be our principal care

After the manner that *I* have liv'd in the World, People will not easily believe that *I* am very solicitous about Salvation. Yet *I* can safely aver, that no man e're thought of the next World with more Application than my self. 'Tis stupidity to set up our Rest in a Life that may terminate every moment.

Meer Curiosity will make us inquisitive to know what shall become of us after our Death. We are too dear to ourselves to agree to the irrecoverable loss of our selves. Self Love secretly opposes the Notion of annihilation. We are desirous to exist always, and the Soul as it is interest'd in its own conversation, improves this desire we have of receiving some light into a thing so obscure.

Yet the Body finding by certain experience that it must die, and unwilling to die alone seeks reasons to involve the Soul in one common State. But the Soul which knows its Actions are independant of those Organs, is sensible that it can subsist without 'em. I have called all the light I could both from the Antients and Moderns to assist my reflections to dive into so dark a matter: I have read all that has been Written on the Immortality of the Soul, and after I have done it with all my attention possible, the clearest Proof that I find of the Eternity of my Soul, is my own perpetual desire that it may be so.

I wish I had never read *Monsieur Descartes's Meditations*: The great reputation of that excellent Man among us gave me

me some hope of finding that demonstration he promises ; but there appears to me rather probability then certainty in his arguments ; and how desirous soever I was to be convinc'd by his Reasons, all that I can do in his favour or my own, is to rest where I was before.

I leave the Study of *Metaphysics* to make an enquiry into Religion, and looking a Book upon that Antiquity of which I am so fond, I find among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, nothing more then a Superstitious Idolatrous Worshipp, or politick humane contrivances establish'd for the Government of Men. It is not difficult for me to see the advantages of the Christian Religion over all the rest ; and submitting my self the best I can with reverence to the Belief of its Misteries, I leave my Reason to tast with pleasure the purest, and most perfect Morality in the World.

Amidst the diversity of Beleifs that divide Christianity, the true Catholick engages me as well by my own free Election, were I yet to choose, as by the habitual Impression it has long since made upon me.

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What we now call Religion is indeed but a difference in Religion, and not a different Religion. I rejoyce that my Faith is more sound then a Hereticks; yet instead of Hating him for this difference, I Love him because he agree's with me in the Fundamentals. The means at length to agree in the whole, is always to communicate in something. A desire of Reunion can never be inspir'd till the enmity that arises from division be suppress'd. Men may seek one another as sociable, but they never join with their Enemies.

Besides, the difference of Doctrine in some points affected in every Sect, I remark, as it were, a sort of particular Spirit that distinguishes 'em. The Catholick tends particularly to the love of God, and good Works. We look upon this first Being, as an Object sovereignly amiable, and tender Souls are touch'd with the sweet and agreeable impressions it makes on 'em.

Good Works follow necessarily from this Principle; for Love once receiv'd within, actuates us without, and puts us upon endeavouring all we can to please him we love. All we have to fear in this case

case is, lest the source of this Love, the Heart, should be corrupted by the mixture of any Passion altogether humane.

It is likewise to be feared, that instead of obeying the Ordinance of God, we should frame methods of serving him according to our own Fancies. But if this love be real and pure, nothing in the world yields that true sweetness and satisfaction.

The inward joy of devout Souls rises from a secret assurance they have of being agreeable to God ; and the true Mortifications, and holy Austerities are nothing else but pious Sacrifices of themselves.

The Reformed Religion divests men of all confidence in merit. The Opinion of Predestination, which it dares not forgo, leaves the Mind languid, unmov'd, without Affection, under pretence of waiting with submission for the Will of Heaven. It is Content barely to obey, and seeks not to please ; and in a set common Worship, makes God the Object rather of their Regularity than Love.

The *Calvinists* abstract from Religion every thing that appears humane, to preserve its Purity : but in endeavouring to
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debar Man of what is humane, they frequently retrench too much of what is address'd to God.

Their dislike of our Ceremonies, makes 'em industrious to refine upon us. Yet when they have attain'd to this dry naked Purity, they have not so much Devotion. Those that are pious among 'em, raise up a private Spirit, which they think inspir'd; so much dissatisfied are they with a Formality that to them seems too common.

There are in matters of Worship two sorts of Humours. The one wou'd be always adding to, and the other always retrenching what is established. In the first, there is a hazard of giving too much out-side to Religion, and covering it with so many Exteriors, that the real ground of it cannot be seen through 'em. In the other, the danger is least after having cut off all that appears superfluous, Religion it self should be pared.

Tho' the Catholicks have abundance of Ceremonies, yet that hinders not but that men of understanding may see well enough through 'em.

The Reform'd use too little, and their ordinary Worship is not sufficiently distinguish'd from the common Occupations of Life. In places where it is not tolerated, the difficulty heightens their disgust, and the Dispute raises a warmth that animates 'em. Where it rules, it produces only an exact Compliance, as the Civil Government, or any other Obligation might do.

Good manners among the *Huguenots* are only the effects of their Faith, and the Subjects of their Belief. We are agreed on both sides, that every Christian is bound to Believe, and live aright, but our ways of expressing it differ: they say that good Works without Faith are but Dead Works, and we, that Faith without good Works is but Dead Faith.

They that began the Reformation accused us of Corruption and Vice; and we now object against them our good Works.

Those that reproach'd us with ill living, will now take no other advantage of us then that of an imaginary purer Faith. We allow the necessity of Belief, but Charity was commanded by
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Jefus Chrift, and the Doctrine of his Precepts is much more plain then that of his Mifteries. Our Faith is obfcure, but our Law is very clearly expreffed. The neceffary points of our Faith are above the apprehenfion of abundance of Men, but thofe of our Duty are fuitted to the capacities of all the World. In a word. God has given us light enough to do well; and we would ferve with it our curiofity of knowing too much; and inftead of acquiefcing in what he is pleafed to difcover to us, we wou'd pry into what he has conceal'd from us.

I know that the contemplation of Heavenly things does fometimes happily difengage us from the World: But it is frequently no more then meer fpeculation, and the fruit of a vice very Natural to Mankind.

The immoderate Ambition of knowledge extends it felf beyond Nature even to inquire into what is moft mifterious in its Author, not fo much out of a defign to adore him, as out of a vain curiofity of knowing all things.

This vice is clofe followed by another: curiofity breeds prefumption, and we as
boldly

boldly define, as we rashly inquire, we erect a Science of those things that are to us altogether inconceivable. So depravedly do we use the will and understanding. We proudly aspire to know every thing and cannot; we may Religiously observe every thing and will not: let us be just, charitable, and patient according to the principles of our Religion, and we shall know and observe all together.

I leave it to our Doctors to refute the errors of the *Calvinists*, 'tis enough for me to be perswaded that our opinions are the founder. But if rightly apprehended, I dare say the Spirit of both Religions is differently grounded on good Principles; only one more extends the exercise of good Works; with the other, the cautions to avoid Evil, take deeper root.

The Catholick with an active resolution, and Loving industry is perpetually seeking some new way of pleasing God. The *Hugenot* with all circumspection and respect dares not venture beyond a known Precept, for fear by imaginary novelties of giving too much sway to his Fancy.

To be always disputing points of Doctrine, is not the means to reunite us.

Arguments are inexhaustible, and the controversy will last as long as there are Men to manage it. But if we wou'd leave these disputes, that only serve to exasperate us, and return without passion to that Spirit that distinguishes us, I think it not impossible to find some general in which we may agree.

Let us Catholiques bridle the restless Zeal, that makes us act a little too much of our own Heads. Let the *Huguenots* quit a little their unactive regularity, and animate their languour without departing from their submission to Providence. Let us do something in condescension to them, that they may return as much in complaisance to us. Then without thinking of Free Will, or Predestination, we shall frame insensibly a true rule for our actions, which will be follow'd by that of our opinions.

If we come to a reconciliation of wills upon the good conduct of Life, it will soon produce a good understanding in doctrine. Let us do what we can to joyn in *good works*, and we shall not long be of separate *Faiths*.

I conclude from the little that has been said, that it is an ill Method of converting Men, to Attack 'em by affronting

fronting their Judgments. A Man defends his Notions either as truth, or as his own ; and however it be, he raises a hundred objections against the Person that wou'd convince him.

Nature has given to every one his proper Sense, and seems to have engag'd him to it by a secret fond Indulgence, He can submit to the will of another, tho' he be free : he can own himself inferior in courage and Vertue ; but to confess a submission to another Mans Sense, is what he is Scandaliz'd at : And he is most naturally *averse* to acknowledge a Superiority of Reason in any one whomsoever.

The chief advantage of humanity is to be born reasonable, and to hear another pretend more of it than our selves, gives us the greatest jealousies. If we Consult the conversions of Antient Times, we shall find that their Souls were mov'd, but their Understandings very little convinc'd. The first disposition to receive the truths of *Christianity* is formed in the Heart.

Things purely Natural, the Mind may conceive, and it's knowledge Springs from it's Relation to the Object. With supernatural the Soul is taken, it is affected, it adheres, and unites it self,

without ever comprehending 'em.

Heaven has better prepar'd our Hearts for the impressions of grace, then our Understandings for illumination. It's immensity confounds our narrow Intellects. It's bounty agrees better with our Love. There is *I* know not what within us that secretly pleads for a God, which we cannot comprehend, and hence it is that to succeed in the conversion of Men, we must settle a pleasing commerce with 'em, by means of which we may inspire 'em with the same movements: For in disputes of Religion the Mind in vain strains it self to make us see, what we see but too much. In a sweet and pious familiarity it is easie for the Soul to infuse the same sentiments.

To consider well the Christian Religion wou'd make one think, that God had depriv'd it of the light of our minds, that it might turn more upon the motions of our Hearts. To Love God and our Neighbour includes all, says *St. Paul*. And what is this, but to require a disposition of Heart as well towards God as Man? It is to oblige us to do out of a principle of Love, what the civil Government

Government enjoins by rigorous Laws, and morality requires by a severe order of Reason.

Charity makes us relieve and succour, while Justice forbids us to do wrong. The one with difficulty hinders *opposition*, the other with pleasure procures Relief.

Those that have the true Notions that our Religion inspires, can't be unfaithfull to a Friend or ungrateful to a Benefactor. With these good sentiments a Heart innocently Loves these objects God has made amiable, and the most innocent of our Love is the most Charming and tender.

Look upon Man in a civil Society, if Justice be necessary to him, yet 'tis a restraint. In the State of Nature, his liberty will have something of Barbarity in it; and if he govern himself by morality, his reason is austere. All other Religions raise in our Minds tempestuous Thoughts, and troublesome Passions. They erect against Nature superstitious Fears, and a furious Zeal: sometimes to the Sacrificing our Children, like *Agamemnon*, at other times to the devoting our selves, like *Decius*. Only the Christian Religion composes

all our inquietudes ; softens all our Feirce-
ness ; sets all our tender movements a
going, not only for our Friends and
Neighbours, but for the indifferent ,
and even for our Enemies.

This is the end of the Christian
Religion, and this was once the pra-
ctice of it. If it be otherwise now ,
it is because we have let it lose its in-
fluence on our Hearts, and given way
to the Encroachments of our Imagina-
tions. Hence springs the division of
our minds about Faith, instead of the
Union of our wills in good Works:
so that what ought to be a band of
Charity betwixt Men, is now be-
come the Subject of their quarrells,
their jealousies, and their ill Nature.

From this diversity of Opinions has
arisen that of Parties, and the adhe-
rence to Parties has caused Revolts
and Wars. Many Thousands have
Died in disputing the manner of take-
ing the Sacrament, which they have
agreed must be taken. This mischief
will last till Religion quits the curiosity
of our Minds for the tenderness of our
Hearts, and discourag'd by the Foolish pre-
sumption of our enquiries, shall return to
the sweet motions of our Love. Of

OF DRAMATICK
POETRY.

By Mr. BROWN.

I Pay as great a Veneration to Antiquity as any man breathing. No body does more admire the great Genius it produced, but at the same time *I* know what a vast difference there is between their time and ours. Religion and Policy have been entirely chang'd, since the Gods that are introduced so advantagiously into their compositions, wou'd not know how to behave themselves in ours. The Maxims of Government, the natural bent of the people, their humours, inclinations, and manners, are quite another thing. And if we were minded to follow exactly these Precepts that have been renewed with so much care, and enjoyn'd with so much vehemence, we should spoil a world of Tragedies, and should write full as wretch-

56 *Of Dramatick Poetry.*

ed Poems, as any that we have hitherto composed. In short, the miraculous Spirit of the Ancients does not relish with our Age.

The Gods and Goddeffes amongst them caus'd all that was great and extraordinary upon the Theatre, either by their hatred, or by their friendship, by their revenge, or by their protections ; and among so many supernatural things, nothing appeared fabulous to the People, who believ'd there pass'd a familiar correspondence between Gods and Men.

Their Gods generally speaking, acted by humane Passions : Their Men undertook nothing without the Counsel of their Gods, and executed nothing without their assistance. Thus in this mixture of the Divinity and Humanity, there is nothing which is not credible.

But all these Miracles are down-right stuff to us ; they are no Articles of our Belief. The Gods want us, and we stand in want of them, and if in imitation of the Ancients, an Author wou'd introduce his Angels and Saints upon the Scene, the devout sort of people wou'd censure him as a profane person, and the Libertines wou'd certainly take him for one that was weak.

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Our Preachers wou'd by no means suffer a confusion of the Pupil and Theatre, or that the people should go and learn those matters from the mouth of Comedians, which they use to retail in their Churches with such Authority to their Hearers.

Besides this, it wou'd be apt to give great advantage to the Libertines, who might ridicule in a Comedy those very things which they receive at Church, with all apparent submission, either out of respect to the place where they are said, or to the Character of the person that utters them.

But put the case, that our Doctors should freely leave all holy matters to the liberty of the Stage. Let us likewise take it for granted, that your Men of the least devotion wou'd hear then with as great Inclinations to be edified, as persons of the profoundest Resignation; yet certain it is, that the soundest Doctrine, the most Christian Actions, and the most useful important Truths, wou'd produce a race of Tragedy that wou'd please us the least of any thing in the World.

The Spirit of our Religion is directly opposite to that of Tragedy. The humility and patience of our Saints carry
too

58 *Of Dramatick Poetry.*

too direct an opposition to those Heroical Vertues, that are so necessary for the Theatre.

What Zeal, what force is there which Heaven does not inspire into *Nearchus* and *Polieuctes*: And what is there failing on the part of these new Christians, to answer fully the end of these happy Inspirations?

The Passion and Charms of a young lovely Bride, make not the least impression upon the Spirit of *Polieuctes*. The politick considerations of *Felix*, as they less affect us, so they produce a less impression.

Insensible both to Prayers and Menaces, *Polieuctes* has a greater desire to die for God, than other men have to live. Nevertheless, this very Subject, which wou'd make one of the finest Sermons in the World, wou'd have made a sad wretched Tragedy, if the Conversation of *Paulinus* and *Severus*, heightned, with other Sentiments, and other Passions, had not preserved that Reputation to the Author, which the Christian Vertues of our Martyrs were in danger to make him lose.

The Theatre loses all its agreeableness in the Representation of holy things, and holy things lose a great deal of the Religious

gious Opinion that is due to them, by being represented upon the Theatre.

To say the truth, the Histories of the Old Testament are infinitely better suited to our Stage. *Moses*, *Sampson*, and *Josuah* wou'd meet with much better success, than *Polienctes* and *Nearchus*. The Miracles which they wou'd work there, wou'd be a fitter subject for the Theatre. But I am apt to believe, that the Priests wou'd not fail to exclaim against the profanation of these sacred Histories, with which they fill their ordinary Conversation, their Books, and their Sermons; and to speak soberly upon the point, the miraculous passage through the Red Sea, the Sun stopt in his career at the Prayer of *Josuah*, and whole Armies defeated by *Sampson* with the Jaw-bone of an Ass; all these Miracles, say I, wou'd not be received in a Play, because we believe them in the Bible; but we should rather be apt to question the Bible, because we don't go to learn Articles of Faith at a Play.

If what I have deliver'd, is founded on good and solid Reasons, we ought to content our selves with things purely natural, but at the same tme, such as are extraordinary; and in our Heroes to cull out the principal

60 *Of Dramatick Poetry.*

principal Actions which we believe possible to be effected by man, tho' they cause admiration in us, as being rare and of an elevated Character. In a word, we ought to meddle with nothing but what is great, tho' it is Humane. In the humane, we must carefully avoid Mediocrity, and Fable in that which is great.

Now we need not fear that for want of Gods and Goddeses, of Oracles and Diviners, we shall never be able to attain the sublimity of the ancient Tragedy: For if we have an elevated Soul, and a sublime Spirit, the Idea of our Heroes will furnish us with all that is necessary to the Grandeur of Sentiments, and to the height of Thoughts.

I am by no means willing to compare the *Pharsalia* to the *Æneis*; I know the just difference of their value; but as for what purely regards elevation, *Pompey*, *Cæsar*, *Cato*, *Curio*, and *Labienus*, have done more for *Lucan*, than *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Juno*, *Venus*, and all the train of the other Gods and Goddeses, have done for *Virgil*.

The Ideas which *Lucan* gives us of these great Men, are truly greater, and affect us more sensibly than those which *Virgil* gives

Of Dramatick Poetry. 61

gives us of his Deities. The latter has clothed his Gods with humane Infirmities, to adjust them to the capacity of Men: the other has raised his Heroes so far as to bring them into competition with the Gods.

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

In *Virgil*, the Gods are not so valuable as the Heroes: In *Lucan*, the Heroes more than ballance the Gods.

To give you my opinion freely, I believe that the Tragedy of the Ancients has suffer'd a happy loss in the banishment of their Gods, their Oracles, and Diviners.

For it proceeded from these Gods, these Oracles, and these Diviners, that a Spirit of Superstition and Terror, reigned in the Theatre, capable of infecting Mankind, with a thousand Errors, and overwhelming them yet with more numerous Mischiefs; If we consider the usual impressions, which Tragedy made at *Athens* in the minds of the Spectators; we may safely affirm, that *Plato* was more in the right, who prohibited the use of them, than *Aristotle* that recommended them: For this sort of Tragedy wholly consisting in excessive

62 *Of Dramatick Poetry.*

five motions of fear and pittie ; was not this the direct way to make the Theatre a School of Terror and Compassion, where we only learnt to be affrighted at all dangers, and to abandon our selves to despair upon every misfortune ?

It will be a hard matter to persuade me, that a Soul accustomed to be terrified for what regards another, has strength enough to support the misfortunes that concern it self.

This perhaps was the reason why the *Athenians* became so susceptible of the impressions of fear, and that this Spirit of Terror, which the Theatre inspired into them with so much art, became at last but too natural to their Armies.

At *Sparta* and *Rome*, where only Examples of Valour and Constancy were publicly exposed to the sight of the Citizens, the people were no less brave and resolute in Battel, than they were unshaken and constant in the Calamities of the Republick.

Ever since this Art of fearing and lamenting ones self, was instituted at *Athens*; all these disorderly Passions, which they had as it were imbibed at their Publick Representations, got footing in their
Camps,

Camps, and followed them in their Wars.

Thus a wild Spirit of superstition occasioned a defeat of their Armies, as a Spirit of Lamentation made them sit down content, with bewailing their great Misfortunes, instead of searching and applying proper Remedies to them.

For how was it possible for them not to learn despair in this pitiful School of Commiseration? The persons they usually represented upon it, were Examples of the greatest misery, and Subjects but of ordinary Vertues.

So great was their desire to lament themselves, that they exposed fewer Vertues than Misfortunes, for fear least a Soul accustomed to the admiration of Heroes, should be less fit to abandon it self to pity some unhappy person; and in order to imprint these Sentiments of Affliction the better on their Spectators; they had always upon their Theatre a *Chorus* of *Virgins*, or of *Old Men*, who furnished them upon every event, either with their Terrors, or their Tears.

Aristotle was sensible enough what prejudice this might do the *Athenians*, but he thought he sufficiently prevented it by
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64 *Of Dramatick Poetry.*

establiſhing a certain purgation, which no one hitherto has fathomed, and which he himſelf *never underſtood in my opinion.*

For can any thing be ſo monſtrouſly ridiculous as to Form a Science, which will infallibly diſcompose our minds, only to erect another, which does not certainly pretend to cure us? or to raiſe a perturbation in our Souls for no other end, then to endeavour to calm it afterwards, by ſome reflections it is enjoyned to make upon the ignominious State wherein it finds it ſelf.

Among a Thouſand Perſons that are preſent at the Theatre, perhaps there may be ſix Philoſophers in the company, that are capable of reducing themſelves to their former tranquility by the aſſiſtance of theſe prudent and uſeful Meditations: But the multitude will ſcarce make any ſuch judicious reflections, and we may reſt aſſured, that by means of a habitude to what we ſee on the Theatre, we ſhall form ſome of theſe unhappy motions.

Our representations are not Subject to the ſame inconveniencies, which thoſe of Antiquity were, ſince our fear never goes ſo far as to produce this ſuperſtitious terror, which works ſuch ill effects upon our Valour.

Our

Of Dramatick Poetry. 65

Our fear, generally speaking, is nothing else but an agreeable inquietude which subsists in the suspension of our Minds; 'tis a dear concern which our Soul has for those Subjects that draws its affection to them.

We may almost say the thing of pity in relation to our selves. We disarm it of all its weakness, and leave it all which we call Charitable and Human.

I love to see the misfortune of some great unhappy person deplor'd; I am content with all my heart that he should attract our Compassion, nay, sometimes make himself Master of our Tears. But then I would have these tender and generous Tears paid to his Misfortunes and Virtues together; and that this mournful sentiment of pity be accompanied with a vigorous admiration which shall stir up in our Souls, a sort of an amorous desire to imitate him.

We are obliged to mingle somewhat of Love in the New Tragedy, the better to remove those black Ideas which the ancient Tragedy left in us by its Superstition and Terrour.

66 *Of Dramatick Poetry.*

And in truth, there is no Passion that more excites us to every thing that is noble and generous, than an honest Love.

That Man will hardly suffer himself to be insulted upon by a contemptible Enemy, who is resolved to defend what he loves, tho' to the apparent hazard of his Life, against the Attacques of the most Valiant.

The weakest and most fearful Creatures, the Creatures that are naturally inclin'd to Fear and to run away, will fiercely encounter what they dread most, to preserve the subject of their Love.

Love has a certain Heat which serves instead of Courage to those that want it most : But to confess the truth, our Authors have made as ill an use of this Noble Passion, as the Ancients did of their Fear and Pitty : For excepting eight or ten pieces where these Movements have been managed to great advantage, we have neither Lovers nor Love, that are not equally injured in the representation.

We place an affected tenderness where we ought to place the noblest Sentiments. We bestow a softness where we ought to be most touching, and sometimes when we pretend to copy Nature, we fall into a vicious and mean Simplicity. We

Of Dramatick Poetry. 67

We imagine we make Kings and Emperors perfect Lovers, but in truth we make ridiculous Princes of them; and by the complaints and sighs which we bestow upon them, where they ought neither to complain or sigh, we represent them weak both as they are Lovers, and as they are Princes.

Oftentimes it so happens that our greatest Heroes upon the Theatre make love like Shepherds; and thus the Innocence of a sort of a Country Passion with them supplies the place of Glory and Valour.

If an Actress has the Art to weep and bemoan her self after a touching lively manner, we give her our Tears at certain places which demand gravity; and because she pleases us best when she seems to be affected, she shall command our grief all along indifferently.

Sometimes we fancy a natural Love, sometimes a tender Love, and sometimes a Melancholy whining Love, without regarding what it is that Nature, tenderness, or grief demands from us: And the reason of it is plain, for as we must needs have Love every where, we search it in the diversity of Manners, and seldom or never place it in the Passions.

68 *Of Dramatick Poetry.*

I am in good hopes we shall one day find out the true use of this Passion, which is now become too prostitute. That which ought to sweeten cruel or calamitous Accidents; that which ought to affect our very Souls, to animate our Courage, and raise our Spirits, will not certainly be always made the subject of a little affected tenderness, or of a weak simplicity.

When ever this happens, we shall make all the Antients envy us; and without paying too great a respect to Antiquity, or entertaining too great a prepossession for the present Age: We shall not make the Tragedies of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, the only Models for the Dramatick Compositions of our times.

At the same time I don't say that these Tragedies wanted any thing that was necessary to recommend them to the Palat of the *Athenians*: But whoever shall be able to Translate even the *Oedipus*, which is reckon'd to be the best composition of all Antiquity, into *French*, with the same Spirit and force as we see it in the Original; I dare be bold to affirm, that nothing in the World would appear to us more barbarous, more cruel, more opposite to the true Sentiments which Mankind ought to have

Of Dramatick Poetry. 69

have, or more filled with what generally shocks a reasonable Soul.

Our Age has at least this advantage over theirs, that we are allow'd the liberty to hate Vice and love Virtue. As the Gods occasion'd the greatest Crimes on the Theatre of the Ancients, such sort of Crimes challenged respect from the Spectators, so that the People durst not find fault with those things which were really *abominable*.

When they saw *Agamemnon* sacrifice his own Daughter, and a Daughter too that was so tenderly belov'd by him, to appease the Indignation of the Gods, they consider'd this barbarous Sacrifice as no more than a Pious Obedience, and the highest proof of a Religious Submission.

Now in those blessed times, if a Man still preserved the sentiments of Humanity, he could not avoid murmuring at the Cruelty of the Gods like an Impious person: And if he wou'd show his devotion to the Gods, he must needs be cruel and barbarous to his own Fellow-Creatures; he must like *Agamemnon* offer the greatest Violence both to Nature, and to his Affection.

Tantum Religio, potuit suadere malorum.
says *Lucretius*, upon the account of this barbarous Sacrifice.

Now a days we see Men represented upon the Theatre without the intervention of the Gods; and this Conduct is infinitely more useful both to the publick, and to private Persons: For in our Tragedies we neither introduce any Villain who is not detested, nor any Heroe, who does not cause himself to be admir'd,

With us few Crimes escape unpunished, and few Virtues goes off unrewarded. In short, by the good Examples we publicly represent on the Theatre, by the agreeable Sentiments of Love and admiration, that are discreetly interwoven with a rectified Fear and Pity, we are in a capacity of arriving to that perfection which *Horace* desires.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

Which can never be effected by the Rules of the Ancient Tragedy.

I shall conclude with a new, but daring Thought of my own, and that is this; we ought in Tragedy, before all things whatever, to look after a greatness of Soul well expressed, which excites in us a tender admiration. In this
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sort of admiration, our Minds are sensibly ravished ; our Courages elevated , and our Souls deeply affected.

Of the Fabulous

Or Miracle-Part which we meet

I N T H E

POEMS of the ANCIENTS.

By Mr. B R O W N.

IF we consider the Fabulous part of the Poems of Antiquity, divested of the fine thoughts, the strong Passions, the Noble Expressions with which the works of the Poets are embellished : If we consider it, I say, destitute of all Ornament, and come to examine it purely by it self, I am perswaded that to a man of good Sense, it will appear no less strange and ridiculous, than a tedious Legend of Knight-Errantry : Nay, the latter shows more discretion in this point, because it supposes all pernicious, dishonest, and base things done by the

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Ministry

72 *Of the Miracle, or Fabulous part*

Ministry of Devils and Magicians; whereas the Poets have left the most infamous and wicked Exploits to the management of their Gods and Goddesſes.

Yet, this hinders not but that Poems have been always admired, and Books of Chivalry ridiculed. The first are admired for the wit and knowledge we find in them, and the other deſpiſed for the abſurdities they are Fill'd with.

The Fabulous part of Poetry ſupports its extravagance by the Beauty of the diſcourſe, and by an infinite number of uſeful diſcoveries that accompany it. That of Chivalry ſtill diſcredits the Fooliſh invention of its Fable, by the ridiculous character of the Stile in which it appears to be Written.

Be it how it will, the Fabulous part of Poetry has begotten that of Knight-Errantry, and certain it is that the Devils and Conjurers cauſe much leſs harm in this way of Writing, than the Gods and their Miniſters in the former.

The Goddeſs of Arts, of Science and Wiſdom, inſpires the braveſt of all the *Greeks* with an ungovernable fury, and ſuffers him not to recover his Senſes ſhe had taken from him, but only to render
him

him capable of perceiving his Folly, and by this means to kill himself out of meer shame and despair.

The greatest and most prudent of the Goddesses favours scandalous Passions, and lends her assistance to carry on a Criminal Amour.

The same Goddess employs all sorts of Artifice to destroy a small hand-full of innocent People, who by no means deserved her indignation.

She thought it not sufficient to employ her power and that of the other Gods, whom she solicited, to ruine *Aeneas*, but even corrupts the God of sleep to cast *Palinurus* into a Slumber, who so ordered affairs, that by his Treachery the poor *Pilot* dropt into the Sea, and there perished.

There is not one of these Gods in these Poems that does not bring the greatest misfortunes upon Men, and set them on the most Fatal attempts. Nothing is so Villainous here below, which is not executed by their Order, or authoriz'd by their Example, And this is one of the things that principally contributed to give Birth to the Sect of the *Epicureans*, and afterwards to support it.

Epicurus,

74 *Of the Miracle, or Fabulous part*

Epicurus, Lucretius, and Petronius wou'd rather make their Gods lazy, and enjoying their Immortal Nature in an uninterrupted tranquility, than see them active, and cruelly employ'd to disturb our Repose.

Nay, *Epicurus* by doing so, pretended he shou'd his great respect for the Gods; and from hence proceeded that saying which *Bacon* so much admires. *Non Deos vulgi negare profanum, sed vulgi Opinionem Diis applicare profanum.*

Now I don't mean by this, that we are oblig'd to discard the Gods out of our works, and much less from those of Poetry, where they seem to enter more Naturally than any where else. *A Jove principium Musæ.* I am for introducing them as much as any man, but then I wou'd have them bring their Wisdom, Justice, and Clemency along with them, and not appear, as we generally make them, like a pack of Impostors and Assassins. I wou'd have them come with a conduct to regulate all matters, and not in a disorder to confound every thing.

Perhaps it may be reply'd, that these extravagancies ought only to pass for Fables and Fictions, which belong to the jurisdiction

jurisdiction of Poetry. But I wou'd fain know what Art and Science in the World has the power to exclude good Sense? If we need only write in Verse to be priviledged in all extravagancies, for my part I wou'd never advise any Man to meddle with Prose, where he must immediately be pointed at for a Coxcomb, if he leaves good Sense and Reason never so little behind him.

I wonder extreamly that the Ancient Poets who were so scrupulous to preserve probability in Actions purely Human; violated it after so abominable a manner when they come to recount the Actions of the Gods. Even those who have spoken of their Nature more soberly than the rest, cou'd not forbear to speak extravagantly of their Conduct.

When they establish their Being, and their Attributes, they make them Immortal, Infinite, Almighty, Perfectly wise, and Perfectly good. But at the very moment they set them a working, there is no weakness to which they don't subject them; there is no folly or wickedness which they don't make them commit.

We have two common sayings, which appear to be directly opposite to one another

76 *Of the Miracle, or Fabulous part*

ther, and yet I look upon both to be true. The one is, that Poetry is the Language of the Gods; the other, that there is not such a Fool in Nature as a Poet.

Poetry that expresses with force and vigour those impetuous *Passions* that disturb Mankind, that Paints the *Wonders* of the Universe in lively expressions, does elevate things purely Natural, as it were above Nature, by the sublimity of its Thoughts, and the magnificence of its Discourses, which may justly enough be called the Language of the Gods.

But when Poets come once to quit this noble Field of Passions and Wonders, to speak of the Gods, they abandon themselves to the caprice of their own Imagination, in matters which they do not understand, and their Heat having no just Ideas to govern it, instead of making themselves, as they vainly believe, wholly divine, they are in truth the most extravagant Sots in the World. It will be no difficult matter to be persuaded of the truth of this Assertion, if we consider that this absurd and fabulous Theology, is equally contrary to all Notions of Religion, and all the Principles of good Sense.

There have been some Philosophers that
have

have founded Religion upon that Knowledge which Men may have of the Divinity by their Natural reason. There have been Law givers too that have stiled themselves the Interpreters of the will of Heaven, to establish a Religious Worship without any concurrence of Reason. But to make, as the Poets have done, a perpetual Commerce, a familiar Society, and if I may use the expression, a mixture or hotch potch of Men and Gods, against Religion and Reason, is certainly the boldest, and perhaps the most unaccountable thing that ever was.

It remains for us to know, whether the Character of a Poem has virtue to rectify that of impiety and folly. Now, as I take it, we don't give so much power to the secret force of any Charm. That which is wicked, is wicked for good and all; that which is extravagant can be made good Sense on no respect.

As for the Reputation of the Poet, it rectifies nothing any more than the Character of the Poem does. Discernment is a Slave to no body. That which is effectually bad, is not a jot the better for being found in the most celebrated Author: And that which is just and solid, is never

78 *Of the Miracle, or Fabulous part*

ver the worſe for coming from an indiffer-
rent hand.

Amongſt a hundred fine and lofty
thoughts, a good Judge will ſoon diſcover
an extravagant one, which a great Genius
threw out when it was warm, and which
too ſtrong an imagination was produced
in defiance of good; On the other
hand, in the courſe of an infinite
number of extravagant things, this ſame
Judge will admire certain Beauties, where
the Spirit in ſpight of its impetuofity was
juſt and regular.

The elevation of *Homer* and his other
noble Qualities, don't hinder me from tak-
ing notice of the falſe Character of his
Gods: And that agreeable and judicious
equality of *Virgil*, that pleaſes all Learn'd
Men, does not conceal from me the leaſt
defects of his *Æneis*.

If amongſt ſo many noble things which
affect me in *Homer* and *Virgil*, I cannot for-
bear to remark what is defective in them;
yet amongſt thoſe paſſages that diſpleaſe
me in *Lucan* either for being too flat, or
weary me for being too far carried on, I
cannot forbear to pleaſe my ſelf in conſi-
dering the juſt and true grandeur of his
Heroes. I endeavour to reliſh every word

in the Poems of the Ancients. 79

in him, when he expresses the secret movements of *Cæsar* at the discovery of *Pompey's* Head; and nothing escapes me in that inimitable Discourse of *Labiennus* and *Cato*, where they debate whether they shall consult the Oracle of *Jupiter, Ammon*, to know the destiny of the Common-Wealth.

If all the ancient Poets had spoken as worthily of the Oracles of their Gods, I should make no scruple to prefer them to the Divines and Philosophers of our time, and 'tis a passage that may serve for an Example in this matter to all succeeding Poets

One may see in the concourse of so many People that came to consult the Oracle of *Ammon*, what effects a publick Opinion can produce, where Zeal and Superstition are mingled together.

One may see in *Labiennus* a pious sensible Man, who to his respect for the Gods, unites the consideration and esteem we ought to preserve for true Virtue in good Men.

Cato is a religious severe Philosopher, weaned from all vulgar Opinions, who entertains those lofty thoughts of the Gods, which pure undebauched Reason and a truly elevated Wisdom can attain to.

Every

80 Of RETIREMENT.

Every thing here is Poetical, every thing is consonant to Sense and Truth ; it is not Poetical by the ridiculous Air of a Fiction, or by the extravagance of an Hyperbole, but by the daring greatness and Majesty of the Language, and by the noble elevation of the Discourse. 'Tis thus that Poetry is the Language of the Gods, and that Poets are wise. And 'tis so much the greater wonder to find it in *Lucan*, because it is neither to be met in *Homer* or *Virgil*.

OF RETIREMENT.

By Mr. BROWN.

WE see nothing more ordinary with Old Men than to desire a Retirement, and nothing so rare with them as not to repent of it when they are once retired. Their Souls that are in too great a Subjection to their Humours, are disgusted with the World for being tiresome, but scarce can they quit this false Object of their misfortune, but they are as angry with solitude as they were with the World,

Of RETIREMENT. 81

World, disquieting themselves where nothing but themselves can give them any disquiet. This infirmity in some manner is peculiar to Old Age: But 'tis not impossible for a wise man to preserve himself from it.

A wise man that knows what is really good in every thing, draws all the assistances and agreements which they have, as well in a Retirement as in Society.

The essential reason that obliges us to withdraw our selves out of the World, when we are Old, is to prevent that laughter and contempt which Age brings along with it.

If we quit the World to good purpose, we shall still preserve the Idea of that merit, which we had there. If we tarry too long in it, we shall proclaim our own defects, and what we are then, will efface the memory of what we were. Besides 'tis a shame for a Person that values his credit to drag about him the infirmities of Old Age at the Court, where the end of his Services occasions that of his interests, and merit.

Nature does redemand us to liberty, when we have nothing more to hope from Fortune. Behold what a sense of de-

82 OF RETIREMENT.

cency, what the care of our Reputation, what good Manners, and Nature it self require from us.

Nor is this all, for the World has still a right to demand the same thing of us. Its Commerce furnished us with pleasure so long as we were capable of relishing it: And it would be the highest ingratitude to be a charge to it, when we can give it nothing but disgust.

As for my self, I am fully resolved to live in a Convent or a Desert, rather than give my Friends an occasion to pity me, or to furnish those that are not so, with a subject for their malicious Mirth and railery. But the mischief is, that a Man is not sensible when he becomes weak and ridiculous.

It is not enough to know that we are wholly worn away, but we ought to be the first that perceive this declension, and like prudent Men to prevent the publick knowledge of this alteration.

Not that every alteration that Age brings along with it, ought to inspire us with the resolution of retiring. 'Tis true, we lose a great deal by growing Old, but amongst the losses we sustain, some of them are recompensed by considerable advantages.

OF RETIREMENT. 83

If after I have lost my Passions, the affections continue with me still; I shall find less inquietude in my Pleasures, and more discretion in the conduct of my Life.

And in respect of others, if my imagination diminishes, I shall not please so much sometimes, but I shall be infinitely less importunate for the general part. If I quit all Company, I shall be less Embarrassed. If I come from large Companies to the Conversation of a few, 'tis because I know how to make the better choice.

Besides this, 'tis to be considered, that if we change, we do it amongst People that change as well as our selves; Men of equal Infirmities, or at least subject to the very same. And therefore I shall not be at all ashamed to search in their presence some relief against the weakness of Age; nor shall I be afraid to supply by Art what begins to fail me by Nature.

The greatest precaution against the injury of time, the nicest management of a Health that daily becomes more feeble, cannot scandalize any Men of Sense, and we ought not to trouble our selves with those that are not so.

For to say the Truth, that which displeases in old People, is not too affected

84 *Of RETIREMENT.*

a care of their own preservation. We should easily forgive them every thing that relates to themselves, if they had but the same consideration for others. But the authority they assume is full of injustice and indiscretion; for they unadvisedly oppose the Inclinations even of those that bear the most with their infirmities. Their long course of life has untaught them how to live amongst their fellow Creatures, for they show nothing but a Spirit of rudeness, austerity and contradiction to those very Men, from whom they are so unreasonable as to exact affability, condescension and obedience. All that themselves do, they imagine to be virtuous, and place amongst the rank of Vices every thing that lies out of their power. In a word, as they are constrained to follow Nature, where she is tiresome and offensive, they would by their good will, almost always oppose themselves to her, where she is sweet and agreeable.

'Tis an envious Humour that hates in other Men the good we possess no longer, or a temper purely Melancholy, that disposes the Mind to find fault with every thing.

There is no part of our Life wherein we ought

OF RETIREMENT. 87

ought to Study our own humour with more application than in Old Age, for it is never so difficult to be discovered as then.

An impetuous Young Fellow has a hundred returns, when he is dissatisfied with his Extravagances: But Old People devote themselves to their humours as if it were a virtue, and take pleasure in their own defects, because they carry a false resemblance of commendable Qualities.

In effect, proportionably as they render themselves more difficult, they vainly imagine that they become more Delicate. They take up an invincible aversion to pleasure, believing that they are justly opposing the current of Vice. A serious Air passes with them for Judgment, Phlegm for Wisdom, and hence proceeds that imperious authority they allow themselves to censure every thing. They look upon Melancholy to supply the place of an indignation against sin, and gravity of sufficiency.

The only sure Remedy, when we once have proceeded so far, is to consult our reason in the intervalls when she is disengag'd from our humour, and if by its assistance we can arrive to the knowledge

OF RETIREMENT.

of our defects, we ought out of that little force that remains in us to form a resolution of concealing them from the sight of mankind. 'Tis all that our Wisdom can do at this juncture to hide them, and it wou'd be a superfluous labour to endeavour wholly to get clear of them.

'Tis at this point of our life that we ought to assign some time between it and death, and to chuse a convenient place to pass it in devotion if possible, at least with prudence, or with a devotion that gives us confidence, or with reason that promises us Repose.

When our reason, which is so serviceable for the World, is, if I may use the expression worn out with long using, a wise man forms another out of it to serve him in his retreat, which of ridiculous Sots, as we appear to be in Conversation, makes us truly wise in respect of our selves.

Of all the retreats that a man can possibly make when he is Old, I should infinitely prefer that of a Convent to all the rest, if their rules were less severe, and mortifying.

'Tis certain that Old Age shuns a crowd out of a Delicate and retired Humour, that cannot suffer either importunity

OF RETIREMENT. 87

nity, or an embarrass; and yet it avoids solitude with greater diligence, where it is delivered up to its own black disquietudes, or to sullen vexatious imaginations. The only remaining relief against all this is the Conversation of an honest Society: Now what society can better agree with it than a Religious one, where all manner of human helps are afforded with more Charity than else where, and where their vows all unite to demand those succours from Heaven, which cannot reasonably be expected from Men? I confess we sometimes meet a Religious (As the World calls them) of inestimable merit, such as thoroughly know the vanity of the World which they quitted. They are your truly virtuous and truly devout persons, that improve the Sentiments of Morality by those of Piety. They live not only exempt from the Tyranny of their Passions, but enjoy a most admirable serenity of Mind. They are more happy in desiring nothing, than the greatest Monarchs upon earth in possessing all — I cou'd wish that we had established Societies, where honest Gentlemen might Commodiously retire after they have done the publick all the service they were capable to perform.

88 OF RETIREMENT.

When they were once entered here, whether out of a consideration of their future State, a dislike of the World, or a desire of tranquillity, which is to succeed the different agitations of Fortune, they might taste the delight of a pious retreat, and the innocent pleasure of an honest and agreeable Conversation.

As for my self, I wou'd freely retreat to such a place from the delights of the World at an Age, when a Man's relish of pleasure is as it were extinguished; but then I wou'd not be without the Conveniences of it at this time, when we more sensibly feel whatsoever incommodes us, as in proportion we become more nice in the pursuit of what pleases us, or are less tender in Relation to what affects us.

These conveniences so desirable in Old Age ought to be as far removed from abundance, that occasions disorder, as from those Anxieties that follow the heels of necessity; and to explain my self more clearly upon this Chapter, I wou'd have a true frugality rightly manag'd.

I was formerly acquainted with a certain person that had several pleasant thoughts about this affair. *How happy might a man live,* said he, *in any Society where*

OF RETIREMENT. 89

where he disarms Fortune of that jurisdiction she pretends to have over him! We sacrifice to this Fortune, our Estates, our repose, our years, and perhaps unprofitably, and if we arrive to possess its Favours, we purchase the short-liv'd Enjoyment, sometimes at the expence of our liberty, and sometimes of our Lives. But suppose all our greatness should continue as long as we lived, yet it would at least expire with our selves. And what use of their Grandeur have these great Favourites made, who never beheld the course of their Fortune interrupted? don't they seem to have acquired this mighty stock of Glory, and to have heaped these prodigious Riches for no other end, than to make themselves more sensible of the torment of being neither able to quit nor keep them. These were his usual Sentiments, and this agreeable Courtier, whose Conversation gave the greatest delight imaginable to his Friends, suffer'd himself to be intirely possess'd with this train of thoughts, sometimes judicious, but always serious.

I truly acknowledge there is a certain time when the wisest Action we can do, is to quit the World; but as fully perswaded as I am, of the truth of this Assertion, I should infinitely sooner be directed

90 OF RETIREMENT.

rected by Nature to my Retirement, than by my Reason.

Hence it proceeds, that in the midst of the World, *I* live after such a fashion as if *I* were retired out of it. *I* still continue in it as far as *I* seek what pleases me, and am still out of it as far as *I* avoid whatever incommodes me there. Every day *I* steal away from Acquaintances that weary, and Conversations that tire me. Every day *I* establish a sweet Commerce with my Friends, and find the most sensible pleasure in the delicacy of their Entertainment.

After my way of living, *I* neither enjoy a full Society, nor a perfect Retirement. 'Tis only an innocent bringing of my self to that station which does most square with my Inclinations. And thus *I* possess all those harmless sweetnesses that are most suitable to the Repose of Old Age, and are justly fitted for the proportion of what *I* am able to relish agreeably.

When

OF RETIREMENT. 91

*When the last moments of our Lives draw near,
Nature delights in Innocence and Ease:
And she that ruffled the gay Scene before,
Now whispers soft repose and holy Peace.
Love once Expir'd, our Golden days are gone:
But then our Mind disarm'd of all wild Passions,
Preserves its strength and vigour for its Exit.
We learn vain gaudy Pleasures to despise,
And justly in our own defence turn Wise.*

NOVEL

NOVEL.

By another Hand.

AT the time that Monsieur *de Comminges* was Ambassadour from the most Christian King to the King of Great Britain, there came to London a Phisitian, who called himself an *Irish-man*: This Person passed for a great Philosopher, and a mighty performer of Wonders, according to the opinion of the Credulous, and his own perswasion; and the way he made use of to Cure the Distemper'd, made him to be suspected in many places for a Magician.

Some Persons of Quality having entreated Monsieur *de Comminges* to send for him to his House in order to see some of his Prodigies, he was very willing to grant them that satisfaction, as well through his Natural curiosity, as his complaisance for them. Whereupon he sent notice to
this

this pretended Magician, that he should come to his House.

Upon the Noise, which was every where dispersed of this News, the House of Monsieur de Comminges was soon filled with sick People, who came with a full assurance of their Cure.

The *Irish-man* made them wait for him some time; and after an impatient expectation, the Sick and curious saw him arrive with a grave, but simple Countenance, which carried in it not the least mark of an Impostor.

Monsieur de Comminges prepared himself to examine him nicely, hoping to be well enabled to enlarge himself at his pleasure upon all that he had read in *Elmond* and *Bodin*: but he could not effect it, to his great concern: for the crowd became so troublesome, and the infirm pressed on so eagerly to be Cured the first, that they had much a do with Menaces and even force to regulate their ranks.

The *Irish* Physitian referred all indispositions to Spirits, and all infirmities were, in his Sense, Possessions.

The first that was presented to him, was a man oppressed with Gouts, and certain Rheumatisms, which it had been impossible

fible for him to get Cured of. Which Our Wonder-Maker observing, I have seen long since, says he, *this sort of Spirits in Ireland. They are Water-Spirits which bring Coldness, and excite superfluities of Humours in these poor Bodies. Thou Evil Spirit, who hast left the habitation of the Waters to come and afflict this miserable Body, I command thee to abandon thy new abode, and to return to thy Antient residence.* This being said, the Sick Man retired; and another supplied his room, who said he was Tormented with Melancholly Vapours.

Indeed, he was one of those who are ordinarily called Hypochondriacks and sick of imagination, altho' they are but too much so in effect. *Airy Spirit, says the Irish-man, return into the Air to exercise thy Trade in raising of Tempests, and stir up no more Hurricanes in this sad and miserable Body.*

This sick person gave way to another who was disturbed, according to the Opinion of the Physitian, with a simple Hobgoblin, which would not have force enough to withstand his discourse a moment. He suppos'd that he had sufficiently observed him by certain Marks, which did not appear to us; and smiling upon the Assembly. This

fort

fort of Spirit, *says he*, are seldom troublesome, and almost always diverting.

In short, he pretended he was ignorant of nothing in matter of Spirits. He was acquainted with their Number, their Ranks, their Names, their Employments, and all the Functions to which they were destined; and he made a familiar boast of understanding the Intrigues of Demons, much better than the affairs of Men.

You cannot imagin what Reputation he gain'd in a very little time. Catholicks and Protestants came to him from all parts; and you would have said that the power of Heaven was lodged in the hands of this Man, when an unexpected Adventure, destroyed the wonderful Opinion which the Publick entertain'd of him.

A Man and Woman of the Country, who were Married together, came to seek some relief in his Miracle-working Virtue against certain Spirits of Discord, *said they*, which disturbed their Marriage, and ruined the peace of the Family.

It was a good Gentleman, aged about 45 years, who look'd like one of Estate and Quality. Methinks *I* have the Lady before my Eyes. She was about 30 years old, and seemed to be of a goodly make; but

but one might already see in her face, that there had been formerly more Delicacy in the Features of her Beauty. I have Named the Husband first by reason of the dignity of his rank; yet the Wife would speak first, whether it was because she believ'd her self to be more tormented with her Spirit, or that she was only pressed with that Ambition of talking, which is natural to her Sex.

I have a Husband, *said she*, who is one of the best Men of the World, to whom I give a thousand disquiets, and who gives me no less in his turn. My intention would be to live comfortably with, and I should always do so, if a strange Spirit, where-with I feel my self possessed at certain times; did not render me so fierce, and insupportable, that it is not possible to endure me: After these Agitations are ceased, I return to my natural good humour, I then forget no care, nor no agreement that conduces to the obliging of my Husband: But his Demon possesses him, when mine forsakes me; and this Husband who has so much patience for my Transports, has nothing but fury for my Reason. And alas! I have no less to endure from him, than he from me. Here
stopt

stop'd a Woman in all appearance sincere enough, and the Husband, who was no less, began his discourse as follows.

Whatsoever reason I have to complain of my Wive's Devil, I am however under an Obligation to him, in that he has not taught her to lye ; and I must acknowledge, that she has said nothing but what is very true. All the time she appears to me to be in agitation I am composed, but as soon as her Spirit leaves her in peace, mine Torments me in its turn ; and with a new Courage, and new forces, which I find myself stirred up with, I make her discern with all possible vigour the dependance of a Wife, and the superiority of a Husband. Thus our lives pass either in committing or enduring mischief: Which renders us in a worse condition, than the most miserable. Behold our Torments, Sir ; and if it be possible that you should know a Remedy, I conjure you to be our Deliverer. The cure of a Distemper so strange as this of ours, will procure you no inconsiderable Honour.

These are neither Hobgoblins, nor Fa-
ries said the *Irish-man*, they are Spirits of
the first order, and of the Legion of *Lucifer* :
Proud Demons, great Enemies to obedi-
ence,

ence, and very hard to expell. You will not take it amiss, Gentlemen, *pursued he*, turning to the Assembly, that I examine my Books a little ; for I have occasion for words that are not of the common stamp. Thereupon he with drew into a Closet, in order to turn over his Books and Papers; and after having made use of a hundred forms, as too weak against such powerful Enemies, he fell at last upon one, that was capable in his opinion, of confounding and expelling all the Devils in Hell.

The first effect of the conjuration was upon himself ; for his Eyes began to rowl in his Head, with so many *Grimaces & Convulsions*, that he might very well appear distracted to those who came to seek his assistance.

After having turned his Staring Eyes on all sides, he fixed them at length upon this Virtuous Couple, and striking both of them with a Wand, which was not without Vertue : Be gone, Devils, *says he*, go ye Spirits of dissension, and exercise discord in Hell, and by your departure let that happy Union be re-established, which you have impiously broken. Then he approached softly to the Ears of the pretended Possessed, and raising a little the tone of his voice, I hear you murmur Devils,
at

at the obedience which ye are forced to render me: But were ye to burst with madness, ye must be gone. Depart, depart, and you my Friends, go and enjoy that repose, which ye have been deprived of so long. It is sufficient, Gentlemen, I protest to you that I am all in a Sweat with the Labour, which the opposition of these obstinate Devils has given me. I Believe I have had to do with two Thousand Spirits in my life time, who all together have not given me so much pain and trouble as these. Which being done, the *Irish-man* retired, and all the company went out of the House, and our good People returned to their Lodgings, with a satisfaction more wonderfull, than the Prodigy which had been effected in their Favour.

When they were come home, every thing appeared agreeable to them by this new alteration of mind, which created a strange severity in their *Senses*. They found a smiling Air in all things; they lookt upon themselves with pleasure, and were not wanting in sweet and tender words to express their Love. But, vain delights, how little dependence is there upon your duration! and how unseasonably do persons rejoyce, that are born to Misfortunes,

when they obtain a small happiness.

Such was their tranquillity, when a Lady of their acquaintance came to express to them the general joy of the Town for their Cure.

They answered this civility with all the discretion in the World ; and the usual Complements on this occasion being made and returned, the Husband began a very pertinent Conversation upon the happy condition they were in, after so long a train of miseries. Our Wife, either to cause a greater admiration of these wonders, or else to please her own malicious humour, enlarged her self with satisfaction upon the tricks which her Devil had suggested to her, to torment her Husband. Upon which the Husband jealous of the honour of this Devil, or at least, of his own authority, gave her to understand, That she talked too much of things past, the remembrance whereof was irksome to him. He added that in the state wherein they found themselves re-established, she ought to think of nothing else, but that obedience, which a Wife owes to her Husband ; as he would only consider on his side, how to make a lawful use of his priviledges, in order to make their condition as
happy

happy for the future, as it had been unfortunate hitherto.

Our Wife being offended at the word *Obedience*, but especially at the cruel injunction to be silent, forgot no arguments that might serve to prove an equality in Marriage, saying; *That the Devils were not at such a distance, but they might be recalled, in case this equality was violated.*

This Lady above mentioned, who was as discreet and judicious as any of her Sex, wisely represented to her the duty of Wives, not forgetting the Conduct and good management, whereto Husbands were obliged. But her Reason instead of composing, did but incense her the more, and she became more insupportable than before. You are in the right, dear Wife, *replied the Husband*, the Devils were not gone so far, but they might be recalled; or rather, you have been so kind to yours, that he was resolved to continue with you, notwithstanding the command which was given him to leave you. I am too weak of my self to be concerned alone with you and him; which obliges me to retire, exposed as I am to such dangerous Forces. And I likewise retire, *says she*, with this Spirit,

H 3

that

that will not abandon me. He must be a very ill humour'd, damn'd sort of a Devil indeed, if he is not more tractable than so troublesome and so curled a Husband. Then turning towards her Friend. Before I go, *said she to her*, I am glad I have an occasion, Madam, to tell you with freedom, that I expected quite another Treatment from your Friendship, and that you have forgot the interest which obliges you, to take a Wives part against the violence of her Husband. 'Tis a very strange thing to see my self run down by one that should support me. Adieu, Madam, adieu; your visits do me a great deal of honour, but one may very well dispense with them, if they do no more good than this.

This good, but too discreet Lady was extreamly amaz'd; instructed by her own experience, that even Wisdom has its excess, and that for the most part one makes an ill use of ones Reason with those who have none.

You may judge that she did not stay long alone in a House, where nothing was talked of but Devils, and nothing done but what was of the highest pitch of extravagance. The Husband passed the rest of the day and all the Night in his Chamber,

Chamber, ashamed of the short-liv'd joy he had received, vexed at the present state of his Affairs, and reflecting upon what might happen to him from this sudden return of his Wives distemper, with great anxiety of Mind.

As the agitation of the Wife had been much greater, so it remain'd not so long ; so that return'd soon to her Senses, she made sad reflections upon the loss of those Pleasures, whereof she found her self depriv'd. There are certain tempers in the World, that after a few moments come to themselves again, and demand of their Reason why they should sacrifice their Interest and their pleasure to a foolish Spirit of Contention that does them no good at all. This consideration that sometimes prevails with Women, and chiefly a Nights when they cannot sleep, had its desired effect upon our Lady, in so much that resigning her self up purely to the Conduct of Nature, she awaked her Husband as soon as it was day, designing to ascribe all past disorders to a strange power, which was neither Natural nor Human.

I know, *said she*, in the lucid interval I enjoy at present, that our Spirits did

not surrender themselves at the command of the *Irish-Man*; and if you believe me, my dear, but too unhappy Husband, we will return and ask him for a stronger and more effectual Charm.

The poor Husband oppressed with grief, as he was, and fainting under the severity of his destiny, judge if he were not very glad to find so unexpected a calm, and tenderly affected with this amorous return of his Spouses submission: Let us bemoan, my Dear, *says he to her*, let us bemoan our common misfortunes, and go a second time to search a remedy, which the first could not give us.

The Wife was agreeably surpris'd at this discourse; for instead of a troublesome Demon whose insults she expected, she happily found a Man tender and compassionate, who gave her Comfort for the Evil she had done him.

They spent an hour or two in inspiring one another with a mutual confidence, and after having placed all their hopes in the vertue of the Physician; they returned to the House of Monsieur de *Comminges*, in order to
seek

seek a more powerful releif, than that which they had experienc'd before.

Scarce were they entered into the House, but the *Irish-man* perceived them, and calling them pretty loud that he might be heard of all the Company, Come, *says he to them*, and Publish the Wonders which are effected in you, and make an acknowledgment to that all Puissant Virtue, which has Delivered you from that miserable slavery under which ye groaned.

The Wife immediately replied without consulting, that instead of the Testimony he demanded, they were ready to give him a very fine one of the obstinacy of the Devils, and not of his skill. For in truth, venerable Father, *added she*, since your fine Operation they have Tormented us, as it were out of spite, more violently than ever.

You are incredulous (*cried out the good Irish-man in a wonderful passion*), or at least ungrateful, who maliciously deny those benefits ye have received. Approach hither, approach; that I may convict you both of incredulity, or Malice.

When they were come near, he nicely examined all the lines of their Faces. He particularly observed their Looks, and as
if

if he had discovered in the Apple of their Eyes some impression of these Spirits ; ye are in the right, *says he, all amaz'd,* ye are in the right, they are not yet dislodg'd. They were too deeply rooted in your Bodies, but they shall hold fast indeed, if I don't turn them out by the Virtue of a few words I am going to pronounce.

Leave, curst Race, an Habitation of Repose too sweet for you, and go and rave for ever in places where dwell Horror, Madness, and Despair.

'Tis done, my Friends, ye are most certainly Delivered : But return no more, I intreat ye. I owe my time to all the World, and ye have had as much of it as ye ought to have.

Now our Patients supposed themselves at the end of all their Misfortunes : This day seem'd to them as it were the first of their Marriage, and the Night was expected with the same impatience, as that of their Nuptials had been formerly. This Night so much desired came, but Alas ! how ill did it answer their desires ?

Too much Love causes the shame of Lovers, and I leave to the imagination of the Reader the great confusion of an Adventure.

Where

*Where excess of desire,
Does extinguish the fire.*

'Twas happy for the Husband, that the Wife accused the Devils that were innocent ; But our Physitian, somuch celebrated abroad, was no more in her esteem than a poor *Irish-man*, who had not skill enough to conjure down an *Ignis Fatuus*. Sometimes she imputed to her self this non-performance of her Husband, after the Examples of the *Spanish Women*, who attribute to themselves, in these occasions, the failings of their Lovers, in regard of a perswasion they have, that the force of their Charms ought neither to submit to the infirmity of Nature, nor to the power of Witch-craft.

Thus the Wife, who accused the Husband in every thing else, when he was most innocent, justifies him when he was most deficient in Family-Duties, choosing rather to impute a Want of Love in him, to a want of Charms in her self, than to impute it to a real defect, which would prove eternally destructive of her Pleasures. But as a Lady doth not willingly entertain a thought that hurts the Interest
of

of her Beauty ; she immediately recalled in her mind the Malice of the Devils, and turn'd her confusion into Anger against the *Irish* Man, who had not been expert enough to cure them.

It is a long time, *said she bluntly, and as if she had been inspir'd,* it is a long time since the simplicity of the *Irish* Man has amus'd us, and I know very well, that we shall expect in vain our deliverance from him. But it is not enough to be undeceived ; justice obliges us to undeceive others as well as our selves, and to make known to the World, the vanity of these Quacks.

Sweet-heart, *reply'd the Husband,* 'tis undoubtedly true, that the misfortune of this Night is the pure malice of our Devils. The *Irishman* had a mind to laugh at them, but they were resolved to ridicule him and us in their turn. You know me, and I know my self ; such a strange Impotence cou'd not naturally happen, and behold how strangely Conjunction has prevail'd upon us. As for the rest, Sweet-heart, when you shall make your reproaches to this fine Physician, take care that you descend not to any particulars of this nature ; and that you let nothing slip, I beseech you, which may tend to our

our shame. All Family secrets ought to be concealed : But this in a more particular manner than any other.

The Wife was ready to be offended upon seeing her self suspected of such an indiscretion : But not to embroil things anew, that were tending to a good accommodation, she promis'd so to manage her self, that the *Irish Man* alone should find fault with her proceeding.

We usually seek the Night to conceal our shame, but the day here appeared to disperse it ; and these unhappy Persons, who were not yet well recovered of their Misfortune, got up with the Sun, who enlivens all things, in hopes of a better success for the time to come.

They rose out of their Bed with more tranquillity, than they had remained there, and after a small Break-fast and a little Conversation to fortify their Bodies, and reconcile their Minds, they went in peace and good Union towards the House, where they had been twice with Confidence, and from whence they had twice returned without any relief. They received advice there, that the *Irish-man* was gone to St. James's to perform some Wonders

ders there, at the instance of Monsieur *d' Aubigny*.

It was the same Monsieur *d' Aubigny* so well known of all the World, for the most agreeable Man that ever was. Behold then some of the Prodigies which I remarked at St. *James's*, with less credulity than the Multitude, and less prejudice than Monsieur *d' Aubigny*.

Already did the Blind suppose they saw that light they did not see; already did the Deaf imagine they heard, and heard not; the Lame already thought they were grown well, and the impotent resumed in imagination the first use of all their members. A strong Idea of Health had made the Sick forget their Distempers; and imagination which was no less active in the curious, than in the Sick, gave the first, a false prospect out of a desire of seeing, as it did a false Cure to the second, out of a desire of being Cured.

Such was the power of the *Irish-man* upon our minds: Such was the force of our Minds upon our Senses. Thus nothing was the Subject, but Prodigies; and these Prodigies came from so great an Authority, that the astonished multitude receiv'd them with submission, whilst
some

some more knowing Persons durst not reject them by their knowledge.

A Timorous and slavish knowledge always pays respect to an imperious and Authoriz'd Errour: The Soul was feeble, where the understanding was sound; and they, who saw best in their imaginary Cures, were afraid to declare their real Sentiments amongst a prejudiced and Incharmed people.

Such was the triumph of the *Irish-man*, when our Couple courageously broke through the crowd in order to come and insult over him in all his Majesty. Art not thou ashamed, *said the Wife to him*, to abuse the simple and credulous People as thou dost, by the ostentation of a power, which thou never didst enjoy? Thou hast directed our Devils to leave us in Repose, and they have only Tormented us the more. Thou hast commanded them to go out, and they persist to remain notwithstanding thy orders, equally deriding our sottish credulity, and thy ineffectual impotence.

The Husband continued the same reproaches with the same contempt, so far as to refuse him the name of Impostor, because there was need of Capacity, *said he,*

he, for an Impostor, and this miserable wretch had none.

The Physician lost his Speech in losing the Authority which made him venerable; and this formidable Power, establish'd only in a superstitious Subjection of Spirits, came to nothing, so soon as there appeared persons bold enough to disown it; surpriz'd, nonplust, confounded, he withdrew, and went out at the Back-door.

His confusion extreamly mortified the Assembly; there being nothing that the mind of Man receives with so much satisfaction, as the opinion of Miraculous things, nor leaves with more difficulty and concern.

As for Monsieur *d' Aubigny*, he soon plac'd this Physician in the rank of others, whom he had tryed; being resolved for the future to keep to those of the Country, without an ambition to make use of New Comers, meerly because they were Strangers.

All the company retired, ashamed of their easiness to be abus'd, and yet vexed at the loss of their Error. Our married couple, glorious and Triumphant, enjoyed the pleasures of Victory, without any further thoughts of the Devils; and Monsieur

sieur d'Aubigny, who passed from one Opinion to another, with an incredible facility, quitted his former belief of our Miracle-monger, to give himself the pleasure of laughing with me, at what had happen'd.

At my breaking out into a sudden fit of laughter, the Husband turned his Head towards us, and perceiving Mr. d'Aubigny, he came civilly to excuse himself for what he had done at his House, without asking his permission. Mr. d'Aubigny replyed to him very civilly, giving him thanks not only for having disabused the publick, but also for having undeceiv'd himself in particular.

The Wife immediately took her part in the Conversation, which did not render it less agreeable; for altho' she was really extravagant, yet it was a sort of extravagance which did not proceed so much from her Mind, as from her Humour: But now she took care to conceal it; and we talk'd of nothing but mirth and pleasantry, when Mr. d'Aubigny entertain'd them with the the gravest discourse in the World, which I little expected.

I am a person of an acknowledging temper, *said he to them*, and I should be

I

ungrateful

ungrateful, if I did not draw you from your Error, after the obligation I am under to you for having drawn me from mine. Is it possible that ye should have Devils in reality? As if it was not enough for your own Minds to torment ye, and that there must be something else, besides a long Marriage, to afford ye that trouble, which has harrassed you this pretty while. There is no Man, but is sometimes at a loss with himself. The wisest are weary of themselves after they have been weary of others. And would ye have a Husband and Wife, who are almost always of different minds, and different humours, be able to live eternally together without disgust, without offence, and without disputes? Believe me, Sir, of a hundred married couple, fourscore and ten at least are possessed, after your fashion, but without any intervening of the Devil. The only difference I find between you is, that they suffer their misfortunes with patience, and conceal them with discretion, whereas you importune Heaven and Hell for yours, in accusing Demons that are innocent of your unhappiness, and in going to seek a supernatural assistance when there is no occasion for it.

That

That which was a great Prodigy, was the alteration of the Mind of the Husband and Wife upon the Discourse of Mr. *d'Aubigny*; they look'd upon themselves with astonishment, asham'd of having been their own Devils, and to find nothing of Possession, but the contrariety of their Humours.

The Husband was the first who returned from his confusion to give a thousand thanks to Mr. *d'Aubigny*, for having given them the true knowledge of their misfortune. But, *replied the Wife*, doth this knowledge make us e're the less unhappy? And have we not as much need of a remedy against the torment of Marriage, as we supposed we had against that of the Devils?

When I observed Mr. *d'Aubigny* just ready to say something pleasant upon a Subject that was sufficiently so; I had a mind to preserve to him the merit of a gravity, which was not ordinary with him. Whereupon I immediately took up the Discourse.

Of all the Remedies one can seek against a troublesome Marriage, I know none, said I to them, more sure, nor more wisely practised, than that of believing ones self

more happy than others; and to remain in this Error, in case one is mistaken in it, you will like an English Proverb, better than all the Reasons I can alledge to you. "He that lives in this World without being deceived, is an unhappy Man. To see, Sirs, how far the pleasure of Deceit goes, the greatest of your Enemies makes himself agreeable, when he imposes upon ye; and the best of your Friends seldom undeceive ye, but you are offended at it.

Monsieur d'Aubigny, weary of his gravity, was now minded to end the Conference; and after the usual civilities at parting, every one returned to his home, extreamly well satisfied.

Mr. d'Aubigny had afterwards a very particular Conference with the Wc man, and in spite of the Rules of Marriage, she told him all that happen'd during their imaginary Possession.

A

LETTER

To Monsieur D'OLONNE.

By the same Hand.

AS soon as I heard of your disgrace, I gave my self the honour of writing to you, in order to testify my great concern for you; and I write to you at present to let you know that you ought at least to avoid so troublesome a Companion as Melancholy is, at a time when it is not in your power to relish any joy.

If such valuable commodities, as Men of good Sense are to be had in the place where you are, their Conversation may in some manner repair the loss of the Correspondences you have quitted. And if you find none there, Books and good cheer may be a great assistance to you, and give no ordinary consolation.

I speak to you like a Master that designs

to prescribe Lessons : not that I presume much upon the force of my Reasoning, but I fancy I have some right to assume an Authority over persons that are Unfortunate, by the long experience I have had of Misfortunes and unhappy Revolutions.

Amongst the Books you are to choose for your entertainment in the Country, apply your self principally to those that strike in with your humour by their agreements, rather than those that pretend to fortify your Mind by Arguments and Reasons. The last engage with your Dis-temper, which is always done at the expence of the person, in whom this troublesome Scene is Acted; The first makes it to be forgotten, and it is no hard matter to make a sentiment of Joy succeed to an obliterated Grief.

Systems of Morality are only proper to set the Conscience in good order, and retrieve it from confusion; and I have seen several grave and composed Men come out of its School, who were not over-stocked with the Rules of a prudent behaviour.

Your true Men of Sense need not hunt Books to read these Lessons, but only to make Lessons for themselves; for as they know what's good by the singular

lar exactness of their Taste, so they are disposed to it by their own voluntary motion. Not but that there are certain occasions, wherein such assistances are not to be rejected; but where it is a Man's fortune to have need of its aid, he may easily deliver himself from these perplexities. If you were reduced to the necessity of having your Veins opened, I would permit you to read *Seneca*, and to imitate him: Yet would I choose rather to fall into the carelessness of *Petronius*, than to study for a constancy which is not obtain'd without a great deal of difficulty.

If you were of a humour to devote your self for your Country; I would advise you to read nothing else but the lives of those *Romans*, who courted a glorious Death for the good of their Nation: But considering your present Circumstances, I think you lie under an Obligation to live for your self, and to spend the remainder of your life as agreeably as you can.

Now things being in this scituation, leave off all study of Wisdom, which doth not contribute to the lessening of your troubles, or to the regaining of your Pleasures. You will seek for Constancy

in *Seneca*, and you will find nothing in him but severity. *Plutarch* will be less troublesome, however he will make you grave and serious, rather than sedate.

Montagne will instruct you better in what relates to Man, than any other. But after all, this rational Tool, this Man with all his mighty stock of knowledge, which is usefull indeed in good Fortune to teach him moderation, has nothing but sad and afflicting Thoughts, which serve to deject him in the bad.

Let not the unhappy then seek in Books to be disturbed at Our Miseries, but to rejoyce at Our follies. For this reason you will prefer the Reading of *Lucian*, *Petronius*, and *Don Quixot*, before that of *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, and *Montagne*. But I recommend to you *Don Quixot* above all. What pressure soe're of affliction you have, the fineness of his ridicule will insensibly conduct you to the taste of Joy.

You will tell me perhaps, that I am not of so pleasant and easie a humour in my own Misfortunes, as I appear to be in yours ; and that it is indecent for a Man to afford all his concern to his own unhappiness, when at the same time he preserves

preserves an indifference, nay, and even a gayety for the misfortune of his Friends. I should agree with you in that respect, if I behaved my self so: But I can affirm to you with reality, that I am not less concerned at your Exile than your self; and the joy which I advise you to, is in order to have a share of it my self, when I shall see you capable of receiving any.

As for what relates to my Misfortunes, if I have formerly appeared to you more afflicted under them, than I seem to you at present, it is not that I was so in effect. I was of opinion that disgraces exacted from us the decorum of a Melancholy Air; and that this apparent Mortification was a respect we owe to the will of Superiors, who seldom think fit to punish us without a design to afflict us. But then you are to know, that under this sad out-side and Mortified Countenance, I gave my self all the satisfaction I could find in my self; and all the Pleasure I could take in the correspondence of my Friends.

After having found the vanity of that grave temper we learn from Morality, I should be ridiculous my self, if I continued

tinued so serious a discourse ; upon this score I shall quit the Subject, and give you some Counsels that shall be less troublesome, than Instructions.

Adapt, as much as possibly you can, your Palate and Appetite to your Health ; 'tis a great secret to be able to reconcile the agreeable and the necessary in two things, which have been almost always repugnant and opposite.

Yet after all, to arrive to this great secret, or mystery, we want nothing but Sobriety and Judgment ; and what ought not a sensible man to do, that he may learn to chuse those delicious Dishes at his Meals, which will keep both his Mind and Body in a good disposition all the remainder of the Day ?

A man may be Sober without being Delicate ; but he can never be Delicate without being Sober. Happy is the Person that enjoys both these qualities together ! He doth not separate his Diet from his Pleasure.

Spare no cost to obtain the Wines of *Champagne*, were you 200 Leagues from *Paris*. Those of *Burgundy* have lost all their credit with Men of good taste, and scarce do they preserve a small remainder
of

of their old Reputation with the Merchants.

There is no Province that affords excellent Wines for all Seasons, but *Champagne*. It furnishes us with the Wine of *Ay, Avenet, Dowillé* till Spring; *Tessy, Sillery* for the rest of the Year.

If you demand of me which of all these Wines I prefer, without falling into the several tastes, which are introduced by those who have a false sense of delicacy; I will affirm to you that the good Wine of *Ay* is the most natural of all Wines, the most wholesome, the most extracted from all Terrene smell, and of the most exquisite agreeableness, in regard of its Peach-taste which is peculiar to it, and is in my opinion, the chief of all tastes.

L. X. C. V. F. I. and H. VIII. had each of them their several Houses in *Ay*, in order to the more curious making of their Wines. Amongst the greatest affairs of the World, which those Princes were concerned to disentangle, it was not the least of their cares to have some of the Wine of *Ay*.

Express but little curiosity for extraordinary dishes, and show much choice in what may be obtained with convenience. A good
wholesome

wholsome, natural Pottage, which is neither too high nor too little seasoned, nor too much Jelly is to be preferred for common use before all others, as well for the exactness of its taste, as for the advantage of its use.

Mutton tender and juicy, good sucking Veal, white and curious; your Barn-door Fowls, your fat Quail taken in the Country, your Pheasant, Partridge, and Rabbet, all which have an agreeable Savour in their taste, are the true Meats which are able to furnish your Table all the different Seasons of the Year. Your *Wood-Hen* particularly, is estimable for its excellency, but is not to be sought after where you are, or where I am, because of its great rarity.

If an indispensable necessity obliges you to dine with some of your Neighbours, who shall have excused themselves from the *Arrier-ban* either by their Money, or their address, you may commend the Hare, the Stag, the Roe-Buck, the Wild-boar, but eat none of them: Let Dogs, and nets partake of the same praises. Of all Black-Meats, the Snipe alone is to be commended, in Favour of
its

its taste, though it is somewhat prejudicial to Health.

Let all mixtures and Kitchen-compositions, called *Ragoo's*, or Out-works, pass with you for a sort of Poison. If you eat but a little of them, they will do you but a little harm; If you eat a great deal, it's impossible but their Pepper, their Vinegar, and their Onions must Ruine your taste at last, and soon cause an alteration in your Health.

Your Sauces, if you make them as simple and plain as is possible, can do no great harm.

Salt and Orange are the most General and most natural Seasonings.

Fine Herbs are wholsomer, and have something in them more exquisite than Spices; but they are not equally proper in all things. One must employ them with Judgment in Meats where they are most agreeable; and distribute them with so much discretion, that they may improve the proper taste of the Meat, without making their own discerned.

After having Discoursed to you of the Quality of Wines, and the condition of Meats, 'tis necessary to come to
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the most proper counsel for the agreement of Taste and Health.

Let Nature incite you to drink and eat by a secret disposition, which is lightly perceived, and doth not press you to it through necessity.

Where there is no Appetite, the most wholesome nourishment is capable of hurting us, and the most agreeable of disgusting us.

Where there is hunger, the necessity of eating is an Evil which causes another after the Meal is over, by having forced a man to an excess of Eating.

The Appetite prepares, if I may so speak, an exercise for our heat in the digestion: Whereas Greediness prepares Labour and Pains for it. The way to keep us always in an agreeable disposition, is to suffer neither too much emptiness, nor too much repletion; to the end that Nature may never have wherewithal to fill it self greedily with what it wants, nor to ease it self with eagerness of its oppression.

Behold all the Counsels that my experience has been able to furnish me with, in relation to reading and good cheer; I will not end without giving you a word or two concerning Love.

If you have a Mistress at *Paris*, forget her as soon as possibly you can; for she will not fail to change, and it is good to prevent the unfaithful.

A Person aimable at Court will be Lov'd there, and where she is Loved, she Loves to the end.

They who preserve a Passion for persons that are absent, raise but little in those who see them; and the continuance of their Loves for the absent is less an Honour to their Constancy, than a Scandal to their Beauty.

Thus, Sir, whether your Mistress lov's another, or whether she Loves you still, good Sense ought to make you leave her as deceitful, or contemned.

Nevertheless, in case you live to see an end of your disgrace, you ought not to put an end to your Love; so short an absence excites passions, whereas a long one destroys them.

What way soever your mind turns, give not a new weight to it by the ponderousness of too serious things. Disgrace carries but too much heaviness along with it.

Do in your Exile, what *Petronius* did at his Death. *Amove res serias, quibus gravitas, & constantia gloria peti solet. Tibi*

*bi, ut illi, Levia Carmina, & faciles
versus.*

There are some whose Misfortunes, have rendered them devout by a certain compassion, and a secret pitty, which a man is apt to entertain for himself, proper enough to dispose Men to a more Religious Life. Never did my disgraces give me this sort of compassion.

Nature has not made me Sensible enough of my own Misfortunes. The loss of my Friends might be able to excite in me those tender sorrows, and those nice afflictions, out of which the Sentiments of Devotions are formed in process of time.

I will never advise any one to resist that devotion, which is formed out of compassion, nor that which gives us an assurance.

Both the one and 'tother agreeably touch the Soul, and confirm the Mind in a sweet Repose ; but all men, and particularly the unhappy, ought to defend themselves with care from a superstitious Devotion, least it should mingle its blackness with that of their Misfortune.

Of the PLEASURE that

WOMEN

Take in their

BEAUTY.

By Mr. *B R O W N*.

THERE is nothing so natural to persons of the Fair Sex, as to take a pleasure in their own Beauty. They please themselves as much as 'tis possible for others to please them, and are the first that discover their own Charms, and fall in Love with them.

But the motions of this self-love are so sweet and so pleasing, That they are
K scarce

130 *Of the Pleasure that Women*

scarce sensible; for self-love only flatters; but Love of another nature, when it comes to visit us, makes us feel it with a Vengeance.

This first sort of Love is congenial to all Women, it is naturally formed in them, and has themselves only for its Object. The second comes from without, and is either caused by a secret sympathy, or by the violence of an amorous impression.

The one is a Good that only occasions Pleasure, but yet it is always a Good, and lasts as long as their Beauty does. The other is capable of touching them more sensibly, but is more subject to change and alteration.

To this advantage of duration, which the pleasure that the Ladies take in their Beauty, has above the influence of an Amour, we may add the following one, *viz.* That a Beautiful Woman is more concerned to preserve her Beauty than her Lover; and shews less tenderness for a Heart already vanquish'd, than she expresses vanity and ostentation, in extending her Conquests. Not but that she may very well be allowed to be sensible for her Gallant; but in all probability, she will sooner resolve to suffer the loss
of

take in their Beauty. 131

of what she loves, than lose and ruine what causes her to be beloved.

There is a certain sort of a pleasure, tho' 'tis in a manner impossible truly to describe it, which we feel in deploring the death of one we love.

Our Love supplies the place of a Lover in the Reign of grief; and thence proceeds that affection to this mourning which has its Charms.

*Cease, Thyrsis, cease, by an ill tim'd relief,
To rob me of my best Companion, Grief.
Sorrow to me all lovely does appear,
It fills the place of what I held so dear.*

But 'tis not so with the loss of Beauty. This loss is a full consummation of all other Calamities; it cruelly robs the Ladies of the hopes of ever receiving any pleasure as long as they live.

As long as a Woman is in full possession of her Beauty, no Misfortune can befall her, which she cannot in some measure alleviate. But when once that Blessing has left her, all the other advantages of Fortune will never be able to give her any tolerable satisfaction. Wherever she goes, the remembrance of what

132 *Of the Pleasure that Women*

she has lost, or the consideration of what she is at present, will give her a thousand uneasinesses.

In such a case, her best remedy will be to employ all her discretion to make her selfeasie under that unfortunate Condition. But alas! what an unpalatable remedy is it for a Woman, who has once been adored, to abandon so dear a vanity, and come back to her Reason. 'Tis a new and mortifying experiment this, after a person has been used to entertain her self with such agreeable Thoughts.

The last Tears that beautiful Eyes reserve, are spent in bewailing themselves, after they are effaced out of all Hearts. The only person that still laments a lost Beauty, is the miserable Possessor.

One of our best Poets, endeavouring to comfort a great Queen for the loss of her Royal Spouse, would make her ashamed of the extravagance of her Affection, by citing to her the Example of a certain Princess in despair, who so wholly abandon'd her self to this weakness, that she reproached the Stars, and accused the Gods for the loss of her Husband.

*Boldly she charges every Power above.
(So much her Reason's govern'd by her
Love.)*

*With all that fruitful anger can inspire,
When Grief indulg'd, renews the glowing
Fire.*

But finding that the horreur of Impiety was not strong enough to make any impression on a mind so disordered by grief; for his last and concluding Reason, he represents to her that it was her Interest to be sedate, as if he had no better a remedy against this excess, but to put her in mind of the great injury it did her Beauty.

*Those charming Locks the rudest Hands
would spare,*

And yet they suffer by your own despair.

*Alas! what Crimes have those fair
Tresses done?*

*Think what a train of Conquests they have
won.*

*Is grief so cruel, or your rage so blind,
That to your self you must be thus un-
kind?*

He excused the Ladies for paying some
K 3 Tribute

134 *Of the Pleasure that Women*

Tribute to their Sorrow, but he never pardons them the Sin of making themselves less amiable. This is a Transgression that he imagins will easily create an horror in them, without urging any farther Considerations.

It had been mere impertinence to endeavour to reduce them by reason ; but to set before their Eyes the interest of their Beauty, was the strongest Argument he could think of to oppose to the obstinacy of their Grief, and he knew nothing beyond that, which was capable to reform this extravagance.

That we may fully know how far the Ladies are devoted to their Beauty, let us consider the most retired and solitary amongst them. There are some in that station who have renounced all Pleasures ; who are weaned from the Interests of the World ; who endeavour to please no body, and whom no body pleases. But amidst all this coldness and indifference for every thing else, they secretly flatter themselves, to see they are still agreeable enough.

There are others that abandon themselves to sorts of austerities ; yet if they accidentally happen to see themselves

selves in a Glass, you shall hear them sigh, to behold so Melancholly an alteration. They do every thing that helps to disfigure their Faces with all imaginable readiness, but can't endure the sight of them when they are once disfigured.

Nature that can consent to destroy herself out of Love to God, secretly opposes it self to the least change of Beauty, out of a principle of self-love that never dies with us.

Let a Fair Person retire into what place she pleases, let her condition be what it will, yet her Charms and Features are still dear to her. They will be dear to her even in the time of sickness, and if her sickness goes as far as Death, the last sigh that passes from her is more for the loss of her Beauty, than for that of her Life.

A
LETTER

T O

Monsieur the Count de B. R.

By the same Hand.

YOU ask me what I have been doing in the Country, and since the place cou'd not furnish me with agreeable Conversations, whether I did not take great Pleasure to entertain my self in Contemplation. I will tell you then without affectation, that I endeavour to divert my self as much as possible, where I am. Every Country has its Rarities, which we learn not without satisfaction; and the most Savage places have their Pleasures, if we are in a capacity to use them. It

It cannot otherwise happen, but that every thing must displease me, whenever I begin, I employ my self in Meditation; for to speak soberly upon the matter, we never fail to be tiresome to our selves, in too long and too serious a commerce with our own Thoughts.

Solitude has this peculiar to its self, that it imprints upon us I don't know what sort of a Mournful Air, barely with thinking upon the wretchedness of our State. Oh strange condition of Man! If he intends to live happy, he must make but few reflections upon life; nay he must often depart as it were, from himself, and amidst the Pleasures which exterior Objects furnish him with, steal from the knowledge of his own Miseries.

Divertisements have their name for the diversion they give us from tiresome objects, to those that are Pleasant and agreeable. Which sufficiently shows how difficult a matter it is to overcome the hard-ships of our Condition by any force of Mind; but that a man may turn them away from him by dexterity and address.

In effect, chuse the firmest Soul upon Earth; can she digest without regret the knowledge of what we are, and of what we shall one day be? As for my part, I believe it is almost impossible; but tho' by a long habitude and solid reasoning, we may arrive to such a pass, as to look indifferently upon all troublesome objects whatever; yet they will at least give us an austere humour, far from any Sentiments of Pleasure, nay from the very Idea of joy.

'Tis the distinguishing Character of God alone, that he can view himself, and there find perfect Felicity and Repose. We can scarce cast our Eyes upon our selves, but we there discover a thousand defects, which obliges us to seek elsewhere that which is wanting in us.

Glory, Reputation, and Fortune, are a mighty relief against the rigours of Nature, and the miseries of Life. Thus we had Wisdom given us for no other end, but only to regulate these Goods, and to direct our conduct; but let our stock be never so great, we shall find it stands us in small stead, when we are alarm'd with the pains and approaches of Death.

I know there are several persons who prepare themselves against it by solid judicious reflections, and by designs well concerted: But it generally so happens, that the extremity of pain dashes all these fine resolutions to pieces; that a Feavour throws them into a *delirium*, or that by doing every thing out of Season, they are strangely fond of Life, when they ought to take up a Resolution of quitting it

*These empty Pretenders, so vain and high
Flying,
That Preach up a Constancy without Re-
lenting,
Resemble the Fop, who as he lay dying,
Begg'd his Maker to give him three Years
to Repent in.*

All the circumstances of Death regard only those that remain behind. The Weakness, the Resolution, the Tears, the Indifference, all is equal at the last moment; and 'tis very ridiculous to imagine that this ought to be considered as a great matter by those, who are going to be nothing themselves.

There

There is nothing that can effectually conquer the horror of this dissolution, but a firm persuasion of another Life ; we must put on a Spirit of confidence, and place our selves in such a situation, as to hope every thing, and fear nothing.

In truth, 'tis impossible not to make some reflections upon a thing so Natural ; nay, a man must be guilty of a strange effeminacy not to dare to think of it.

We may say the same thing of sadness, and indeed of all sorts of grief ; 'tis a Chimera for Man to wish to disengage himself absolutely from them. I may add, they are sometimes lawful, and I think they may be reasonably used on certain occasions.

An indifference is perfectly scandalous in some sort of Misfortunes. A tenderness is justly paid to the Calamities of a faithful Friend ; but then we are to observe, that as grief ought to be rare, so it ought to be soon laid aside.

After having observed the greatest part of People that hunt after their pleasures, I have found four sorts of them,
and

and I am apt to perswade my self, that I know all their Sentiments exactly : They are the sensual, the hasty or Choleric, the voluptuous, and the delicate.

The sensual apply themselves more grossly to that which is most Natural ; and like other Animals, follow their own simple Appetites.

That which touches the Voluptuous, makes an impression upon the Senses, which reaches as far as the Soul. I don't mean that intelligent Soul, from whence proceeds the light of Reason, but a Soul more mixt, and interess'd in the Body ; which the passions cause to languish, and which may be tickled with all manner of Pleasures.

The Choleric have a more lively Sense, and a more violent Soul ; sensible of impressions, and full of Heat in all their Movements.

The Mind has a greater share in the taste of the Delicates, than in that of others. To these do we owe our inventions and refinements in Luxury ; without them Gallantry had been unknown ; Musick harsh and rude, and our Eating mean and ill ordered. To these
are

are we indebted for the *eruditus luxus* of *Petronius*, and all the exquisite discoveries, the politeness of our Age has made. But it must be confest, that if these Persons are ingenious in preparing Pleasures for other Men, they are fruitful in disgusts for themselves, and having too great an Idea of the perfection of things, are over difficult to be pleased.

I have made some observations too upon the objects that please us; and methinks I have remark'd very particular differences in them.

There are a slight sort of impressions, that if you'l pardon the expression, only glance upon the Soul, and employ it for the time upon agreeable things, where it is fixed with complacency, without the least invention of care to disturb it. This we call agreeableness; and it is conformable enough to the humour of the most Virtuous Persons, who mingle this sort of Pleasure with their most serious Occupations.

I have observed another, which the Ancients called *Mollities*, a soft voluptuous impression, that flatters and tickles the Senses, and diffuses it self deliciously all over the Soul. From hence arises

raises a certain Laziness that insensibly robs the Mind of its vivacity and vigour; insomuch that being once Charm'd with it, 'tis a difficult matter to shake off so sweet a Lethargy.

Offensive disagreeable Subjects are felt after a manner quite opposite to this. They do violence to the Senses; the Soul is wounded by them, and this proceeds so far as to give a disturbance and inquietude to the Mind.

But the highest degree of merit in Objects, is that which is touching; which penetrates even to the bottom of the Heart, which raises the finest Images in our Minds, and moves us after the most tender manner imaginable.

It is hard to speak of it well, and there is no expression but comes infinitely short of what those persons enjoy that are affected by it. These transports and deliquiums proceed from the want of proportion between the Objects and the Soul that receives the impression of them. Whether it is, because not being able to contain our selves, we are as it were, carried out of our selves by a sort of ravishment, or that overwhelmed with excess of pleasure, we faint away under the weight of it.

I should never have done, if I were minded to pursue all the differences that are to be found in so copious a Subject. The best way is to chuse what we find most conformable to our taste, to our Inclination, or to our Genius.

Let gay Persons search after diversion and joy ; let the indifferent content themselves with what is agreeable ; let the Delicate refine upon the most curious things ; let passionate Souls suffer themselves to be touched with tender Objects, provided that Reason banishes all disorder, and corrects the excess of them.

This is all I had to say to you, upon the Article of Pleasure. It now remains, that I say something of a Mind which is restored to it self, and enjoys a perfect degree of tranquillity.

We are not always possessed by our Passions ; and it is to be feared, that instead of tasting true liberty, a lazy, unactive Scene of Repose, may throw us into a state of wearisomness. However that time which a Man renders tedious to himself by his sullen Humour, is no less placed to his account, than the sweetest part of Life ; and those Melancholy hours, we desire to pass away with so much precipitation,

cipitation, do full as much contribute to fill up the measure of our days, as those that escape us with regret.

I am not of their Opinion, who spend their time in complaining of their condition, instead of thinking how to relieve and sweeten it.

*Unhappy knowledge, source of all our Woes,
Destructive of our Pleasure and Repose;
Why, when some dire mischance has been sustain'd,
Should the ungrateful Image be retain'd?
Must we to Grief this slavish homage pay,
As sigh our best, our dearest Hours away?
Or to improve the pressures of our doom,
Must we bewail the past, and fear the Ills
to come?*

I freely leave these Gentlemen to their Murmurs, and take what care I can to extract some comfort from those very things they complain of: I endeavour to entertain my self with an agreeable remembrance of what is past; and furnish my self with pleasant Ideas of what is to come. If I am obliged to regret any thing, my regrets are rather sentiments of tenderness than of grief.

L

If

If in order to avoid any Evil, we must of necessity foresee it, my fore-sight never goes so far as Fear. 'Tis my aim, that the knowledge of feeling nothing that troubles me, and the consideration to see my self free and Master of my self, shou'd give me the spiritual pleasure of good *Epicurus*. I mean that agreeable indolence, which is not, as the vulgar imagine, a state without grief, and without pleasure; but the sentiments of a pure and delicate joy, which proceeds from a repose of Conscience, and a serenity of Mind.

After all, whatsoever sweetness we find in our selves, let us take care to keep it there as long as we can. 'Tis an easie leap from these secret joys to inward griefs; and there is no less good Husbandry required in the Enjoyment of our own proper goods, than in the use of those that are external. Who does not know that the Soul is tired to be always in the same posture, and that at long run, it would lose all its vigour, if it were not awaken'd by the Passions?

In short, a man must make but very few reflections upon life, if he designs to pass it happily; nay, he ought to use a quite different Conduct. He must
often

often steal as it were from himself, and amongst the pleasures that other Objects give him, forget the knowledge of his own Misfortunes.

A

Letter to Monsieur D. L.

YOU left me yesterday in a Conversation that insensibly became a furious dispute. There was every thing said that can be alledged *pro* or *con*, either for the disgrace or advantage of Learning.

It is not necessary to acquaint you with the parties; you need only know they were both of them *interested* very much to maintain their own cause. *B.* having little obligation to Nature for his Genius; and *N.* might say, without being ungrateful, that he ow'd his Talent neither to Arts nor Sciences.

The occasion of the dispute was this. Some body happen'd to commend the great variety of Madam G—'s knowledge: When *N.* all on the sudden rose from his Chair, and taking off his Hat with a scornful Air. *Gentlemen*, says he, if

* I am apt to believe from what follows, that the famous Christina is here meant, who, as all the World knows, was a Woman of great learning, and abdicated the Crown of Sweden.

* Madam G. had known no more than the customs of her own Country, she had continued there still. To learn our Language and Customes; to put herself in a condition of making a Figure eight Days in France, she has lost all that she had. See what good is come of her

Knowledge and fine Learning, which you boast of so much.

B. seeing such an injury done to Madam G. whom he esteemed so highly; and to learning in general which he has so great a value for, lost all manner of consideration; and beginning his discourse with an Oath. *One must be very unjust,* answers he, *to impute to Madam G. for a Crime the noblest action of her life. As for your aversion to the Sciences, I don't at all wonder at it; this is not the first time that you have made merry with them. If you had read the most common Histories, you would*

* He means Charles the Fifth.

*then be sensible, that her Conduct is not without Example. * C. V. is no less celebrated for the renouncing of his Kingdoms,*

doms, than for his Conquests. Did not Dioclesian quit the Empire, and Sylla the Dictatorial power? But all these things are utterly unknown to you, and 'tis down right madness to dispute with an Ignorant. To conclude, where can you find me any extraordinary Man, who was not a Man of Letters, and exquisite knowledge?

He began with Monsieur the Prince, and went on as far as *Cesar*; from *Cesar* to *Alexander* the Great; and God knows how far the matter had gone, if *N.* had not interrupted him with so much vehemence, that he was forced to hold his Tongue.

In troth, says he, you do mighty feats here with your Cæsars, and Alexanders. For my part, I don't know whether they were learned or unlearned, it does not signifie a farthing: But this I am sure of, that ever since I knew the World, no Gentlemen were oblig'd to study, but only those that were designed for the Church; and now for the generality of them, they content themselves with the Latin of the Breviary. As for those that are designed for the Court, or for the Army, they go fairly and honestly to an Academy. There they learn to ride the great Horse, to Dance, to handle their Arms, to play upon the Lute,

to Vault. Then comes a little spice of the Mathematics, and that's all. We have in France several thousand Souldiers, and all of them Men of honour. By this means, such and such Gentlemen I could name to you, if I were minded, made their Fortune. Latin! I thank my Stars for't, ever since I was born, Latin has been thought scandalous for a Gentleman. I know the great qualities of Monsieur the Prince, and am his Humble Servant. But I must tell you, there was a certain person of Quality that knew how to maintain his Credit in the Provinces, and his Interest at Court, yet was not able to Read; with the Devil a word of Latin, but only good French on his side.

It happen'd luckily for N. that his Adversary had the Gout; otherwise he had revenged the Quarrel of Latin with something more effectual, than meer blustering and big words.

At last the Contest was renewed a fresh. The former being resolved to dye a Martyr for his Opinion, and the other still maintaining the cause of ignorance with great ardour and resolution. When a charitable Father who chanced to be in the Room, interposed to accommodate the difference; being ravished to meet so favourable an opportunity to show his Wit and Learning.

Learning. He cough'd thrice very Methodically, and then turning himself towards the Doctor, he thrice sneer'd (as your Men of the World use to do) at our pleasant Ignoramus. When he thought he had compos'd his Countenance well enough, *digitis gubernantibus vocem*, he spoke after this manner.

I must tell you, Gentlemen, I must tell you, that Learning adds to the Beauty of Nature; and likewise that a natural Genius gives a grace to Learning. A genius of it self, without Rule and Art, is like a Torrent that pours down irregularly: And Knowledge without a natural Talent, resembles those dry and barren Fields that are so disagreeable to the sight. Now, Gentlemen, the business is how to reconcile what you have so unadvisedly divided, to re-establish an Union where you have made a Divorce. Learning is nothing in the World, but a perfect knowledge, and Art is nothing but a Rule that directs Nature. And wou'd you, Sir, addressing himself to N. be ignorant of the things you speak of, and value your self only upon your natural force, which is irregular and far from perfection? And you Mr. B. will you renounce the natural Beauty of the Mind, to render your self a slave to troublesome Precepts, and borrow'd Knowledge?

L 4

Come,

Come, come, replies *N.* very briskly, *let me make an end of this Discourse*; I wou'd rather bear with his knowledge than with the great Harangue you have made us here. At least he is Laconic, and I understand you no better than I do him.

The good Man, who was not of an irreconcilable Nature, soon suffer'd himself to be sweetned; and to quit scores with *N.* prefer'd his agreeable ignorance to the Magnificent words of the Father.

A Letter to Madam L.

HOW violent soever my Friendship is, it has left me force enough to write to you with less concern than I used to do. And to tell you the truth, *I* am somewhat ashamed to send you Country sighs, which have neither the sweetness nor delicacy of those you hear. But let them be what they will, *I* must of necessity hazard them; and endeavour to make you remember me at a time when all the World endeavours to make me be forgotten.

I don't question but that the interview of your Pious Mother, and the rest of
your

your godly Family was accompanied with abundance of Tears To be sure to such a Mother's Tears, you paid a civil and respectful return like a well-bred Daughter. But then you know the World too well to exchange a real tenderness for the grief of Hypocrites, whose Virtue is nothing else but a mere Artifice to deprive you of those Pleasures, which themselves regret.

'Tis enough you show'd your obedience once, and Sacrificed your Repose to a complaisance, which perhaps you did not owe her; she is unjust, if after she has exacted so severe an obedience from you, she pretends to regulate your Inclinations, and constrains the only thing she has left in your power.

We Love that which pleases us, and not what is barely permitted to us; so that if you must demand leave of your Parents, before you are suffer'd to Love, so well am I acquainted with their humour, that I dare assure you, you'll have but a little occasion to be acquainted with that Passion, should you live as long as a *Sibill*.

But perhaps this discourse may seem very impertinent to you, and considering your present circumstances, I ought rather
to

to be apprehensive of those persons that counsel you to Love, than those that forbid it. Perhaps you may follow the advice I give you, and laugh at the reprimands of your Mother. How do I know but that this poor Mother of yours, to whom I wish so much mischief, may be in my interests; and that to stifle a growing Friendship in its birth, she does not give you the liberty to Love a Person so remote from you.

Hitherto I have had all the reason in the World to commend your constancy and resolution; but I doubt whether a meer Idea will be able to dispute it long against a Face, and memory against Conversation. I have too great a concern upon me, to leave the advantage of being present with you any longer, to those Gentlemen that daily behold you and within a few days; no manner of business shall hinder me from throwing my self at your feet. While you are expecting that I should come and entertain you with my passion, remember how many Thousand Oaths you have sworn to Love me, and only me as long as you Live.

Another Letter to the same Person.

YOU imagine, Madam, that I hate you, and so far you are in the right on't, that if you consult the reason I have to do so, you may well believe that I hate you most abominably. But then if you consider what a mighty power you have always had upon me, you conclude rightly enough, that it is not in my power to hate you; and to my shame I acknowledge it, that I still Love and Doat upon you, after all the cruel injuries you have done Men.

The difference between your and my way of procedure is extraordinary enough; you wish me ill because you have been obliged by me; on the other hand I wish you all the Prosperity in the World, in spite of the ill treatments I have received at your hands. For God sake, Madam, pardon me the injuries you have done me; forget what I have done for you, and you will remove all the occasion you have to hate me.

Let us therefore, if you please, begin a new sort of Friendship, where neither reproach, nor Justification, nor Quarrels,
nor

nor Reconcilements, shall have any thing to do. The only motive of my Friendship is, because you are lovely in all respects; that of yours ought to be the opinion you now have, or at least, I desire you to have, that I am an honest well meaning Admirer of yours.

Excuse my Vanity. The practice and custom of the *Gascons* could not give me a less share of it, and provide I keep my self herewithout making further advances, you & I are sufficiently even with one another; but I will by no means promise to imitate those People in all things, particularly where you have any manner of Concern.

A Letter to Madam O.

I Remember, Madam, that as I went to the Army, I begg'd of you to Love the Count of *B.* In case I should be so unfortunate as to meet my Death there; in which particular I have been so well obeyed, that you do not hate him at all during my life, to learn (I suppose) how to love him the better after my Death. Madam, you have punctually obeyed my orders, and should I continue to give you the
same

same Commission, in all appearance you would see it carefully executed.

You may imagine, Madam, that I design to hide a real grief under a pretended grievance; and being so well acquainted with my Passion, you cannot without difficulty perswade your self, that I suffer a Rival without jealousy. But do you not know, Madam, that if I dare not complain of you for obliging me to Love you too much, I dare complain of him, for your Loving him not much less. And if you must of necessity make me angry, teach me whom I am to be most angry with, either the person who goes to rob me of my Mistress; or you who steal my Friend from me.

Let the matter be how it will, you need not give your self much trouble to appease my indignation. My Passion is too violent, to allow the least Interval to my Resentments; and my tenderness will always make me forget the injuries, I have received from you. I Love you, tho' you are perfidious and faithless, and only fear that a sincere Lover is none of the Favourites of Heaven. Farewell, let us enter I beseech you, into a new unknown sort of Confederacy, and by a
strange

strange Myſtery, let his, let your, and my
Friendſhip be only one and the ſame thing.

A Letter to Madam D. D.

I Thought you had utterly forgot me, but by the moſt ingenious, and ſurprizing conduct I ever ſaw, you treat me as if you only now began to know me. Upon my integrity I never ſaw ſuch a Civil Letter in my Life, and at the ſame time ſo very little obliging as yours. You have found out a way to treat me with ſo nice, ſo delicate an indifference, that I cannot complain of you without regret, nor commend you without the juſt imputation of Sottiſhneſs.

Generoſity, Gratitude, and Obligation are the leaſt words in all your Letter. It ſeems for my ſake alone, you have been at the expence of learning all the terms that are uſed in Complements, and have forgotten all thoſe that expreſs the real ſentiments of Amity and Friendſhip.

I muſt frankly own to you, Madam, that you imitate your Mother's ſtile perfectly well. At firſt ſight, I thought I had received ſome Mark or other of her
Ladiſhips

Ladiships good Memory: Besides this, Madam, that miserable *Jargon* of Calamities, and Misfortunes, and Destinies, with which it is all along stuffed, don't agree with your humour, but seems to proceed from some person that labours under some very Mysterious discomposure indeed.

As for your self, who as far as *I* can hear, never made a false representation of affliction, how came you to pitch upon me, a Gods Name, to tell your stories, and frighten with a Relation of the Miserable Fair one! What am *I* good for nothing in the World, but to be the Confident of your Melancholy thoughts and studied sorrows?

As it is impossible for you, Madam, to become so indifferent to me; as to my cost *I* find *I* am to you, *I* was asking *M. N.* after you, who told me that you danced to'ther day from Morning till Night, and that one could not be more agreeably diverted, then you did the whole Company.

Adieu, miserable Person, perplexed with a long series of Misfortunes, full of gratitude and acknowledgement to those, who to'ther day take any part in your Miseries. Adieu more tenderly, a thousand times, than
ever

ver you writ civilly to me. I conjure you to believe that you havenot civility enough to discourage me ; and that I would rather chuse to be all my Life time the Confident of your Misfortunes, than to have no manner of Commerce with you at all.

A Letter to A. N.

YOU are upon the point of making a very sorry Gallant of a very good Friend ; and I perceive that what I call'd satisfaction, when I was last with you, is now become insensibly some sort of a Charm. I don't speak this to Ridicule you : The very same person who put his malicious imagination so much upon the Rack, now discovers in you such touching qualities, that they even make him disgust your first Agreements.

You always appeared very amiable to me ; but I now begin to feel with emotion, what I was used to see with pleasure. To speak plainly to you, I am afraid I am in love with you, if you will suffer me to love you: For at this present writing I am in such a condition, that I can let it alone, if you don't like it.

You

You must not expect from me any fine Thoughts, or any pretty Passions. I am wholly incapable of them, and freely leave them to the Admirers of Madam C. Let the *Ruells* make their profit of them. At least, permit Madam *de N.* to define Love by her own Fancy; and don't envy those vain, but miserable Creatures, who in the Ruines of their Faces, value themselves upon their Wit that still continues with them, at the expence of their Beauty, that has deserted them.

Perhaps finding me so Brutal as to despise these pretty Notions, you imagine I may make an Atonement for it some other way; Pray hearken how the case stands with me. I am indifferent in every thing; and neither Nature nor Fortune have done any thing for me but what is common.

As I scarce see, without envy, those people that are sumptuous and magnificent in their expences; so I cannot without some displeasure, behold those that are too much given to their Pleasures; and if I durst use the expression, I hate in some measure the *V's* and the *S's*, because I cannot resemble them.

M

My

My affairs go always in the same Track; I never permit my self to use any irregularity, and I stand in need of a little Oeconomy to make things even at the Years end, and pass a Winter's Night.

Not that I am reduced to the last necessity neither. But to explain my self honestly, my Expense is small, and my Revenue indifferent.

Behold now the condition of my Affairs; behold the circumstances of my Fortune. Tell me now whether with these qualities I may presume to set up for your Lover, or whether I am still to continue your Friend?

As for my self, I am resolved to take what part you assign me; and if I pass from Friendship to Love without difficulty, I am able, with as little violence, to return from Love to Friendship back again.

A Letter to Madam de N.

I Am unjustly accused for having too great a Complaisance for *Madam de Mazarin*. There is no Person that she has greater reason to complain of, than my self. For

For Six Months together *I* was maliciously spying out something in her which might displease me but in spite ; of all my endeavours, *I* cou'd discover nothing there that was not too Lovely, and too Charming.

An ill-natur'd curiosity made me examine every Lineament of her Face, with a design to meet either some irregularity there to disgust me, or some disagreements to render me less her Adorer. But how unluckily did *I* succeed in my design? Every Feature about her has a partiicular Beauty, that does not in the least yeild to that of her Eyes : And her Eyes, by the Consent of all the World, are the Finest Eyes in the Universe.

Her Teeth, her Lips, her Mouth, and all the graces that accompany it, are confounded amongst the great and different Beauties of her Face ; if we compare them to those pretty Mouths, that are the greatest Charms about those Persons whom we most admire. They extinguish, and efface every thing which is but little distinguished in them ; and don't give us leave to consider, what is most remarkable in others.

The Malice of my curiosity did not stop here; I proceeded to find out some defect in her shape; and I found, I know not what graces of Nature so happily and so liberally scattered in her Person, that the Charms of other Persons only seem to be constraint and affectation.

When Madam *de Mazarin* pleased me too much in her negligent Air, I counsel'd her to have recourse to Art, hoping that her Ornaments and her Dress wou'd not fail to ruine those Natural agreements. But scarce had she Drest her self, but I was forc'd to confess that I never saw in any Person, so great and so Noble an Air as hers.

My ill Nature was not satisfied with all this; I had a mind to see her in her Chamber amongst her Dogs, her Squirrels, and her Birds; hoping that the disorder of her Dress wou'd make her lose the Majesty of that Beauty that astonish'd us at Court. But here it is that she is a hundred times more amiable; here it is that a more Natural Charm gives us a disgust to all that Art and Industry can do; here it is that the freedom of her Wit and of her Humour leave none to the Person that beholds her.

What

What cou'd the greatest of her Enemies do more? *I* wish'd some sickness might invade her to undermine her Graces; but alas we had more reason to complain than she had in her pains. Her very pains have a Charm that does us a greater mischief than she suffers by them.

After *I* had waited some time to see what wou'd be the consequence of her Indisposition, *I* endeavoured to raise her some Enemies, or to be of the number of them my self: With this design *I* purposely contradict all she says; *I* excite her Anger by some dispute; *I* imagine she wrongs me at Play: *I* insinuate to my self all the circumstances of my oppression, to furnish me with a pretence for a real Resentment. But alas! to what purpose is all this troublesome industry? Her ill treatment pleases instead of provoking; and her injuries, more charming than the Caresses of others, have so many Charms that they engage me to her will.

I pass from her serious moments to those of her gayety; *I* was willing to see her serious, out of hopes to find her less agreeable; *I* was willing to see her more free, thinking to find her indiscreet. When she was serious, she made me admire

her good Sense ; when she was pleasant, she made me Love her Judgment.

She knows as much as any Man can know ; she conceals her knowledge with all the discretion that a reserved Woman ought to have.

She has some acquired Learning, which upon no occasion *betrays* the *study* that was employ'd to acquire it. She has some happy thoughts that are as far from an affected Art that displeases us, as from a natural excess that offends us.

I have seen some Ladies that have got themselves Lovers by the advantage of their Beauty, and lost them again through a defect of Wit. I have seen others that have engaged Us to them by being beautiful and witty together ; and discouraged us from a farther pursuit by their Indiscretion, and want of good Conduct. But in Madam *de Mazarin*, pass from her Face to her Wit ; from the qualities of her Mind, to those of her Soul, you will find that every thing attracts you, that every thing fastens and binds you, and that nothing can disengage you.

We defend our selves from the Triumphs of other Ladies by our Reason. 'Tis Reason that either frees us, or else subjects us to its power.

power. Our Love begins or ends our Reason. Here our Love cannot end, unless we lose our Reason.

What I observe to be most extraordinary in *Madam de Mazarin*, is that she daily inspires new desires; and that in the habitude of a continual Commerce, she makes us feel all the tender sweetneses of a growing Passion.

She is the only person of her Sex, for whom one may be eternally constant; and with whom one may enjoy every Hour the diversion of Inconstancy. We never change for her person: we change every moment for her attractions. One relishes in some manner, all that new, that lively Joy which unfaithfulness in Love makes us feel.

Sometimes her Mouth is abandon'd for her Eyes. Sometimes we leave her Eyes to gaze at her Mouth. Her Cheeks, her Nose, her Eye-brows, her Fore-head, nay, her Ears (so much pains has Nature taken to make every thing perfect in this beautiful Body) her *Ears* attract our Inclinations in their turn, and make us taste the pleasure of Change.

To consider her Features separately, one would say that there is a secret jealousy

M 4

between

168 St. Evremont's Conversation

between them, and that they are still busied to attract Lovers. To consider them in conjunction, and as they are united and joyn'd together, we see they form a Beauty, that neither suffers inconstancy for it self, nor infidelity for others.

A Conversation of Monsieur de St. Evremont with Monsieur d'A---

B*Y the following Discourse it appears, that our Author was not over much a Friend of the Jansenists, whom he consider'd as the Recommenders of too austere a Morality, to pass with the generality of Mankind. I am en passant, to inform the Reader, that in the French Copy, the word Jansenists is not writ out at length, but only the first Letter: However, since 'tis plain the Author meant them; whatever Reasons he had, not to name them at large, the Translator did not think himself obliged to follow that Conduct.*

Having one day recounted to Monsieur d'A—the Conversation which I had with Father C.—It is not reasonable, *says he to me*, that you should find more freedom amongst the *Jansenists* than amongst us. Take the pains to hear me, and I dare be confident you'll find me no less a Man of Honour, than the Reverend Father whom you mention'd to me, I

I must tell you that we have a World of Ingenious Men that take the part of the *Jansenists* in their Works; of vain impertinent Discourfers; that to do themselves the honour of being thought *Jansenists*, and raise continual Disputes in all Houses where they come; of wise able Men, that prudently manage both the one and the other.

You will find amongst the first great Learning, a Faith well enough principled, oftentimes too much Heat, and sometimes a little Animosity.

In the second Class there is much obstinacy and Fancy. The least usefull of them fortifie their Party by their Numbers; and those that are considerable, give it some credit by their Quality.

As for the Politicians they employ each of them their Talent to govern the Machine, by ways and resorts unknown to the particular People whom they set on work.

Those that Write or preach upon Grace, that handle this Question which is so celebrated, and has been so often discussed. Those that place the Councils above the *Popes*; who oppose themselves to *Innocent* their Pastor; who defeat the great pretensions

170 *St. Eurement Conversation*

sions of the Court of *Rome*, act with a good Faith, and are effectually perswaded of the truth of what they say.

Our Directors are but little concerned for the different Sentiments of the Doctors. Their aim is to set Catholic against Catholic, and Church against Church, to make a great Party in the Church, and a great Faction in the State.

They are for making a Reformation in the Convents, but don't think of reforming themselves; they exalt Penance to the Skies but never practice it; they recommend the eating of Herbs to those People that have a mind to distinguish themselves from the rest of their Brethren, by a few singularities; but at the same time, they are so complaisant to their own Bodies, as to eat every thing that persons of the best Rank use to eat.

After all, our Politicians, such as I have described them, do the *Jansenists* more service by their Directions, than our Writers do with all their Books.

'Tis their Sage and prudent Conduct that supports us; and if ever Monsieur de G. B. Monsieur de L. Monsieur de C. Monsieur de B. fail us, unless I am mightily mistaken, we shall find a great change amongst

mongst the *Jansenists*. The reason is, because our Opinions will hardly subsist of themselves. They commit an everlasting violence upon Nature; they take away from Religion all that comforts us, and in the room of it, place Fear, and Grief, & despair.

The *Jansenists*, who by their good will, would make every Man a Saint, are scarce able to find out ten Men in a Kingdom, to make such Christians as they would have. Christianity without question is divine, but they are Men still that receive it; and whatever measures we take, we ought to accommodate our selves to *Human Nature*.

Too austere a Philosophy makes few wise Men; too rigorous a Government few good Subjects; too harsh a Religion, few religious Souls, I mean, that will long continue so.

Nothing is durable that is not suited to Nature. Grace it self, of which Monsieur A— speaks so much, accomodates it self to it. God makes use of the docility of our Minds, and the tenderneſs of our Hearts, to cause himself to be receiv'd and lov'd by us.

It is certain that your *austere Casuists* cause a greater aversion to themselves, than to Wickedness. The *Penance* they preach up, perswades the *Ignorant* to prefer the
Ease

172 *St. Evremont's Conversation, &c.*

Ease they find in continuing to be *wicked*, to the *difficulties* in getting free from Vice.

The other Extream appears equally Vitious to me. I hate those Sullen, Melancholy Spirits, that fancy there is Sin in every thing; no less do I hate those *easy complaisant Doctors* that admit it no where; that favour the Irregularities of Nature, by making themselves secret Partisans of Evil Manners. In their hands the Gospel allows us more indulgence than Morality does; and Religion as it is managed by them, opposes all manner of Crimes more feebly than Reason.

I respect virtuous intelligent Persons, that judge soundly of our Actions; that seriously exhort to what is good, and dissuade us, as much as in them lies, from what is Wicked.

I heartily wish that a just and nice discernment would make them know the real difference of things; That they would distinguish the effect of a Passion from the execution of a design; That they would distinguish a Vice from a Crime, and Pleasures from Vices; That they would excuse our Weaknesses and condemn our Disorders; That they would not confound light, simple, and natural Appetites, with
wicked

wicked and perverse *Inclinations*. In a word, I am for a Christian Morality, neither too severe, nor too indulgent.

Of Friendship.

By another Hand.

THE first Friendship which arises in the World, is that which is formed in the Bosom of Families : The continual habitude of being always together, and of considering our selves as being of the same Blood ; the same opinions in which we are brought up ; the conformity there is between us ; the communication of secrets of affairs, and interests : All these things contribute as much to its production, as Nature it self : They Consecrate at least the Name of Brother, Sister, and the rest, as much as the tye of the same Blood. For whatever is affirmed of certain Natural inclinations, which a Man feels at the meeting of those Relations, who are as yet unknown to him ; it is certain that the Examples thereof are either aggravated, or extraordinary ; and that we should use them like meer Strangers, if we were not accustomed to consider our near Relations, as our selves. This therefore is the first conjunction of our Hearts.

It

It were to be wished that this first Friendship would continue during Life in the same condition, wherein we find it in our first Years. But it decays insensibly. In the first place, by the great number of Persons whereof a Family is compos'd: For it is a certain Principle, that Friendship cannot long subsist between several Persons. Besides, a Man leaves his Family in order to establish himself in the World. He enters by Marriage into new alliances, or by the profession of a particular Piety, he goes out of his Family without having the Pleasure of adopting another. Thus he contracts on one side, in some sort, an obligation to forget his Parents; and on the other, a Duty of Loving new ones. What shall I say of the interest which so often divides Families? Admit a regulation of all these things, yet a single separation, lessens something of the first affection. During this absence, a Man insensibly contracts particular manners, whether for the the Conduct of his Life, or for his Fortune, or in Relation to the Government of his Family. The first Bond of Friendship is scarce of any further use afterwards, than to express it self a little more, than we would do, if they were our relations

Relations ; to have a little more curiosity in their respect, and to behave ourselves with care enough not to appear inferior in any point to others.

Not but that when there happens any essential occasion of being serviceable to them, we take a pride in not being wanting therein. Thus this first Friendship, which is tender in the first Years, which admitts some degrees of relaxation in the succession of Life, appears notwithstanding always strong, when any important Interest is in agitation. And as for me, I believe that of all sorts of Friendship this ought to be managed with most Care.

There is a Second kind of Friendship, which has also its perfections and imperfections, as well as the first we have spoken of. It is that, which is between a Husband and Wife, when they enter without constraint into the State of Matrimony, and preserve a good *intelligence* on both sides. It has somewhat of that Friendship which is between a Superior and inferior ; since the Laws have declared that Women ought to consider their Husbands as their Masters ; and that the civility of Men obliges them to receive marks of respect from their Wives ; only to quit
them

them immediatly, and to depend on them by their own choice, as they depend on their Husbands by the Laws and Customs. When People live together after this decent manner, they maintain a continual commerce of esteem; they taste all the Delicacies of Love; they have the Pleasure of Loving, and of being belov'd; and even make a glory of this Friendship. I am of opinion that it is this mixture of tenderness, this return of esteem, or, if you will, this mutual ardour to prepossess one another by obliging Testimonies, wherein consists the Sweetness of this Second Friendship. I speak not of other Pleasures, which are not so much such in themselves, as in the assurance which they afford us of the perfect possession of those persons whom we Love. Which appears to me so true, that I am not afraid to affirm, that if a Man were assured of meeting the perfect affection of a Wife else where, he wou'd easily support himself under the loss of his Spouse at home; and that they ought not to enter into the order of Friendship, but as tokens and proofs that it is without reserve. Few Persons, 'tis true, are capable of the purity of these Thoughts. Thus a perfect Friend-
ship

ship, is rarely observed in Marriages, at least they seldom continue long. The Object of gross Passions is not able to support so noble a Commerce as Friendship. After it has produced it, and maintain'd for some time the shadow and resemblance of it, Indifference, Contempt and other new Passions, soon arise to efface it. Even the constraint one is under, always to keep the same Society, lessens somewhat the value of perseverance. We lose by degrees, the assurance we had of being loved: We enter into suspicions, Jealousies, and disquiets, and can hardly conceal them in the necessity we lye under of living eternally together. From thence arise Mistrusts, Complaints and Quarrels. The Children are at that time, the only Bonds which retain Man and Wife in their duty. These are the Pledges and *Fruits* of their first Affection: 'Tis an Interest that binds them at the very moment, when their Hearts incline to a separation. But when a Man speaks of *friendship*, or hears it every day mention'd; he is not to understand it either of this first, or second kind. It is of a Species altogether particular. The World would have it only between two Persons; that it requires whole years

to form it self; that Virtue alone is the Foundation of it; that it continues for ever; that it is a perfect communication of all things: In a word, that there is made of these two persons a *Metamorphosis* so general, that they mutually transform themselves into one another. Authors triumph upon this Portraiture. They even give it finer Colours than I do. Notwithstanding I believe I may without rashness assert, that these ingenious Painters, who afford us such Illustrious Copies of Friendship, never saw the Originals. In truth, 'tis natural for us to take a pleasure in exaggerating matters; and the first moment we begin a Book, or a *Discourse*, we forget that our *Heroes* are but men, and that we speak to men.

But a *man* must avoid likewise to take for *friendshipp* I know not how many *Correspondences* he meets in the *course of life*, which certainly deserve not this *glorious Title*.

To partake together in some diversion, to be engaged sometimes in the same Conversations; to meet often at Court, or in the City; such kind of obligations cannot assure one of a solid Friendship. All these things generally happen by pure chance; and 'tis *Fortune* that produces these different occasions. What share can the Heart
enjoy

enjoy herein, but the interest of some pleasure? and can this Interest beget a truly perfect Friendship? 'Tis true, we love persons that may be useful to us, or such as are pleasant and agreeable; we are delighted to be where they are, and give them a favourable reception. We have also more particular regards for those that have the Reputation of having great numbers of Friends; of being Men of Intrigue, and of being able to serve us upon occasion. For to speak agreeable things, and to be capable of doing useful ones, are two great steps towards an introduction into the most inaccessible Hearts.

But 'tis no less true, that those persons whom we only know upon this bottom, should not put that Friendship we entertain for them, to too strong proof. A Man will hardly purchase the pleasure which the Conversation of a Wit affords; and it is ordinary enough to refer to others, the care of serving a person, who doth nothing but divert us.

If we make but a little reflection upon this, we shall observe that it is this sort of Friendship, which as imperfect and as common as it is, doth not cease to form a Civility, by which our Conduct is regula-

180 *The Character of Madam,*

ted, and which is as it were the Foundation of the publick Peace.

'Tis that which instructs us how to live; and this manner of living comprehends an infinite number of small inferior Duties, without which all things would be in confusion.

A friendship more exact is prodigious; whose Examples are so rare, that a Man may easily compute them.

*The Character of Madam, the Countess
of a'Olonne.*

By Mr. BROWN.

I Don't expect to be more successful at your Character, than our Painters have been at your Portraiture, where I may safely say, the best performers have lost their Reputation. Till now, we never beheld any Beauties so finished, but they were obliged to these Masters; either for bestowing some new graces upon them, or else for concealing some of their defects. Only you, Madam, are above those Arts, whose peculiar Character it is to flatter and embellish. They never took the Pencil to copy you without a shameful foil to their skill, and doing an infinite injustice.

The Countess of d'Olonne. 181

fice to the Original; in short, without making so accomplished a Person as your self lose as many advantages, as they usually give to those that possess them not.

If you have not been much obliged to the Painters, you are much less I am sure to the curiosity of your Dress: You owe nothing either to the skill of other People, or to your own Industry: And may safely rely upon Nature for the care she takes of you. As there are very few Persons upon whom negligence sits well, I would advise them not to depend too much upon it.

To say the truth, the generality of our Ladies are not pleasing any farther than their Habits make them so. Every thing they employ to set them off, conceals some defect. On the other hand, the more you take from your Dress, the more Graces you display; and it is as much your Interest to return to the primitive simplicity of Nature, as it is for their advantage to keep at a distance from it.

I will not amuse my self with any general Praises, that are several Ages old. The Sun shall not furnish me with a Comparison for your Eyes; nor the Flowers for your Complexion. I might speak of the regularity and delicacy of your Face; of

182 *The Character of Madam,*

the Charms and agreeablenesses of your Mouth ; of that Neck so well turned and polished ; of those bewitching Breasts ; but after a Man has made the most curious observations, there are a thousand things may be thought of in you, which cannot be well discribed, and a thousand things better *perceiv'd* than *comprehended*.

Take my Advice, Madam, and don't repose the care of your glory on any other person ; for certainly you are no where so well as you are in your self. Appear in the midst of your Portraitures and Characters, and you will defeat all the Images that 'tis possible to frame of you.

After having well admired you, what I find the most extraordinary is, that you have as it were heap'd together in your self, the several Charms of different Beauties. You are Mistress of those Graces that surprize, that please, that flatter, that forbid, and affect us.

Your Character, properly speaking, is not a particular Character ; 'tis that of all the rest of your Sex. One Man maintains his Heart against an imperious, that suffer'd himself to be Conquer'd by a delicate Beauty : Delicacy gives disgust to another, who was proud to surrender his Heart to his imperious Mistress.

You

the Countess of d'Olonne. 183

You alone, Madam, are the *Foible* of all the World. The ravished Lover finds in you an unexhaustible Subject for his Transports: Passionate Souls find their tenderness and languishments. Different Spirits, different Humours, contrary temperaments, all contribute to the *largeness* of your Empire. In this confusion, you cause the unhappiness of Persons between both Ages; you trouble the Repose of the most serene, and the Reason of the most advised.

Those persons that were born neither to give nor to receive Love, preserve the first of these Qualities, and unhappily lose the other. From hence it proceeds, that there is some resemblance between the heat of your Friends, and the Passion of your Lovers; that 'tis impossible to love you without Interest, and that the judgment of the most simple Spectators is never free. From hence in short, it proceeds, that every one commences a Lover that sees you, except your self alone, who continue still insensible.

I beg your pardon, Madam. Something wou'd be wanting to your glory, if you continued such an *insensible* all your life. Once, and only once, you may quit this indiffer-

184 *The Character of Madam,*

ence. But to make you quit your *resolution* of never being in Love, we ought to find out Subjects worthy of you. If there be any such, Madam, I don't doubt but that drawn by your Charms, and disgusted by the defects of others, they will soon sigh for you; and then you must remember that *cruelty* has bounds, and that what ever goes beyond them, is *rudeness* and *insensibility*.

Hitherto I have paid one part of the Duty I owe your Beauty, and 'tis none of your least praises, that I have been able to praise you so long. At present, 'tis but just I should have some consideration of my self; and that in speaking of your Wit and Humour, I should indulge my self to talk of my own.

I will deliver nothing but Truths, and least you should imagine them to be disadvantageous to you, I will begin with the Charms of your Conversation, which are not in the least inferiour to those of your Face.

Yes, Madam, we are no less affected with hearing you, than with seeing you. You may inspire love even when you are veiled; and may make *France* resemble *Spain*, in being the Scene of the Adventures of the *Fair invisible*.

Never was there more Politeness than
we

the Countess of d'Olonne. 185

we find in your Discourse; and what is surprising, nothing is so lively and yet so just; Things so happy and so well thought. And to Crown all, a quick Understanding, and a vivacity of Sense equal that of your Wit.

But let us conclude these Praises, the length whereof is always tiresome, tho' they be never so true; and now, Madam prepare to suffer patiently a recital of what I have found to blame in you.

If you cannot, without difficulty, hear your defects: I am sure I could not without greater difficulty discover them. To find out any faults in you, I was obliged to make very profound Enquiries, and after a long but narrow Examination, behold what Faults I have remark'd.

I have often beheld you too respectful, and condescending to ordinary Persons; and submit your judgment to that of others who were inferior to you.

I am likewise of Opinion, that you suffer yourself too much to make new acquaintances. That which at first sight you have rightly judg'd to be gross and dull, has after some time appeared to you to be delicate without Reason; and when you come to rectify these Errours, 'tis rather by a return of your Humour, than by the reflections of your Mind.

Sometimes, Madam by a contrary Motion you think too much, and pass by the truth in Debate; so that the Opinions you form, are rather more strongly imagin'd, than solidly conceiv'd.

As

186 *The Character of Madam,*

As for your Actions, they are equally innocent and agreeable; but as you may very well neglect those little formalities, that are in truth, but so many Fetters of Life, you must expect to meet the calumnies of Sots, and the ill Nature of those People whom your merit has made your Enemies.

Those Ladies, who are your professed Enemies, have been constrained to own to us that you have received a Thousand advantages from Nature. There are some certain occasions when we are obliged to own to them, that they might be better managed, and that you don't always make the good use of them, as others in your Station might do.

I shall end all with the unequalities of your temper, of which you your self have made an agreeable representation. They are afflicting to those that suffer under them; as for my self I always find something mortifying in this Scene; and I see that when we most complain of any one's Humour, 'tis then when we most interest our selves in the Person.

However it is, were we able to take any advantage over you, we should be apt to take it without measure; we easily disoblige you without thinking of it; nay the

the very design to please you has more than once made us so unfortunate as to displease you.

Believe me, Madam, a Man must be very happy to find out your good moments, and very just to make use of them.

What we may truly say, after we have well examined you, is, that there is nothing so unfortunate as to fall in Love with you, yet nothing so difficult as not to do it.

Behold, Madam, the observations of a Spectator, who to judge the more impartially of you, has endeavoured to continue free. The means he took to keep himself so, was to shun you as much as was possible for him. But 'tis not enough for one not to see you, after he has once beheld you ; and this remedy which is elsewhere infallible, does not carry an intire safety with it in Relation to your self.

Perhaps you will tell me that a Man, whose Sentiments are somewhat tender, is not generally Master of so rigorous a Judgment. But altho' you shou'd give your self the trouble to tell me what displeases you, I shall scarce take the Pains to undeceive my self ; a discernment which does not seem advantagious to you, cannot subsist but in your absence ; for to repeat

peat what I have already told you, do but appear, Madam, in the midst of your Portraits and Characters, and you will soon efface all the Images the most fruitful imagination can form of you.

A Letter to Madam, the Countess of d'Olonne, and sent with the foregoing Character.

I Have here sent you your Character, which tells you the general Sentiments of the World concerning you; and which will inform you, if you never knew it before, that there is nothing so Beautiful in all *France* as your self. Don't be so rigorous to your own merits, as to deny your self that justice which all the World pays you. The greatest part of Ladies suffer themselves to be easily perswaded, and receive these sweet errors with Pleasure; and it wou'd be very strange indeed if you cou'd not be prevailed upon to believe the truth.

Besides the Publick Opinion, you have the Judgment of Madam *d'Longueville* on your side. Submit to so authentic a Testimony without further scruple, and since she believes it, believe your self to be the most Charming Creature that was ever beheld.

From

From your Beauty, Madam, I pass to the mischiefs it has occasioned, and to the infinite numbers of those that daily languish and dye for you. 'Tis not my design to render you compassionate; on the contrary, if you will follow my advice, it shall cost one of your unfortunate admirers his Life. Our Poets and Authors of *Romances* have too long entertained us with false Deaths; I demand a true one of you, which will be a new addition to your other *atchievements*. To counsel you only to Love Subjects that are worthy of you, is to reduce you to an impossibility; and properly to counsel you never to Love.

Nothing now remains but to excuse my hardness in finding out your faults; and indeed I cou'd hinder it, for otherwise I had gone against the rules of Character, whose perfection consists in well separating the good and bad qualities.

After all, I have infinitely more occasion to complain, than you have; one quarter of an hour is time sufficient for you to read them over, but I passed whole Nights to discover them. These were the first difficulties of this Nature I ever met; and for a mark of a very extraordinary merit one of our nicest Criticks here in Town has found my praises easie and natural. A

A LETTER to *Monsieur D. B.*

I Don't know why you should admire my Verses, since I don't admire them my self; for I must inform you that in the opinion of a celebrated Master in Poetry, a Poet is always the most affected with his own compositions. As for my self, I acknowledge abundance of faults in mine, which I might correct, if exactness were not extreamly troublesome to my Humour, and did not take up too much time for a Person of my Age.

Besides this, I have another excuse in reserve, which you'll admit too unless I am mightily mistaken. Essays are not often the best Master-pieces; and my praises of the King, being the first true and sincere ones I ever gave, you are not to admire if my success was not extraordinary great.

Your commendations of me are an ingenious Irony, which figure I was so great a Master of formerly, that the Marshal of *Clarambault* thought no one but my self capable to dispute the merit of it with you. You ought not to employ it against a Man who has lost the use of it, and who is so much your humble Servant as I am.

You see I am sufficient proof against laughter; and yet in spite of all my precautions

cautions, I cannot forbear to take in good part, the Praises you give me upon the score of my Judgment. 'Tis your interest it shou'd be good, just, and delicate; for the Idea of yours, which I always preserve by me, is the rule of mine.

That Miracle of Beauty which I formerly saw at *Bourbon*, is the same Miracle of Beauty which I see at *London*. Some Years which have arrived to her since, have given her more Wit, and taken away none of her Charms.

*Fair Eyes so sweetly Charming and Divine,
That Cause such Transports where you Shine.
Oh! ne're to grief your Chrystal Treasures pay,
Your Pearls on grief are thrown away.
Tears from those Orbs let no misfortunes move,
So rich a Tribute's only due to Love.*

A Panegyrick upon the Dutcheß of Mazarine.

By MR. BROWN.

I Have undertaken to day a thing without President; I have undertaken to make the Funeral Oration of a Person, who is in better Health than her Orator. This will surprize you Gentlemen. But if we are permitted to take care of our Tombs, to order Inscriptions for them, and to give a greater extent to our vanity than Nature has been willing to give our Lives: If those that are alive may appoint the Place where they are to lye, when they shall be no longer in the Number of Living: If *Charles the Fifth* caus'd his own Funerals to be celebrated

192 *A Panegyrick upon, &c.*

brated, and for two Years assisted at them in Person; can you think it strange, Gentlemen, that a Beauty more illustrious by her Charms than that Emperour was for his Conquests, is willing to enjoy the happiness of her Memory, and hear whilst she is alive, what may be said of her after her Death.

Let others endeavour to excite your sorrows for one that is dead, I will command your Tears for one who is Living, for a Person who is to dye one day by the necessary misfortune of humane condition, and who ought to live for ever for the sake of her admirable qualities.

Weep Gentlemen, and not tarrying to bewail a Beauty till she is lost, afford your Tears to the Melancholy consideration that we must once lose her. Weep, weep. Whoever expects a certain and unviolable Misfortune, may already stile himself unfortunate.

Hortensia will dye.. That Miracle of the World will dye one day. The Idea of so great a calamity deserves your Tears.

*Yes Charming Goddess you must leave us,
Death will remove the heavenly prize:*

*And of those numerous Charms bereave us,
That now employ our hearts and Eyes.*

Let us turn our imaginations from her Death to her Birth; that we may steal one moment from our grief. If you see her come into the World, you will immediately remember that she is to depart out of it.

HORTENSIA de *MANCHINI* was born at *ROME*, of an Illustrious Family.
Her

Her Ancestors were always considerable, but tho they had all of them governed Empires, they had not brought her so much Glory, as she reflects back upon them.

Heaven formed this great Masterpiece by a Model unknown to the Age we live in. To the shame of our time it bestow'd upon *Hortensia* the Beauty of ancient *Greece*, and the Virtue of old *Rome*; Let us pass over her Infancy in silence, without stopping our Discourse there.

Her Infancy was attended with a thousand pretty simplicities, but had nothing of Importance enough for our Subject. Gentlemen, I demand your Tears, I demand your Admiration. To obtain them I have both Misfortunes and Virtues to represent to you.

It was not long before Cardinal *Ma-
zarine* was sensible of the Advantages of his beautiful Niece, and therefore to do Justice to the Gifts of Nature, he destin'd *Hortensia* to carry his Name, and to possess his Wealth.

After his death, she had Charms that might engage even Kings to court her out of Love; and a fortune capable to oblige them to do it out of interest. But

O

what

what occasion had you, Madam, to become a Sovereign ? Do's not your Beauty make you reign wherever you go ? There is no Nation that do's not pay a voluntary Submission to the Power of your Charms ; there is no Queen that has not a greater ambition for your Beauty, than you can possibly have for her Grandeur.

*All Climes and Countries do adore her,
Fresh Triumphs on her Beauties wait.*

*The World unjustly calls her Rover,
She only views the limits of her State.*

In effect, what Country is there which *Hortensia* has not seen ? What Nation has seen her that has not at the same time admir'd her ? *Rome* beheld her with as great Admiration as *Paris* did. That City, in all ages of the World so glorious, boasts more upon giving her to the World, than producing such a race of Heroes. She believes that so extraordinary a Beauty is preferable to the greatest valour, and that more Conquests were to be gained by her eyes, than by the Arms of her Citizens.

Italy, Madam, will be everlastingly obliged to you for abolishing those importunate Rules, that bring a greater constraint than regularity with them : for freeing her from a science of Formality, Ceremony, and Civility mixt together ; from the tyranny of premeditated respects that render Men unsociable even in Society itself.

'Tis *Hortensia* who has banish'd all Grimace, and all affectation from thence ; who has destroy'd that art of Trifles which only regulates appearances ; that Study of exteriour things that only composes mens Countenances.

'Tis she who has rendred ridiculous a stiff awkward Gravity, which supply'd the place of Prudence ; and who has triumph'd over a politick Itch without concern and without interest, busied only to conceal the defects a Man finds in himself.

'Tis she who has introduced a sweet and innocent Liberty, who has rendred Conversation more agreeable, and made Pleasure more pure and delicate.

A Fatality caused her to come to *Rome*, and a Fatality caus'd her to leave it.

Madam, the Constable *Colonna's* Lady had a mind to quit her Husband, and imparted this resolution to her Sister. Her Sister, as young as she was, represented to her upon this occasion all that a Mother could have done to hinder it. But seeing her unalterably fixt to execute her design, she follow'd her out of Love and Affection, whom she could not dissuade by her Prudence; and shared with her all the Danger of flight, the Fears, the Inquietudes, and the Inconveniencies that always attend such sort of Resolutions.

Fortune who has a great Power in our Enterprises, but a much greater in our Adventures made *Madam* the Constable's Lady wander from Nation to Nation, and threw her at last into a Convent at *Madrid*.

Right Reason advised *Hortensia* to seek her repose, and a desire of retirement oblig'd her to settle her abode at *Chambery*. There she found in her self by her Reflexions, by a Commerce with learned Men, by Books, and by Observations, all that solid Satisfaction which a Court does not give Courtiers, who are either too much taken up with business, or too much dissolved in Pleasures.

Three whole years did *Hortensia* live at *Chambery*, always in a state of Tranquillity, but never obscure. Whatever Inclinations she might have to conceal herself, her merit establish'd for her a small Empire in spite of her, and made a Court of a Retreat.

In effect she commanded that City, and all the Country about it. Every one acknowledged with pleasure those Rights which Nature had given her, even He who had them over all the rest by virtue of his Birth, forgot them freely, and entered into the same subjection with his People.

Those of the greatest merit and quality quitted the Court, and neglected the Service of their Prince, to apply themselves particularly to that of *Hortensia*: and considerable Persons of remote Countries made a Voyage to *Italy* to furnish themselves with a pretence to see her.

'Tis an extraordinary thing to be able to establish a Court at *Chambery*. 'Tis as it were a Prodigy that a Beauty, which had a mind to conceal it self in places almost inaccessible, should make a greater noise in *Europe*, than all *Europe* together

The most beautiful Persons of every Nation had the displeasure to hear a continual mention made of an absent Fair. The most lovely Women had a secret Enemy that ruined all the Impressions they could make. It was the Idea of *Hortensia*; which was pretiously preserved in those places, where she had been seen. and was formed with pleasure in those where she had never been.

Such was the Conduct of *Hortensia*, such was her Condition, when the Duchess of *York*, her Relation, passed through *Chambery* in the way to find the Duke her *Husband*.

The singular merit of the Duchess, her Beauty, her Wit, and her Virtue inspir'd *Hortensia* with a desire to accompany her, but her Affairs would not permit her. So she was obliged to delay that Voyage till a more favourable opportunity; the curiosity she had to see one of the greatest Courts in the World, which she had never beheld, fortified her in this Resolution: the death of the Duke of *Savoy* determined it.

This Prince had the same Sentiments of her as all People that had the happiness to behold her. He had admired her at

Turin,

Turin, and this Admiration Madam of *Savoy* interpreted to be Love. A jealous black Impression produced a behaviour very little obliging towards the person who had caused it.

There needed no more than this to oblige *Hortensia* to depart out of a Country, where the new Regent was in a manner absolute. To separate herself from the Duchess of *Savoy*, and approach the Duchess of *York* was but one and the same Resolution.

Hortensia acquainted her Friends with this determination, who imployed all their Arguments to dissuade her from it, but 'twas in vain; never was seen so great a profusion of Tears. As for her own part, she was not insensible of the general Grief that was occasioned by the thoughts of her departure. Persons so lively affected as they were, knew how to affect her. In the mean time this Resolution was taken up, and in spite of all their Regrets she concludes to depart.

What other courage but that of *Hortensia* would have undertaken so long, so difficult, and so dangerous a Voyage?

Before she could accomplish it she must traverse savage Nations, and Nations

that were up in arms ; she must sweeten the one, and make herself be respected by the other.

She understood not the Language of any of these People, but they understood her. Her eyes speak an universal Language, which causes her to be understood by all mankind.

What Mountains, what Forests, what Rivers had she not to pass ? What did she not suffer from the wind, the snow, and the rains ? What Difficulties of the ways, what Rigour of the season, what mighty Inconveniences had she not to struggle with, which yet did but little Injury to her Beauty.

Never did *Helen* appear so charming as *Hortensia* was. She had the air, the habit, and the equipage of a Queen of the *Amazons* ! She seem'd equally fit to charm, and to fight.

It was said, she went to give Love to all the Princes, whom she was to meet in her Passage, and to command all the Troops which they commanded.

The first of these things she had in her Power, but it was not her design. she made some Essay of the second ; for the Troops received her Orders more voluntarily

voluntarily than those of their Generals.

After she had travell'd more than three hundred Leagues she arriv'd at last at *Holland*. She made no longer a stay at *Amsterdam* than was necessary to view the Rarities of so remarkable and famous a City. After she had satisfied her curiosity she came to the *Brill*, where she embarked for *England*.

An extraordinary Tempest happened in this Voyage, which lasted five days. The Storm was as as furious as it was long; and made the Seamen lose all their Conduct and Resolution, and the Passengers all their hopes.

Hortensia alone was exempt from Lamentation; less importunate with Heaven to preserve her, than submitting and resigning herself to its Will; But it had decreed she should visit *England*. She landed there, and in a short time came safe to *London*.

All People had a great curiosity to see her. But the Ladies had a greater Alarm at her Arrival.

The *English* who were in possession of the Empire of Beauty saw it lost, not without great regret, to a stranger; and 'tis natural

natural to be sensibly concerned for the loss of the sweetest of all Vanities.

So considerable an interest was the only thing in the World that could unite them. Old Enemies were reconciled; those that were indifferent now began to visit one another, and Friends link'd themselves more strictly together than before. This was the first Conspiracy I beheld in *England*. A Conspiracy as fatal to the Beauty of *Hortensia*, as the the latter was to the Arms of the King of *France*.

These Confederates very well foresaw their Misfortune, but not being willing to advance it, they prepared to defend an Interest, which was dearer to them than that of their Country.

Hortensia had nothing to defend her but her Charms, and her Virtues. This was enough to make her apprehensive of nothing.

After she had kept her Chamber some time, less to recover herself from the Fatigues of her Journey, than to have her habits made, she appear'd at *Whitehall*.

*Fair Beauties of Whitehall give way,
Hortensia do's her Charms display.*

As

*She comes, she comes ! Resign the day,
She must reign, and you obey.*

From that day they never disputed the Prize with her in publick : But they carried on a secret War against her within doors ; where all ended either in private Injuries which never arrived to her knowledge, or in vain Murmurs which she despised.

The World now beheld an extraordinary turn. Those that were the most violently transported against her were the first that imitated her. They would dress and apparel themselves like her : but this was neither her dress nor habit. For her Person gave a new Grace to every thing she wore, and those that endeavoured to take up her Air and her dress, wanted the principal thing, her Person.

One might say of her what was said of the late *Madam, All the World imitates her, and no one resembles her.*

As for what regarded the Men , she made Subjectsof all those judicious Persons that beheld her. They were only Men of ill Palates and worse wit, that could defend the Remainder of their Liberty against

against her; Happy in the Conquests she made! more happy in those she did not make!

Hortensia no sooner arriv'd to any place 'out she established a House there, which caused the rest to be abandoned. The greatest Freedom in the World was to be seen there, and an equal Discretion. every one was more commodiously treated there than at home, and more respectfully than at Court.

'Tis true they dispute often there, but then it is with more Knowledge than Heat; 'tis not done out of a Spirit of Contradiction, but fully to discover the Matters in agitation: rather to animate Conversation than to exasperate it.

The Playing there is very inconsiderable, 'tis the Diversion only that makes the Play. You can neither discover in their faces the fear of losing, nor a concern for what is lost. Some of them are so far disinterested, that they are reproach'd with rejoicing at their own losing, and afflicting themselves at their winning.

Play is follow'd by the best Repasts in the World. One may there see every thing that comes from *France* for-the delicate, and

and all that comes from the *Indies* for the curious; and the Common Meats become rare by the exquisite Sawces which are bestowed upon them.

'Tis not a Plenty which may cause a Dissipation to be feared; 'tis not Frugality that shews either Avarice or Penury.

They do not here love an Oeconomy niggard and fullen, that contents it self merely with satisfying the necessities of Life, and affords nothing to the Pleasure of it. They love a good order that furnishes every that can be desired, and that wisely manages the use of it, so that nothing may be wanting.

There is certainly nothing so well regulated as this Family. But *Hortensia* diffuses throughout the whole I do not know what sort of an easy air. Something free and natural that conceals the administration of it. One would conclude that things moved of themselves, so secret is the ordering of them, and so difficult to be perceived.

Let *Hortensia* change her Lodgings, no Man can know whether she has changed them. The difference of places is insensible. Wherever she goes we see nothing

thing but her ; and if we see her, we see every thing. The Novelty, the Alteration is not to be perceived. She alone attracts our Eyes, and employs them.

Here no Visits are made, properly speaking. These Devoirs and Respects to any one but her are mere slavery. The most regular Visitants secretly reproach themselves for stealing from her the time of looking after her Family. They never come soon enough, and never depart late enough. They go to bed with the Regret to have quitted her, and they rise with the desire to behold her afresh.

But how great is the uncertainty of our human condition ! At the time when *Hortensia* seemed to enjoy her Health the best ; at the time when she innocently enjoy'd all the pleasure which Inclination desires, and Reason does not prohibit ; that she tasted the Sweetness to see herself beloved and esteemed by all the World ; that those Ladies who had opposed themselves to her establishment, were charmed by her Conversation ; that she had as it were extinguished self-love in the Soul of her Friends, every one expressing the same kind Sentiments

for

for her, which it is natural to have for ones self: At the time when the most lovely of the fair Sex forbore to contend with her Beauty; that Envy had concealed itself in the bottom of their Hearts, that all repining against her was private, or appeared ridiculous as soon as she begun to appear. At this happy time an extraordinary indisposition seizes her, and we were upon the point to lose her, in spite of all her Charms, in spite of all our Admiration, and Love.

You were just a perishing, *Hortensia*, and so were we. You through the violence of your pains, we through that of our affliction. But it was more than being simply afflicted. We felt all that you did, and were sick as you were. Your unequal moments sometimes carried you to the brink of Death; and sometimes recalled you to life. We were subject to all the Accidents of your Sickness, and to know how it fared with you, it was not at all necessary to enquire after your Health. We needed only to observe in what state we our selves were.

Praised be that universal dispenser of good and evil; praised be Heaven that has restored you to our Vows, and given you

you again to your self. Behold you are living, and so are we; but we have not as yet recovered the cruel fright that this danger gave us, and a cruel Idea still remains behind, which makes us more lively conceive what must one day befall you.

Nature will destroy this beauteous Fabrick, which it has taken so much pains to frame. Nothing can exempt it from that lamentable Law to which we are all subject.

She who was so visibly distinguished from others during her life, will be confounded with the meanest at her death.

And do you then complain, you that have only an ordinary Genius, a common Merit, or an indifferent Beauty, do you complain that you must dy? Don't murmur, unjust as ye are, *Hortensia* will dy like you. A time will come (Oh that this infortunate time would never come) when we may say of this Miracle.

*She's now resolv'd to common Clay,
She that did Beauty's Empire sway.
Fate, cruel Fate would have it so,
Fate that governs all below.*

*Now vulgar Souls learn to resign your
Breath,*

And without murmuring submit to Death.

In my opinion a Funeral Oration ought not to end without leaving some Consolation to the Auditors. After we have drawn their Tears for a Person who has quitted the World, 'Tis usual to tell them the party deceased is in heaven, that the Idea of his Happiness may form in us some Sentiments of Joy.

Let us pass, let us pass from Grief to Pleasure; we have already wept because we saw *Hortensia* upon the point to dye. Let us now rejoyce to behold her living. Our Sovereign is well. What can be greater? What can we desire more?

There are but few Reigns which we are not glad to see finished. The lightest Chains are heavy to those that bear them. They appear easie to none but those that wear them not. Your Reign, Madam, still continues, and we wish it may continue for ever. Your Subjects find themselves happy under your Government. There is not one of them but looks upon his Liberty at the greatest Misfortune.

P

Let

Set us rejoyce, our Sovereign is living,
and we live. To live is the chief of
humane Blessings; and to live for her is
the chief of them. 'Tis the sweetest and
the best use we can make of our Life.

REFLECTI-

REFLECTIONS
Upon the
DOCTRINE
OF
EPICURUS.

By Mr. Brown.

EVERY one knows that the greatest part of Men condemn *Epicurus*, and reject his Doctrine, not only as unworthy of a Philosopher; but what is more severe, as dangerous to the Common-wealth: They solemnly declare that a Man becomes vicious from the very moment he declares himself one of his Disciples; that his Opinions are directly

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ly contrary to good manners, and thus they cover his Name with all imaginable Scandal and Infamy.

Notwithstanding all this, the *Stoicks*, who, were his greatest Enemies, never treated him so ill : they combated his Hypothesis, but never invaded his Reputation ; and the Books they have left us plainly discover in abundance of Places the singular Esteem and Respect they had for him.

From whence then proceeds this extraordinary difference ? and why don't we rather follow the opinion of the wise ? It is an easie matter to give the true Reason of it, which is, that we don't do as they do. We don't vouchsafe to inform our selves of any thing, but blindly adhere to what is told us : without instructing our selves in the nature of things we judge those to be the best that have the most Examples, and the greatest Crowd of Admirers ; we don't follow Reason, but only the resemblances of it. We stilly retain our Errors because they are countenanced by those of other Men. We rather chuse to believe implicitly than to put our selves to the expence of judging ; and are so strangely unjust as to conclude,

conclude, that the Antiquity of an Opinion is a sufficient Title to authorise us to defend it, even in defiance to reason it self.

This, in short, is one of the Causes that has made *Epicurus* fall into the publick Hatred, and has prevail'd with almost the generality of Mankind to discard him out of the number of Philosophers. We have condemn'd him without condescending to know him, we have banish'd him without hearing him speak for himself; nay we have deny'd him the justice to explain his own Sentiments.

But after all, in my Opinion the chief and indeed the most plausible Pretence that Men have had to despise his Doctrine, has been the irregular Life of some Libertines, who as they abused the Name of this Philosopher, so they have ruined the Reputation of his Sect.

These People have recommended their own Vices under the reputation of his Wisdom; they have corrupted his Doctrine by their ill Manners, and came over in vast Numbers to his Party, only because they understood that Pleasure was mightily commended by them.

All the Mischief is, that they would not know what this Pleasure was, and what these Praises meant; that they contented themselves with his Name in general; that they have made it serve as a Veil to their Debaucheries; and that they quoted the Authority of so great a Man to support the Disorders of their Life. So that instead of profiting by the sage Counsels of this Philosopher, or correcting their vitious Inclinations in his School, they have lost the only good quality they had left them, and that is, the shame of sinning.

They have arrived to such a pitch as to commend those very Actions they blushed at formerly; they take a Pride in those Vices they had the Discretion to conceal before; and at last without the least remorse or shame, they blindly followed the Pleasure they brought along with them, and not that which he would have taught them.

In the mean time the World has passed judgment by these Appearances, and observing that a sort of People who called themselves Philosophers, were extremely debauched, that they made a publick Profession of their Crimes, that they cited

ted *Epicurus* to authorise their Idleness, their Impurity, and their Lewdness, they made no difficulty to pronounce the Doctrine of this Philosopher to be pernicious, and to compare his Disciples to the uncleanest Animals in nature.

———*Epicuri de grege porci.*

The Affairs of *Epicurus* had been in a very ill condition if some disinterested Persons had not taken care to do him justice; and freed themselves from the prejudices of the Multitude, whose Opinions are generally opposite to those of the wise.

For some generous Persons have been found, who have thoroughly informed themselves of this Philosopher's way of living; who scorning to be determined by the common Belief, have penetrated farther into the matter, and after a due Inquiry have produced very authentick Testimonies both of the Probity of his Person, and the Purity of his Doctrine.

These Gentlemen have published in the face of the World, that his Pleasure was as severe as the Virtue of the *Stoicks*, and that a Man who had a mind to be as de-

bauched as *Epicurus*, must also for his Comfort be as sober as *Zeno*.

And to say the truth, it is highly incredible that a Man to whom his Country erected several Statues; whose Friends inhabited all the Cities of *Greece*; who loved the worship of the Gods, and the Prosperity of his Country; who was celebrated for his Piety to his Parents, his Liberality to his Brothers, and his sweet Carriage to his Slaves; whose Modesty hindred him from meddling with State-Affairs, and whose ordinary Sustenance was nothing but Bread and Water: It is highly incredible, I say, that such a Man should ever give Precepts of Debauchery, or teach his Disciples the Practice of those Vices, which he naturally abhorred.

On the contrary, as if this excellent Person had been apprehensive, that the Title he gave his Philosophy might be so far abused as to encourage wicked Inclinations; and that Men in after Ages might calumniate this Pleasure, wherein he placed the Sovereign good: as if he had foreseen the unjust Aversion of the following Ages, and the Irregularities of some Libertines that would abuse his Doctrine, he took care himself to make an
Apology

Doctrine of Epicurus. 217

Apology for it, and satisfied the World, that the Pleasure he speaks of was austere and sober.

I am not so vain as to believe that my bare Word will be taken for this, and therefore will produce one of his Letters, wherein any one may be able to read his true Sentiments. It is addressed to one *Meneceus*, and now pray observe after what manner he explains himself.

Although, my dear Meneceus, we say that Pleasure is the end of Man, we would by no means be supposed to speak of infamous lewd Pleasures that proceed from Intemperance and Sensuality. This ill Inference can only be made by those Persons who are wholly ignorant of our Precepts, or else combat them; who absolutely reject them, or pervert the true meaning of them.

By this single Fragment one may perceive how careful he was to preserve the Innocence of his Doctrine against Calumny and Ignorance; that he well foresaw that only these two things were capable to decry it; and in effect, as we have already observed, they have ruined his Reputation with the greatest part of the World.

His

His Life, as sober and innocent as it was, could not escape censure, or free him from an infinite number of Lies and Invectives: But those that have written it, after having recounted the several Calumnies of his Enemies, have immediately refuted them; and at the same time that they published our Philosophers, History, have likewise published his Apology.

As it is not my Design to entertain you with a Narration of his Actions, but only to defend his Pleasure, I shall send you back to *Diogenes Laertius* for the Account of his Life; and shall content myself to Philosophize upon the nature of this Pleasure, that has created him so many Enemies; and examine whether it is of such a hainous Character, that we ought to cashier those Persons from the number of honest Men that defend and follow it.

To live according to Nature, and not to feel any Pain, is what Epicurus calls living voluptuously. Now I am of opinion, that there is nothing in this that deserves to be condemned; that such a Life as this does not merit censure; that no Republick in the World was ever so severe as to disapprove it.

To live according to Nature is to follow right Reason. The bounds she prescribes us are those of Innocence. There is nothing in her but what is equitable and equal.

'Tis not along of her that Avarice came into the World. She industriously conceal'd Gold in the entrails of the vilest Element, and we have dug it from thence.

She is not the cause of that Ambition that torments us; she brings us all equal into the World, and so she takes us out of it.

We don't differ one from another, any farther than we corrupt her. Do you think it is she that excites us to Pleasures? The Poets themselves that have lodged all manner of Extravagancies in Heaven, that so they might sin with Authority, and who have represented *Jupiter* weak and vitious, out of a design to copy a God in their own irregular Lives, were never guilty of the Presumptien to do it. They have preserved its Purity whole and entire; and in describing her Age, have not taken notice of the Luxury that became so rampant in the following ones.

Hear

Hear what they say, and they will tell you, that Acorns were then the nourishment of Mankind, that Rivers quench'd their Thirst, that they dwelt in Caves, that they had no Apparel to defend them from the Cold, and that they followed Nature in all their Actions.

I know very well, that things did not pass after this manner, and that the first Inhabitants of the earth never lived in this strange simplicity, which is more proper to the stupidity of Beasts, than the politeness of Men. The Poets have carried Matters too far, but their meaning was, that our Extravagancies don't proceed from Nature, that she never recommended them to us, that it is not she which says,

*Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis,
Atque Afræ Volucres placent palato
Quod non sunt faciles.*

That she did not invent vain gawdy Equipages, purple Habits, and a long train of Lacqueys; and in fine, that it is we who abuse the Gifts of Heaven, and the Advantages we have over the rest of the Creation.

What

Doctrine of Epicurus. 221

What then can be the meaning of living according to Nature? must we abstain from those things she has made us Masters of? I don't pretend that, but am rather inclin'd to believe, we ought to make use of them, provided it be done pursuant to the Dictates of Nature.

We ought to use these things after such a manner, that we may easily part with them; we ought to be Masters of them, and not Slaves to them; we ought not impatiently desire to attain them, nor to abandon our selves to despair upon the Loss of them. Let us quietly enjoy them as occasion serves, but not search after them with inquietude and pain.

There is no condition that does not fit well upon a wise Man. For this reason I shall never quarrel with a Philosopher for living in a Palace, but shall at the same time not excuse him if he can't content himself with a Cottage. I shall not be scandalized to behold him in the apparel of Kings, provided he has not their Ambition.

Let *Aristippus* possess the riches of *Cræsus*, it matters not; he will throw them away as soon as they incommode him.
Let

Let *Plato* sit down at the Table of *Dionysius* the Tyrant. Sometimes he will eat nothing but Olives.

We don't at all blame the possession of Riches; we only condemn those Persons that are mere Slaves to their wealth.

Poverty of it self will never make us wise; it may indeed render us incapable of committing certain Disorders, but then there are others which it cannot remedy.

The sordid eating of the *Cynics* did neither contribute to their Tranquillity, nor to their Modesty.

Ambition follow'd *Diogenes* into his Tub; and there it was he had the Presumption to command *Alexander* the proudest of all Men.

All external Accidents will become indifferent to us, if we have moderation of Soul; that is, if we are wise, and follow the Dictates of Nature.

I own 'tis harder to follow them in abundance than in necessity; and that our Moderation has much less to apprehend from the miseries of Adversity, than the snares of Plenty: But then 'tis infinitely more glorious to surmount them, and the loss of false Joys does only recommend

commend to us the Possession of solid ones.

A Man does but faintly, if at all, relish that Felicity which costs him nothing, and for which he's obliged to mere chance. It is necessary that Wisdom should give it us: nay sometimes it is necessary that Pain itself should lead us to Pleasure.

One that enters the Lists at the *Olympick* Games with a design to fight, in case no body offers to appear against him, may well enough be crowned, but for this does not deserve the Title of Victorious.

Storms and Tempests give Reputation to Pilots. Had the Chastity of *Penelope* been never put to the Proof, it might have been said of her, that she wanted Gallants to debauch her.

Let us not therefore fly the World; let us not abandon the Court; let us not hide our selves in a Desert, from whence Philosophy drew the first Men. Let us possess Riches, let us not refuse to enter upon publick Offices. If we are wise, we shall enjoy these things without the least danger; we shall steer safely by these Rocks, we shall behold all these Objects with an indifferent eye. And
if

if they are taken from us, we shall testify to all the World, by our not casting our Eyes back upon them, that we despise them, and that we were never wedded to them.

It is scandalous for a wise Man to fly, and to be subdued by his Desires, which as they are not in reality according to Nature, so they can boast of no other Credit, than what the depraved Opinion of Mankind bestows upon them.

I have thus in part explained wherein the Pleasure of the *Epicureans* consists, what it is, they mean by living up to Nature, in short what their Doctrine and true Sentiments are. Let us now consider whether this Opinion deserves the hatred of Mankind, or whether we have any reason to ridicule it. Let us examine whether this Pleasure favours Debauchery and Excess, or whether any thing in the World can be more sober and chaste than it.

If you enquire of *Epicurus* what it is to live voluptuously, he will answer that it is to disengage our selves from too vigorous a pursuit of Riches, to resist and suppress evil Desires, to contemn Honours, to make our selves Masters of Fortune ;
and

Doctrine of Epicurus. 225

and in a Word, to enjoy an absolute and uninterrupted Peace and repose of mind.

All his Precepts centre here, true sincere Pleasure is only to be found here ; and in effect we ought only to search her here, ; not in a brutal satisfaction of the Senses, nor in any violent emotions of the Appetites.

It is too pure to depend wholly upon the Body ; Reason is both the Mistress and Rule of it, the Senses are only its Servants : and therefore whatever mighty delights we may expect to find in good eating, or in the Pleasures of the eye, or in Perfumes and Musick, yet if we don't come to these things with a Calmness and Tranquillity of Soul, we shall find our selves miserably disappointed ; we shall abuse our minds with a false Joy, and embrace a Phantom, a mere appearance of Pleasure for Pleasure itself.

Consume, if you are so minded, all the odoriferous Wood of *Arabia* the Happy, revel in the arms of *Venus*, feed upon Nectar and Ambrosia, enjoy all the Pleasures that the most fruitful Poet ever formed in his Imagination. All this will but create Vexation and Bitterness, if we feel the least Inquietude within ;

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and

and our Melancholy will force us to complain in the midst of these sweet Entertainments.

I will give you an Example of this, that shall fully convince you how impossible it is for a Man to relish Pleasure when his Mind is disturbed.

You have without question read of the mighty Feast which *Tigellinus* made for *Nero*; and therefore may recall this great scene of Intemperance into your memory, the Luxury and Fame of which make no little noise even in our times. In all appearance it was the greatest Effort that the most excessive Prodigality, joyned to the most exquisite Niceness, could make; in short, it was impossible for sensuality to advance a step beyond it. *Agrippa's* Pond was more chosen to be the Scene of this extraordinary Feast, it was kept on board a most magnificent Vessel, which being drawn by an infinite number of others seem'd to move insensibly. All these Vessels were curiously enriched with Gold and Ivory; the Rowers were so many beautiful Boys, or to speak better, so many Cupids or Gods of Love. The Ocean furnished this Entertainment with Fish; and the several Provinces of the Empire

Empire with a prodigious variety of other Dishes. Not to be tedious, the great Plenty of it was only to be matched with the extreme choiceness of the Provisions. I don't speak of the infamous Houses erected on the banks of this Pond, that were all fill'd with Ladies of Quality. I don't speak of the Courtisans that were here beheld naked. The Night itself contributed to the Pleasure of this Debauch; its Darkness was overcome by an infinite number of Illuminations; and its Silence agreeably disturbed with the harmony of several Conforts.

Would you now know whether *Nero* took pleasure in all these things, and whether he parted from the Banquet satisfied and content? You need only consider with your self that he carried the remembrance of his Crimes, and the remorse of his Conscience about him. Having done this, you'll soon conclude that Despair accompanied him, that he suffered as much as the greatest Criminal, and that although his outside carried the shew of a Triumph, yet he was acting a terrible Tragedy in his Soul.

If he felt any Joy 'twas that of frantick Persons; he owed his Pleasure to his Fury

or his Drunkenness, and was no longer happy than he was abandoned by his Reason.

I say the same thing of those Sots that accompanied him; for I cannot believe, that either *Seneca*, or *Thraseas Pætus*, or *Bareas Soranus*, who lived up to Nature amidst the universal corruption of their Age, were in the number of his Guests: without doubt he had none but such whom a Life full as irregular as his own made him love; who advised him to all his Crimes, who were the Executors of them, and before whom he might not be obliged to blush.

A Herd of such profligate Wretches never aspired to true Happiness; there was not one wise Man in the whole Company; now Pleasure has no influence on Minds that are corrupted and spoiled with all sorts of Debauchery and Excess.

— *Quemvis mediâ erue turbâ
Aut ob avaritiam, aut miserâ ambitione
laborat.*

*Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic pue-
rorum.*

Doctrine of Epicurus. 229

In short, they lay open to all those Passions that disturb the Peace of the Soul, and consequently were not in a condition to relish the Pleasure we speak of.

I could wish that *Epicurus* had been present at this Assembly, and declared his Opinion in the face of the World. I am confident he would have spoke the truth before *Nero* himself; that he would never have dreaded Death, which was looked upon by him to be a thing indifferent, and am apt to imagine he would have explained himself after this manner: *Oh unfortunate Prince! how strangely art thou infatuated to believe, that Pleasure consists in Intemperance, which is as far removed from all Excess, as thou art from the true felicity of Life. Thou draggest thy misery about thee wherever thou goest, and in spight of all thy endeavours, thou art not able to purchase one moments repose from thy Conscience. Load thy Tables with the most exquisite Dainties that were ever eaten; drink the most generous Wines that Greece and Italy can afford; and after this wallow in all the most abominable Varieties of Luxury and Incontinence. Thou wilt find nothing there that can satisfy thee, and when thy body is surfeited with them, thy mind will*

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still be upon the search after Pleasure. These are not the things that render Life happy; it is Prudence only which causes the Sovereign good; which will teach thee to regulate thy desires according to Nature, and in this regular state thou wilt find what thou wilt never be able to find in these Disorders. If thou wantest any thing cast thy eyes upon this common Motker, and she will give thee wherewith to content thyself easily. Art thou thirsty? She has carefully provided Rivers and Fountains in every place to quench it. Art thou hungry? there is no part of the Universe so barren, but thou mayst meet with Fruits to relieve thyself: if thou canst not be satisfied with these things, much less shalt thou ever be satisfied with excess. Pleasure is nothing but a privation of Pain. Consult thy hunger and thirst, and they will make thee find Pleasure in the simplicity of Nature; and Bread and Water will supply the Place of the choicest Repast thou canst think of, when once thou hast need of them. At present thou art not in this Condition, thou dost not allow thy stomach time to digest thy Meat: thy Intemperance daily lays in a new stock of Crudities, and hastens that Death which gives thee so many cruel Apprehensions.

Thus

Thus thou sittest down at Feasts without finding any pleasure in them, because thou dost commit a violence upon Nature, and force her to obey thy desires : but know for a certain truth, that they are contrary to her, and that the Irregularities of thy Body darken the light of thy Reason. Don't imagine therefore to find any relish in those Pleasures thou proposhest to thy self : it is only to be found in those that are permitted by Nature. The Ambition of servants carries them to a fond longing after Crowns. If they were once Kings, they would then desire to be the only Monarchs of the World ; and when arrived to that height they would be calling out for Incense and Sacrifices. The Fable of the Giants instructs us, that Earth has presumed to dispute the Pre-eminence with Heaven. 'Tis the same in all other wild disorderly desires : No one is happy but the Person that knows how to regulate them ; and as this can be done by no one but a wise Man, whose peculiar Talent it is, so it only belongs to him to command the Universe. He, and only he, can extract Pleasure from all things ; he alone uses these delights with sobriety, and despises them even while he possesses them. As for thee, who dishonour-est the race of Augustus, and who art the

infamy of Mankind, over whom the Indignation of the Gods has placed thee: do what thou wilt, thou wilt be always miserable, thou wilt always carry thy Tormenters about thee: thou wilt never free thy self one minute from the horrors of thy Conscience, and in the midst of the Regale thou wilt not tast one drop of Wine, which shall not represent to thy Imagination the Blood of those Innocents, that thy Cruelty has shed.

Behold, unless I am mistaken, what *Epicurus* would have said upon this occasion. Behold how he would have justified his Philosophy; behold how he would have reprimanded the Vices of the Emperour.

But since it is utterly impossible that the Mind, which is the Judge of Pleasure, should perfectly relish it, if the Body, whose Ministry it uses, does languish under any torment; *Epicurus* teaches, that all privation of bodily pain, as well as that of the mind, is necessary towards the consummation of that sovereign Good, which he calls Pleasure.

And to say the truth, there is so immediate a Communication between the Mind and the Flesh, that it is very difficult to separate their Pleasures and their Suffering. It is hard to comprehend how
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the Soul can be perfectly happy, while Diseases afflict its Companion the Body: how it can think of Joy whilst the violence of pain extorts Complaints from it, or how it can be sensible of Pleasure, whilst it is present at all those Places where the Indisposition rages.

Let the *Stoicks* boast as long as they please of the insensibility of their wise Man, and of this rigorous Virtue that laughs at Pain. When they come once to the suffering part, they'll find that their Body is by no means of this Opinion, and that although these Discourses are really magnificent and lofty, yet for all that they are neither to be reconciled to Nature, nor to Truth.

I will not justify this Proposition by the Examples of the generality of their Philosophers. I will not cite any name which they may have the least Pretence to reject, nor urge any Man upon them whose Virtue may be called in question: *Hercules* alone shall assert the truth of what I have delivered.

This *Hercules*, who is reckoned amongst the Gods, whom so many Exploits have made immortal, and whom the *Stoicks* have chose for a perfect model of their
Strength

234 *Reflections upon the*

Strength and Wisdom. Let us a little reflect upon the dying behaviour of this Heroe, and consider the last Actions of his Life. Without doubt this invincible Man will depart out of the World, as he came into it, by doing something Heroical and great. To be sure he'll not let a syllable drop from him that may dishonour his mighty Exploits, or seem unworthy of his former Character.

We shall find our selves extremely mistaken if we are of this Opinion. The force of his Pain triumphs over his Courage, his Constancy yields to the rage of the Poyson that burns him. He does not only complain, but he weeps, he cries, he stamps, he flings about

— *At circum gemunt petrae
Locrorum, & alta Eubææ promontoria.*

And by these his last effects of Rage and Despair he quits his life to go and take his place amongst the Gods.

Let the Stoicks therefore come over to our party ; Let them amuse us no more with their insensibility, let them not pretend that their wise Man can be happy amidst his Tortures, and let them
not

not despise pain with their usual insolence since they see *Hercules* himself could not support himself under the Pressure of it.

★ But if they answer, that the Poet has been guilty of a great Solecism in representing *Hercules* after this manner, and continue to give other Relations of this Heroe contrary to the Authority of Books, and the Consent of the Theatre, *Posidonius* heretofore one of the Masters of *Cicero*, and the greatest of all the Stoicks, (for so this celebrated Disciple of his calls him) will furnish us with a notorious Example, and we shall see one of the strongest Pillars of the *Porch* shaken by a slight Indisposition.

The Gout which at last attacked this Philosopher, proved to be the rock on which his Constancy split. He complained of his pain with as much impatience as any ordinary man would have done: and tho he reproached it by vaunting that all its Efforts should never constrain him to own that it was an Evil, yet he could not forbear to afflict himself with it, to complain of it, and herein he testified more Opiniatreté than Constancy and Reason.

It seems that *Cicero* was scandalized at weakness of this wise Man, or at least that he was astonished at it. *I have beheld*, says he, *Possidonius the greatest Man amongst the Stoicks suffer the pains of the Gout with as little Resolution and Bravery as my Landlord Nichomachus the Tyrian, whom he esteemed but as an ordinary Man.*

And indeed I am so far from believing that the Felicity of Humane Life is compatible with pain, that I am of Opinion it would be the Action of a wise Man to quit it, in case he were not able to set such an uncomfortable Attendant at some distance from him. And although I have the memory of *Mæcenas* in great Veneration, and think that no one ought to mention his Name but with the profoundest respect; yet I could wish, if it were possible to be done, that some Verses of his were utterly lost, and that he had never inform'd us, that he was more fond of a wretched Life than (I don't say a Philosopher) but a Man of the meanest Courage ought to be.

You cannot offer him Life upon never so disadvantageous Terms, but he readily accepts it. Let him be deformed it signifies nothing, let him be crooked he still
comforts

Doctrine of Epicurus. 237

comforts himself that he is alive. Let him endure all the united Torments of the most violent Diseases, he is still contented, if they are not mortal; and though you should condemn him to the most cruel Death imaginable, yet, by his good will, he would not be brought to quit his Life, provided he could still preserve it amidst the most terrible Punishments.

*Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxâ,
Tubber astrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes
Vita dum superest, bene est.
Hanc mihi vel acutâ
Si sedeam cruce, sustine.*

His effeminacy, no doubt on't, dictated these Verses to him, whilst he tasted all the pleasures of Life. He had never experimentally known what pain was before; and I dare boldly aver, That if he had found himself in this lamentable Condition of his own chusing, he would have earnestly desired Death to rid him of his Torments.

By this 'tis an easy matter to conjecture that *Mæcenus* was a Man of Pleasure, but

but not an *Epicurean*; since those Philosophers had too elevated a Soul to condescend to such ignominious Conditions. They were less apprehensive of Death than of Pain, and sometimes renounced Pleasure for the sake of Pain.

And the reason is, That *Epicurus* very well judging that the generality of Men, corrupted by the enjoyment of Pleasures, and suffering themselves blindly to be hurried on by their Appetites, would not be in a Condition to foresee the Grievs and Afflictions, which would be the certain consequences of their irregular Courses: And on the other hand, fearing that the love of Ease, and an effeminacy of Spirit, join'd to the fear of Labour and Pain, would oblige them to be deficient in their respective Duties, and render them inserviceable in the whole course of their Life; he was of opinion that at some certain times, when a wise Man had full liberty to chuse for himself, and nothing hindered him to pursue his full Satisfaction, he might abandon himself to Pleasure, and entirely remove himself from Pain: But then that there were certain conjunctures, when the obligation of his duty, and the necessity of affairs, ought to incline

incline him not to refuse Pain, and to reject Pleasure.

It was this generous Maxim that obliged *Cato Uticensis* to dye. For although he might have continued safe upon the Ruins of his own Party, and *Cesar* would have been proud to have given him his Life : Nevertheless the Shame to survive the loss of the publick Liberty, and the Infamy of Servitude, would not permit this generous Person to deliberate, Whether he ought to chuse the Pain of dying gloriously, to avoid the Pleasure of living after a manner, which to him seem'd unworthy of a Roman.

It was this Maxim that obliged *Regulus* to deliver himself into the hands of his Enemies, where the cruelty of his Executioners was less sensible to him, than the remorse for having broke his word would have been.

It was this Maxim, which as it made *Fabrizius* despise the Treasures of the King of *Epirus*, so it made him despise those evil desires which attend the possession of Riches, to preserve the repose of his Mind, and the chief Pleasure.

In fine, it was this Maxim which compell'd *Cicero* to declaim against *Anthony*,
and

and to devote himself for the preservation of the Republick, at a time when he might have lived peaceably at his own House, and enjoyed all the ease of Life, and the diversions of Study.

There is nothing commendable in the World which cannot be reduced to this Maxim; and whatever Heroick Actions these great Men have done, you will find that if they chose one Pain it was to avoid a greater; and on the other hand, if they have not practised certain Pleasures, it was only to acquire by this abstinence others that were more satisfactory and solid.

For to what other cause can you assign their illustrious Actions? Do you imagine that they parted out of this World with so much Indifference? That they rejected the possession of Gold? That they drew dangerous Enemies upon their Heads, and did not at the same time think that what they did was either for their Profit or Pleasure?

Don't let us do them this Injustice. Don't let us impute the effects of their Wisdom to the efforts of their irregular Minds. Let us believe that in all these things they acted with Deliberation; and
let

Doctrine of Epicurus. 241

let us not represent them in a worse Condition than the most savage Animals ; which are never so strangely transported, but that we may easily to conclude whither the impetuosity of their Motion tends.

Cato parted with his Life ; it was become a Burthen to him. He found much less Pain to quit the World than to submit to *Cesar*, whom he did not believe to be an honest Man ; and much more Pleasure in not Living at all, than in Living under an ignominious Servitude.

Regulus returned back to *Carthage* : had he not done so, he had been accused of Perfidiousness.

Fabricius could not be corrupted by *Pyrrhus* : in this he testified his Integrity, he served his Country ; and with the bare pleasure of refusing Riches, satisfied himself infinitely more, than if he accepted them.

In short, *Cicero* publicly reproached *Antony*, and declared himself his capital Enemy. If he had no reason to do so, he deserves indeed to be blamed ; but if he designed to establish the tranquillity of the Republick, though it were at the expence of his own ; if he endeavoured

R

to

to ruin *Anthony* that he might save *Rome*: besides that by this Conduct he contributed to the Safety of his Fellow Citizens, wherein his own was in a manner wrapt up, so much more did he deserve the praises of all the World, and the love of the Roman People.

These great Men, in Truth of History, were not of the Family of *Epicurus*; nay one of them, in some of his Writings, has attempted to confute his Opinions; but 'tis sufficient that the Authority of their Examples is to be found in the Doctrine of this Philosopher; and that the World should be informed that Virtue alone was not their chief Motive, or at least that what they call Virtue, ought to be named Pleasure.

Not but that several Persons of the greatest Bravery have been bred up in this School; who in a degenerate corrupt Age have done Actions full as vigorous, and noble, as those of the antient *Romans* in the most Flourishing days of their Republick.

Under *Nero's* Empire the World no less admired the Death of *Petronius*, than they had done that of *Seneca*. The Emperours Tutor did not purchase any Glory by
dying

dying, which his Master of the Revels did not afterwards acquire: And the common opinion was, That this Stoick, who had all along preached up a contempt of Life, did not quit it more generously, than *Petronius* who studied all the Pleasures of it.

I am obliged for the honour of *Epicurus* to enlarge somewhat upon the Life and Death of this Courtier, who was one of his greatest Disciples; and it will be impossible for me to handle this Subject without giving you a sensible Entertainment. Since you are not at this time of day to be made acquainted with the Qualities of illustrious Men, I am sure you will not be unwilling to allow *Petronius* a place in this number, and to observe, *en passant*, the marks of his Generosity and Wisdom.

This famous *Epicurean*, far from resembling our modern Debauchees, that eat and drink away their Estates, made profession of a cultivated polite Luxury, and minded nothing but refined Pleasures. And as Industry and Diligence give a Reputation to the rest of Mankind, he was the only Person in the World that acquired it by his ease, and sitting still. His

Words and Actions were very free and negligent; and as they show'd the candor and sweetness of his Temper, and carried an air of Simplicity, they were always received with a great deal of Satisfaction and Delight.

Nevertheless this excellent Man, very well knowing that there is a time when a wise Man ought to quit the repose and tranquillity of his Life to serve the Publick, abandon'd this happy way of Living, when he was elected *Proconsul* of *Bithynia*, and afterwards *Consul*; and by acquitting himself worthily in these illustrious Employments, he demonstrated by his vigour, and by his conduct, that he was capable of managing the greatest Affairs.

At his leaving these Offices he betook himself to his old way of Living, and afterwards happening to become one of *Nero's* greatest Friends, although this Prince had none but vicious Inclinations yet he was so strongly enchanted by his merit, that he made him the Arbitrator or Comptroller of all his Pleasures; and he believed that amidst all his Affluence and Plenty, he ought not to esteem anything as sweet and agreeable, unless *Petroneus* first approved it.

I speak here only of Lawful Pleasures, and Virtuous Delights for our *Epicurean* was so far from having any Share in Nero's brutal Excesses, that this Prince was in a strange Confusion when he knew they were arrived to the knowledge of *Petronius*, who reproached him with them in some Writings; and caused *Silia* to be punished, because he suspected that she had revealed them to him.

From that moment *Tigellinus* looked upon him as his Competitor; and fearing least by the means of this wise and honest Pleasure, whereof he made Profession, he might effect what *Seneca* could not by the Authority of his Sect, that is, recal *Nero* from the disorders of his Life; he resolved to destroy him, imagining there was no other way to establish himself but by ruining him.

To this end he awaked that Prince's Cruelty, to which, as being his predominant Passion, all his other Pleasures gave way. He accuses *Petronius* with being a Friend to *Scevinus*, who was in *Piso's* Conspiracy: he corrupts one of his Slaves to impeach him, takes from him all means of defending himself, and gets the greatest

part of his Domesticks to be chained and imprisoned.

In this condition, a Man of less Generosity would either have flatter'd himself with the prospect of his Prince's Clemency, or at least have prolonged his Life to the last extremity.

As for him, he does quite otherwise: he believ'd it was downright Weakness or Shame to bear any longer the Torments of Hope or Fear; and being resolved to die, he search'd a way to do it with the same Tranquillity wherein he had lived.

So not being willing to quit life with Precipitation, he ordered his Veins to be opened, and afterwards to be bound up again; and then taking the Ligatures off as he pleas'd himself, he entertain'd his Friends with agreeable Conversations; not affecting to make any serious Discourses before them, by which he might pretend to the glory of Constancy.

Nor would he employ the last Hours of his Life in speaking of the Immortality of the Soul, nor of the Opinions of the Philosophers; but having pitched upon a more voluptuous and more natural

fort of Death, he rather chose to imitate the Sweetness of a Swan; and therefore caused some delightful moving Verses to be repeated to him.

Nevertheless he reserved a few moments to dispose of his own Affairs; he rewarded abundance of his Slaves, and some of them he ordered to be punished. Then perceiving the Hour of his Death approached, after he had used a little exercise he laid himself peaceably down to sleep; that his Death, which was violent, might however resemble, as much as possible, one that was fortuitous and natural.

People, if they please, may still talk of *Socrates*, and mightily commend the Constancy, with which he drank the Poison. *Petronius* is not at all inferiour to him; nay he may justly pretend to have the advantage over him; as having abandoned a life infinitely more delicious than that of this wise *Grecian*, with the same Tranquillity of mind, and the same Equality of Soul.

But that you may better comprehend the great value of this Pleasure, which I am here maintaining, I will give you the Portraicture of a Man, who perfectly possesses it, and by a Representation of

this Counterpart, which I will afterwards give you, put you out of all manner of doubt, that *Epictetus's* pleasure is to be infinitely preferred.
 Imagine to your self a Man in perfect health, plenty and affluence; innocently enjoying the Delights of this World; his Soul peaceable, serene and easie; possessing always, and that in abundance, the most agreeable Pleasures of the Body and Mind; being neither troubled with the presence, nor threatned with the fear of any Grief whatever.

What Condition can you propose more excellent, or more desirable than this? For before a Person can arrive to this exalted state, it is necessary that he possess a Force of Soul proof against Death and Pain; that his Mind be entirely disengaged from all the false Opinions of the vulgar; that it be not disturbed with impertinent Fears; nay, that it suffer not the Pleasures it has tasted to be lost; but always entertain it self with a sweet remembrance of them. This is to arrive to the highest Period of Felicity; where the defect of nothing can be pretended, as to the full consummation of Humane Happiness.

On

On the other hand let us represent to
ourselves the Man overwhelmed with all
the Evils that can afflict Humane Nature;
deprived of all hopes to see them even di-
minished; neither feeling any present Plea-
sure, nor having ever tasted any, nor da-
ring to promise himself any for the time
to come; and after we have owned that
nothing can be imagined more miserable
than this Condition, let us at the same
time confess, that nothing can be more
happy than the voluptuous Epicurean.

Now if you think that this happy Per-
son, whose Picture I have drawn, is no
where to be found but only in my own
Imagination; and that so perfect a Scene
of Felicity cannot be among Men, any
otherwise than in Idea; I protest you have
wrong Sentiments both of Humane Con-
dition and the goodness of Heaven; and
I am obliged to draw you out of this
Errour, that you may no longer mur-
mur at our Misery, and the Injustice of
our Destiny.

I find this Original done by the hand
of one of the greatest Masters, placed in
the Cabinet of one of the most curious
Authors that ever writ. It is Felicity it
self painted under the Character of *Orata*,
for

for to do's *Cicero* call him, and here follows a faithful Translation of what he recounts concerning his Happiness.

‘Nothing was wanting in *Orata*, (a
 ‘Man extremely rich, very polite, and
 ‘very delicate) of all that contributes to
 ‘make a Man live voluptuously, and to
 ‘make him be loved, and to enjoy a perfect and entire health. For he possessed
 ‘a very plentiful Fortune in the finest
 ‘Country in the World; he had always
 ‘store of Friends about him, serviceable,
 ‘pleasant and diverting; and he dexterously
 ‘managed every thing to the best Advantage of Life. And to comprehend all in
 ‘a few Words, his Designs met always
 ‘as happy a Success, and as favourable an Accomplishment as Man could
 ‘wish.

I don't believe that there is any thing to be blamed in this condition, provided no sudden Change befalls it. We must therefore conclude *Orata* to be perfectly happy, if he can still continue in the fortunate state, wherein we have shew'd him.

Thus I have given you, unless I am mistaken, a Portraicture that very well resembles the first Design which I was to lay before you; and which you mistook

stook for a Work of Fancy, and the Product of mere Imagination.

Now let us turn the Tables; and find out some miserable Wretches to oppose to this *Orata*. Let us compare to him, if you please, some of those unfortunate Persons, whom we behold on the anti-ent Theatre; one of whom judges himself too criminal to weild the Scepter of the *Greeks*; who is afraid to dishonour the race of *Pelops*, from whence he owns himself descended; who dares not shew himself before Men, who dares not enter the Temples.

Let us compare to him another of the same rank, who making Signs to his Friends not to approach him, looks upon himself to be so unfortunate, that he is apprehensive, lest his very shadow should prove contagious. Or rather let us think no more of *Atræus* and *Thyestes*; let us forget their Crimes, the remembrance of which still inspires us with horror; let us not cast our eyes any longer upon a Family which has forced the Sun to go backward; and which has furnished Hell with one of its most famous Punishments.

———*Occultè*

Noxītudo oblīteretur Pelopīdum.

Let

Let us rather chuse Heroes, but Persons
full as unhappy as the Off-spring of *Tan-*
talus. Let the Son of *Amphiaraus* make
his Entrance, frighted with Visions, and
demanding help against the *Furies* that
press him.

*What do I see! Whence do these Flames
arise!*

*From gaping Tombs they seem to strike
my eyes.*

*Oh help me to put out this cruel Fire,
In whose embraces I shall soon expire.*

*At me their Whips the restless Furies
shake,*

*Their angry Snakes a dreadful Consort
make.*

*See, see, they come! I feel the pointed
Pain,*

*And in my labouring soul unruly Tempests
reign.*

And after *Alcmeon* has made us see the
Tortures of Conscience, and Pressures of
the Soul; let *Philoctetes* entertain us with
the Miseries to which he finds himself
reduced; let him speak, let him complain
of his ill fortune. Do's he not paint out
a very wretched Person when he says?

Who

Who e'er thou art, in what e'er Country
known,
Whom Winds upon the Lesbian shore
have thrown.

Pity a Wretch, abandon'd by his Stars,
Who for the space of Nine revolving years
Has been devour'd by Sickneses, and
Cares.

Behold these Cliffs, whose tops invade the
Sky.

Here tortur'd with my pains I piece-meal
die.

View but the frightful horrors of this place:
The Scene of all my Sorrows and Disgrace,
Where robb'd of Glory, to a Rock confin'd,
I bear all Plagues of Body and of Mind.

And my keen Arrows for the Birds pre-
pare:

Their Plumes my raiment, and their
Flesh my fare.

After this let him shew us the pains
of the Body; when his Ulcer being in-
flamed he despairs, he bemoans himself
in these following Lines:

Alas! What Friend to ease me of my Pain,
Will kindly send me headlong to the Main.

Now,

254 *Reflections upon the*

*Now, now, quick Shootings all my Sinews
tear,
What Racks, what Torments can with this
compare?
A raging Ulcer angry Heaven did send;
Which an eternal Heav' does attend.
Thus in Complaints the day, in Groans the
night I spend.*

Or if these Misfortunes are not sufficient, let us heap together, as *Ovid* has done, all the Plagues, all the Calamities that old Fables afford us; and with they may light upon one single Person, and then judge whether his Condition is happier than that of *Orata*, or of the famous *Vatia*, who merited heretofore this Exclamation, *O Vatia, you alone know what it is live*; and conclude all with an Exclamation of the like nature; *O Epicurus, you and only you know how to Philosophize.*

From all these evident Truths it is an easie matter to conclude, that Pleasure is not only worthy the Commendations of all Men; but that it is the sovereign Good, and only end.

Nevertheless, since this first Proposition makes the principal point in the Doctrine of *Epicurus*; and as it is the truest, so it

is also the most contested; since I say we have begun to undeceive the Enemies of this Proposition, we ought to conclude with Instructions, and leave the truth of this Opinion so well established in their minds, that they shall have no occasion to question it, without being guilty of the greatest Injustice.

That they may therefore submit to so Catholick a Truth, I only desire them to turn their eyes on the side of Nature; the Effects of which are reasonable, and the Experiences certain.

They will not only find that it authorises what we have asserted; but it will likewise give them such clear, such visible Demonstrations of it, that unless they hoodwink themselves on purpose, they must be forced to submit to it.

Let them consider what this Common Mother does in the Birth of Animals; that is to say, in its perfect Purity and before its Corruption. They will soon observe that it inspires them with the love of Pleasure, and an aversion to Pain; that it carries them towards what pleases them, and teaches them to avoid what would hurt them; that it instructs them (if I may be allowed the Expression) both

both in what is good, and what is bad; and when they attain the former, the causes them to rejoice, and be satisfied with it.

This is the Reason why our Philosopher following the Dictates of Nature, pronounces a voluptuous Life to be the end of Man; but does not give himself the Trouble to prove so obvious a Proposition.

As he imagined there was no necessity of force of reason to persuade People that Fire is hot, that Snow is white, and that Honey is sweet, because they are all sensible things; so he believed, that to make Men comprehend the Love of Pleasure, which may easily be known by the Effects of Nature, there was occasion for no more than a bare Observation of these Effects, and an ordinary Reflection.

Nevertheless, though we have Nature on our side, that is to say, an infallible Decision; though we find in our Souls a natural Inclination to avoid Evil, and to follow Pleasure; though the very beginnings of our Desires, of our Disgusts, and of all our Actions, derive their Original from Pleasure and Pain; yet because some Philosophers pretend that Pain ought not to be reckoned amongst Evils, nor Pleasure

Doctrine of Epicurus. 239

sure amongst things that are good, and that to establish this Opinion they bring abundance of plausible Arguments; we must not so strongly rely upon our own Opinions, as we ought to keep up to the simple Truth.

We must therefore produce Reasons in behalf of *Epicurus's* Doctrine, and show that Reason as well as Nature is of his side.

And in effect if those Philosophers that have condemn'd this Pleasure had well considered her before-hand; if they had thoroughly known her before they attack'd her, they would easily have discovered, that it was not she they meant; that they were mistaken in their Invectives, and only rejected her out of a consideration of those Pains that sometimes attend her; they would have perceived that those Pains did not proceed from her, but from the Irregularities of those Persons that use her ill. And then they had never decry'd her after so furious a manner.

For they must be forced to acknowledge, That there is not one single Person in the World that hates Pleasure, as it is Pleasure; or loves Pain, meerly as it is Pain.

Now because those that abuse the most innocent Pleasures, do afterwards feel a great deal of Torment and Uneasiness, and that on the other hand, there are certain times when Labour and Pain produce and prepare some sort of Pleasures: this hath been the reason, that these Philosophers, who only considered the consequences of an ill managed Pleasure, and the Advantages of a profitable and necessary Labour, have effaced the former out of the number of good things, and then placed Pain amongst those that are desirable.

But now it is high time to employ all our Forces to carry our Enterprizes. This is the hour we ought to Combat in good earnest, that so we may obtain a glorious Victory.

It is not our business here to defend Pleasure, nor to consider it as the Sovereign good of humane Life: we must elevate her above the throne of Virtue itself that disputes this Title with her; and although we don't banish this Virtue from it, whereof we make Profession, we must nevertheless constrain her to resign the first place to Pleasure.

In short, as all the Philosophers in the World are agreed, that the ultimate end
a Man

a Man ought to propose to himself here, is a quiet and agreeable Life; several of them have been mistaken in placing this Life in Virtue, and not in Pleasure; and Suffered themselves to be led aside by the gaudy Splendor of a Name that imposes upon them, without considering a Truth which Nature it self forces them to own.

For certain it is, if they would but consult and believe her, they would confess that these same Virtues, which they are used to call Magnificent and Pompous, are no farther to be esteem'd than as they contribute to Pleasure; and consequently that not being courted for their own sake, they ought not to be preferred to the motive from which they receive all their merit, and all their value.

'Tis after the same manner that we approve Physick, not upon the account of the Art, but because of our Health; and the Skill of Pilots deserves Commendation for no other reason, but the great utility of Navigation. After the same manner we should not desire Wisdom, which we may call the Art of Life, if it were not serviceable to us, and did not directly lead us to the possession of Pleasure.

There is no necessity to repeat in this place what this Pleasure is; or to desire you once more not to despise this Name, which Men have corrupted.

You know well enough how severe *Epicurus* makes it; and you ought to own to me that it is no disgrace for Wisdom to yield to it, and to be respected only for her sake.

We will confess to you likewise on our side, that unless a Man is a Philosopher he cannot be happy, and that Wisdom is the only way to arrive at Pleasure.

In a word, the weakness of humane of Nature labouring under the ignorance Good and Evil; floating generally between these two things, without being able to discern them, and often chusing with Joy what it ought to have studiously avoided; in so strange a Blindness it so happens that Men instead of the felicity they desire, get at a farther distance from it; that they become miserable instead of finding themselves satisfied; and that in exchange of the Pleasures they proposed to meet, they plunge themselves in Sorrows that torment and trouble them.

It is necessary therefore that a right application

application of Wisdom should draw them out of so miserable a Condition, that its light should direct them in this wretched darkness, that its force should deliver them from the Servitude of wicked Desires, unjust Terrours, and rash Opinions, and in imitation of *Hercules* clear an open passage for them through so many Monsters, and safely conduct them to Pleasure.

Wisdom alone performs these great things like a faithful, generous Guide; she removes the difficulties of the way where she leads us.

'Tis not sufficient that we don't wander; what is more, we must march in security with her; and while the Winds and the Sea overwhelm those poor Vessels that sail without her conduct, others that are steer'd by her enter the Harbour without fearing the Tempest.

'Tis in this Harbour that a wise Man finds Pleasure. Here it is that he quietly contemplates the Pains of other Men; that he discovers all the impertinent Errors wherewith their weakness is persecuted; that he observes with what eagerness they strive to satisfy their Passions; that he sees them press forward in throngs

towards him, that shall advance himself highest in Power, Riches, and Fortune.

*Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumq; potiri.*

And that he crys out, having considered all these things,

*O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisq; periculis
Degitur hoc ævi quodcunq; est!*

As for himself, nothing disquiets, nothing molests, nothing troubles him. He is happy, he follows nature, he enjoys a perfect felicity; and in this Situation, gives thanks to wisdom, which procured him this Pleasure.

Let us act like him, if we have a mind to be happy like him; let us cast our selves into the arms of this Wisdom, let us endeavour to arrive at this Pleasure, let us suppress those ill desires that rob us of it: They are insatiable and dangerous; they don't only ruin private Persons, they destroy whole Families; they ravage Kingdoms, they occasion Hatred, Division, Discord,

Discord, Sedition, and War; they tyrannize over those Souls that nourish them, and if we carefully examine the Poets, we shall find that by the Torments of the Damned they had a mind to represent those Persons whom these inward Plagues afflict.

*Cui vultur jecur ultimum pererrat,
Et pectus trahit, intimasque fibras,
Non est quem Tytium vocant poetæ,
Sed cordis mala, livor, atq; luxus.*

And thus, since by the only assistance of Wisdom we are able to crush these Vipers; since she alone instructs how to resist Fortune, and that through her means we arrive to obtain tranquillity, why should we fear to conclude that she is not desirable, but only as she creates Pleasure, and secures us from Pain?

We must say the same thing of Temperance, and not desire her only for herself; but because she preserves that peace, that serenity in our Souls, without which we cannot be happy, and by the concord she inspires appeases our Trouble, and gives us Pleasure.

'Tis this Virtue that always comes to

the relief of Wisdom : 'Tis she that puts in execution what the other does only resolve; and as that shows us what we are to avoid, and what we are to follow, this stops us in our career when we go against the Counsels of the other, and believe our Senses rather than our Reason.

'Tis the 'bridle that keeps us in, when we are posting towards any unlawful Pleasure; the hand that surely conducts us to the way of truth. In short, 'tis the Virtue without which we can neither be happy nor wise.

And in truth what advantage is it to know what is Good, if we are too feeble to put it in practice? To what purpose is it to see a Precipice, if we suffer our selves to tumble down it? To give Wisdom leave to speak, but not to permit her to act?

The generality of Men are reduced to this pass. All of them conclude in favour of Wisdom, but don't know how to live up to what they have concluded.

They know that there are Pleasures the consequences of which are dangerous, and severely prohibited by our *Epicurus*: but they laugh at the prohibitions of this Philosopher, and abandon themselves

to

to the tyranny of their disorderly Passions.

They resemble the unfortunate *Phædria* in *Terence*, and his Character, as it is drawn by that excellent Man, suits them all from the highest to the lowest.

This outrageous Lover is sensible that he should do a foolish Action in endeavouring to set himself at rights with his Mistress. He knows she's a Coquette, and that himself is miserable. This gives him disturbance; this makes him uneasy. But to what purpose? he does not amend his Condition. He still suffers his love to controll him; and at that very instant when he sees himself ready to perish, at that very instant he perishes deliberately.

'Tis certain that *Phædria* does not want Wisdom; he only want Temperance. He knows well enough what measures he ought to take to be at ease, but does not put them in execution. He sees what is best for himself, and approves it, but for all that follows what is worse.

Behold now the manners of those Men, whom we describe, admirably well expressed. Behold an image of their Thoughts and Infirmities. Behold how for want of true Wisdom, it is impossible for them to find Pleasure.

You

You loose your labour when you tell them that the Pleasure they pursue is unreasonable, that it is not necessary, that the privation of it does not cause any pain : In vain do you represent to them the Sickneses, the Losses, the Infamy that attend the enjoyment of it. In vain do you threaten them with the punishments of the Laws, and the severity of the Magistrates. You can tell them nothing but what they know, and what they are able to say upon occasion. What are they the better for all this? They are Slaves to that very Folly they detest as well as you, and resemble the Greek Philosophers who were allowed the liberty to make a great Parade of those very Virtues they never practised.

Besides these, there is another race of Men who in truth are not Philosophers, but for all that manage their Cause with a world of Spirit and Vivacity.

These People, whom we may properly call the Prophaners of the Pleasure of *Epicurus*, will by no means be perswaded to acknowledg Temperance for a Virtue, but after their imperious way pretend that all happiness depends on mere fancy.

It is not worth the while to enter into a solemn dispute with such unreasona-

ble

ble Creatures as they are. The severest return one can make them is to leave them at liberty to do as they desire.

'Tis sufficient for us to know that their Opinion is false, and that true felicity consists only in those desires which flow from Temperance.

For 'tis not only a miserable thing to desire what is dishonest, but 'tis infinitely more advantageous not to obtain what we desire, than to obtain what we cannot desire without shame. In this view 'tis better to be of the Opinion of that Antient, who passing his Judgment of *Camillus* that was banished out of *Rome*, while *Manlius* was Master there, preferr'd the Exile of the virtuous Refugee to the Splendor of the dishonest Citizen.

Now in truth those that study Temperance, and manage the fruition of Pleasure with that discretion that they find no After-claps; those certainly may call themselves happy, and deserve the title of wise Men.

Their Pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all their Life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

They have no inclination to run after forbidden Pleasures; nay, their felicity

city consists in abstaining from them. They sometimes embrace Pain, but then 'tis done with a design to avoid a greater. The use they make of Wisdom is by her means to attain to a state of Tranquillity; and this makes it clear, that there is no other way to enjoy this Pleasure, wherein *Epicurus* supposes the sovereign Good to consist, but by the means of Virtue.

You would be amazed, and perhaps angry, if examining the rest of the Virtues, and bringing them to the Touchstone of Pleasure, I should maintain that Valour depends upon her no less than Wisdom and Temperance; and that this Virtue that dares encounter Lions, that despises danger, and that without any concern or emotion could behold the entire ruin of the World, produces nothing illustrious but only as it regards Pleasure, and flows from no other source than it.

For in the first place we ought to take it for granted, that the Fatigues we undergo, and the Pains we sustain, have nothing in them to induce us to court them, if we view them simply, and separate them from other Considerations: That Industry and Diligence, so much commended

ded in affairs of Life, and that Valour itself, of which we are now talking, are never put in execution but for some design and motive.

This is not all ; we may affirm, that these things have been introduced merely for the ease of Life, and that the only reason we follow them is, that we may live without trouble and fear ; that we may free, as much as in us lies, our body and our mind from those Maladies and Vexations which may afflict it, and to taste with greater serenity that indolence which makes one part of *Epicurus's* Pleasure.

And indeed how can you expect a Man should live happy when he perpetually fears death ? How can you imagine the famous *Sicilian*, whose Name is upon record, should taste any Pleasure in the midst of his Feasting and Musick, if he everlastingly dreads the falling of the Sword, that threatens his Head, and his Diadem.

Is it not an aggravation of misery to faint under our Pains, and not to have courage enough to suffer those Misfortunes, which 'tis not in our power to avoid ?

This

This weakness of mind has it not led abundance of People to those Extremities that are a disgrace and scandal to humane Nature?

What was it in your Opinion that gave occasion to the Poets to turn *Hecuba* into a mad Bitch, but the Grief that overcame her, and constrained her to imitate the fury of those Creatures?

Had she suppress'd and conquered her Grief, or had she at least endeavour'd to forget those subjects that occasioned it, without question she had never pass'd from tears to despair, and from despair to rage.

Listen I pray to the Complaints she makes. Observe how by representing to herself the miserable Condition she finds herself in at present, and from what a height she is fallen; how by this conduct, I say, she feeds her sorrow upon the Stage, and of her own accord provokes the motions of that Rage which is ready to seize her.

Oh the severe Oppressions of my Grief!

What Place can give me refuge or relief?

To what far distant Region shall I run

The wild disorders of my Soul to shun?

*Unhappy Troy, our late delight and pride,
By Grecian fraud and malice lies destroyed.*

Tell

Doctrine of Epicurus. 271

*Tell me, ye Gods, where I my steps must bend?
Who will a poor despairing Queen befriend?
Prest by my Wants, wandring from place to
place,*

*While meager Famine stares me in the Face.
See how th' insulting Argive Flame devours
Those Shrines that once receiv'd the heavenly
Powers.* (Spare,

*If the proud Flames their Temples will not
But sacred Piles the common Fate must share.*

After this she remembers herself of the Beauty of these Structures, and the Riches of Asia, in order to raise her own Grief, and that of the Spectators; for who is it that can avoid being sensibly touched with this Discourse?

*Must Ilium then, the Scene of all my Joys,
Must all this Wealth be made a Grecian prize?
The rich aspiring Mansions of the Gods,
Worthy their names, their presence, and abodes,
And glitt'ring Roofs——*

Or what heart would she not inspire with horror and pity, when she thus goes on?

*All this I saw consum'd by impious Fire,
And Priam by a barb'rous hand expire.
Jove's Altar with the Royal Victim stain'd,
And Hector's Blood by common dust profan'd;
Nor was this all.*

*But my prevailing Miseries to Crown,
From a high Tower his Son thrown head-long
down.*

So that I don't at all wonder if the people of *Rome* were strangely affected when they heard these Verses repeated; or if when I read them my self I cannot forbear the Tribute of a few Tears.

To say the Truth, *Hecuba* had great reason to complain of her ill Destiny, she had lost her Husband, her Son, her Kingdom and her Liberty. If she had beheld these Calamities without lamenting them, she had been insensible; and we should be inhumane, if after so many Losses we should hinder her Tears.

But then, after she had for some time wept, we should not be at all unjust to prescribe bounds to her Grief, to regulate her Complaints and her Sorrow; and lastly, to advise her to oppose strength of Reason to that of Despair.

Some Persons that are touched with her Complaints may perhaps alledge in her Justification, that those who would limit her Grief, and not suffer it to exceed its first Motions, would resign themselves up to it till the very last Moments of their Life, if they once shared with her those Misfortunes the weight of which they can only conjecture: and that our Philosophy which speaks of nothing less than
Conquests

Conquests and Triumphs, would faint under such a pressure of Calamities, if it saw them present and inevitable.

Now, for my part I wish a perpetual Sunshine of Prosperity to so tender, so melting a Man as this is : for no doubt on't, if any Disgrace happens to him, he will discover his Infirmities very plentifully : on this condition that by way of requital to me for my Wish he will dispense with me for not believing what he says, nor oblige me to judge of the strength of Philosophy by the weakness of his Reason.

For without losing any time to refute word by word this sort of Reasoning, which can obtain credit no where but amongst effeminate Men ; I shall content my self to convince those Persons that make use of it by two known Examples that ought to overwhelm them with confusion.

These Examples are drawn from two Persons, whom their Age and their Sex ought to render extremely feeble ; but who notwithstanding all this weakness preserved such a presence of mind, that I shall despair to find the like among the Philosophers.

Let us consider *Astianax* and *Polixena* as they are going to die : one is a Boy, the other a young Maid. The *Greeks* had condemned both of them to Death. Observe *Ulysses*, who advances first leading the former by the hand, and marching hastily to throw him down the Precipice. But see the Child does not follow him with less Assurance.

————— *Sublimi gradu*
Incedit Ithacus, parvulum dextrâ trahens
Priami Nepotem, nec gradu segni puer
Ad alta pergit mœnia.—————

Consider that amongst all those that accompany him and weep for him, he is the only Person whose eyes are dry, and who refuses to pay Tears to his own death. Observe that whilst these barbarous Executioners invoke the Gods to this bloody Sacrifice, he throws himself headlong from the Tower, from the top of which they were to cast him, and voluntarily puts an end to that Life which he had scarce begun.

But now turn your eyes on the other side ; for by this time *Polixena* is placed upon *Achilles's* Tomb, and only waits the fatal Blow which is to appease the Anger of the *Greeks*, and to rejoyne her Soul to that of her Parents.

Admire

Admire her Beauty that still appears so charming and so serene. Her Countenance is not at all changed with the Apprehensions of Death. On the other Hand this Sun, which is going to set for ever, seems to receive a new Splendor at the last moments of its light.

Nay there is something in her air more bold and undaunted than her Sex, and her present Circumstances ought to promise.

And to do her right she is not content to wait the Blow, for without avoiding it she goes to meet it with an Heroick Bravery.

Conversa ad ictum stat truci vultu ferox.
And when *Pyrrhus* has given her the cruel stroke, it seems that her last Action is an Action of Courage, that she does not suffer herself to fall upon the Sepulchre of *Achilles*, but with a design to make the earth lie more heavy upon him, and to revenge herself upon him even as she dies.

Tell me now freely, is it not a shame for *Hecuba* to see her Children more courageous than herself?

Tell me whether it looks well for her to shed so many Tears, when *Astianax* and *Polyxena* die without shedding any?

Tell me whether you don't think these two Persons infinitely happy in comparison of this miserable Creature?

Or if you have nothing to say for her, confess at last with us, that she has too little courage in her Misfortunes, and that she wanted strength of Mind to resent them less cruelly.

Now if it be true that Weakness is the only thing that renders our Misfortunes insupportable to us, and which causing us to abandon the Helm in the most violent Tempests makes us suffer Shipwreck in those places where we might have rode securely; ought we not to search after this strength of Mind to serve us instead of an Anchor, to oppose it to the fury of the Wind and Water, and preserve us from the violence of the Storm?

We ought to sustain our selves by this Pillar, which serves as the Basis to Pleasure, and to joyn this Virtue to Temperance and Wisdom; and that we may live in repose and in a privation of Misery, believe that by her influence a courageous persevering Spirit is above all Pain and ill Fortune; since it despises Death, and is so prepared for Pain that it always remembers itself that Death is the remedy

of

of the most violent ones; that the lesser have abundance of good Intervals, and that it is the Master of the ordinary ones.

Matters being thus, we ought to say that we don't blame Cowardise and Weakness, as also that we don't practise Temperance and Valour for their own particular respect; but that we are to reject the former, and desire the latter, because those foment Grievs, but these preserve us from them.

It only remains now for us to examine Justice, and then we shall have dispatched the principal Virtues. But these things one may say on this Chapter are almost the same with the preceding ones, and Justice is no less united to Pleasure, than Prudence, Temperance and Fortitude, which cannot be separated from it.

In effect this Virtue is so far from bringing any uneasiness to our Mind, that by its Influence and Power it perpetually nourishes in them those Sentiments that render them quiet, and never leaves us without this hope, that we can want nothing that Nature desires, as long as she is not corrupted. And after the same manner that Folly, Intemperance, want of Resolution incessantly torment, plague and afflict

afflict us ; so Injustice no sooner enters the Soul, but it throws her into Disorder and Confusion, and makes her unfortunate even when she does not make her criminal.

For if an unjust Man suffers himself to commit some wicked Action, although he commits it after such a manner, that neither the Sun nor Men can give any Testimony of it, yet he can never assure himself that it will be always kept private ; and for all the obscurity of the night that covered it, he will still be under terrible apprehensions that Truth will at last discover it.

Suspicion commonly follows the Actions of the wicked ; and though the Judges should never concern themselves with them, yet their own Conscience forces them to betray themselves.

But if any Person believes that their Riches, their Power and Authority shall secure them from the Injustice of Men, and place them above the Laws, and out of the reach of Punishment, yet they can never cover themselves from the Divine Justice.

They never lift up their eyes to Heaven, but their Conscience alarms them with horror, and the cruel Inquietudes that devour

devour them without intermission, are the secret Executioners of that punishment which the Divinity makes them endure.

For what Power, what Wealth, when they are unjustly obtain'd, can so far diminish the difficulties of this Life, but at the same time remorse of Conscience, fear of Punishment, the hatred of Mankind augment them infinitely more?

These ill, these unlawful Remedies don't they often turn to Poyson? and what we have sometimes chose to extinguish our sorrow, has it not made it burn with greater Fury and Vehemence?

Are there not prodigious numbers of Persons that don't know how to prescribe Limits to their desire of being more rich, of having more Honours, of reigning more absolutely, of living more voluptuously, of feasting more deliciously, and of carrying their evil Inclinations too far?

And don't we see that the mighty heap their Extortion and their Avarice has amassed together, instead of satisfying their unreasonable Appetites, does but inflame them still the more, and that these People has more need to be corrected by the Laws, than inflamed by Remonstrances.

Reason therefore invites all Men that have their Judgment sound, to preserve Justice which the Laws have established.

Equity which derives its Original from Nature, and which may properly be called the knot of Civil Society, tells us plainly enough, that an unjust Action ought never to be committed, neither by those that are weak, because they would attempt it without success; nor by
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the powerful, because after the business is completed, they would not find repose, nor this accomplishment of their desires.

In short, she forces us to own that Justice is not desirable for it self, but because it gives us a world of Satisfaction, makes our Life more assured, and our Pleasure more accomplished.

Now if the Praise of Virtue it self, on which Subject principally the other Philosophers have employed their most magnificent Discourses, produces no other effect than Delight or Pleasure; and if this Pleasure alone, which is the end of all the Virtues, calls us to itself, and attracts us by its proper Nature, we may safely conclude, that she is the sovereign Good, and the most perfect of all other, and no longer doubt but that a happy Life is that which *Epicurus* has taught us.

Oh holy and severe Pleasure! O admirable Philosophy! What Misfortune was it that decry'd you amongst Men? Who is it that drew upon you the aversion of so many virtuous Persons that knew you not? Who has hindered them to see that their Virtues are owing to you, and that they speak injuriously of you, at the same time you contribute to their Felicity.

But happy the Men who have been of the Sect of that Wise Man that followed you: happy those who have imitated him: happy even those who being born in an Age, when many believe that Vice and the Pleasure of *Epicurus* are but one and the same thing, have had understanding enough to discover the contrary, and have at least force of Mind sufficient to defend it, if they have not Courage enough to practise it.

CHAP. I.

Of the Use of LIFE.

By Mr. SAVAGE of the Inner-Temple.

That a Man ought to Apply himself to a diligent search after Happiness, since it is wholly in his power to augment his Joys, and diminish his Miseries.

AFTER having a long time Reflected on the condition of Men, I have found but two things that can reasonably deserve the care of a Wise Man: The first is the *Study of Virtue*, which makes a Man *Honest*; and the second, *The Use of Life*, which renders him *Content*, If he can possibly become such; or at least *less unhappy*, if he cannot deliver himself from his *Troubles*.

'Tis true, that 'tis but folly to think of *Sovereign Good* here below: All the *Idea's* that *Ancient Philosophers* have given of it, are but confused Images of that which might fill the vast capacity of our desires; and the uncertainty of their Opinions

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which

which varied so often on this Matter, makes us easily see how doubtful this *Happiness* was which they promis'd us nevertheless with so great Pride and Ostentation.

In effect, the perpetual Motion of Things of this World, the continual revolutions of our Minds, and the inconstancy of our Passions, will not permit us to establish a fixt repose and tranquillity of Life: And when I consider the *inability* of *Objects* to content us, and the *weakness* of our *own Senses* to receive their *Impressions*, then I renounce all vain pursuits of this *false Happiness*; and I am not very far from entering into a general neglect of all things. For what *sweets* are there in the World which are not mixt with *bitter*? Are not our Senses often interrupted in their functions by the disorder of our Organs? And has not our Mind its unsteadiness from the same disturbance? A Disease, a Winter, a bad Day, and sometimes less than any of these, changes us, and all things relating to us: And tho' there were no alteration in Us, or any thing about us, In the most easie situation our Soul can be plac'd in, and with the best constitution that a Body can have,

The Use of Life.

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have, 'tis certain we are incapable of tasting a pure and true Content.

Neither the Conversation of virtuous Men, which gives us the most agreeable satisfaction; nor the delicacies of a Feast, nor the Charms of Musick, which create the most sensible pleasures, have ever had power to give me a greater relish of delight than my Imagination promis'd me: And I may truly say, that amongst the greatest liberties of my Senses, I have enjoyed the pleasure with so little confinement, that ordinarily I have Meditated upon my most serious Affairs.

The divertisement of the Theatre, whether we see so many people flock dayly, Has it created any true delights in its most profess Followers? For my part, I could never see the most part of them without being tired; and the best Plays, which seem'd to ravish all the Audience, have had no other power over me, than to make me grieve for the Misfortunes of a *Heroine* who suffered no more, what afflicted me; or for those of some Imaginary *Heroe*, whose *false griefs* drew from me *true Tears*, and filled me with Indignation against my self.

Neither the beauty of the *Tuilleries*, which enchant all eyes, nor the Magnificences of Courts, adorn'd with the glorious confusion of haughty Equipages, nor the most shining Assemblies of the fairest Ladies, nor Shews, nor Balls, nor Art, nor Riot, nor Riches, can give a full satisfaction to any Man in this World.

Those that frequent but seldom publick Representations, are as it were forbid 'em, and cannot digest the hurly burly of these great divertisements; those that visit 'em often are insensible of 'em; and both together through ~~ex~~travagance or stupidity, cannot peaceably enjoy their Charms. Those who out of the abundance of all things flatter their Minds with whatever is excellent, Do not they give us marks of their Melancholly amidst their Pleasures, complaining (as it were) that excess of delights rendered 'em odious.

But if ever any Man desired to be happy, it must be granted 'twas that great Prince who had Wisdom his Lot, without ever burthening his Mind with Chimera's, he carried himself to the search of solid Good; His Abilities gain'd him immediate possession. Every thing succeeded according to his wishes; and the enjoyment
always

The Use of Life.

5

always followed close his desires: Nevertheless he declared, That he found so much vanity in Pleasures, that he could scarce forbear to hate Life, and to have in abhorrence his very Being. Then we must conclude there is no perfect happiness for Man here below; and ought rather to think of defending our selves against the Mischiefs that oppress us, than to sigh after a Bliss that is out of our reach.

But although it be true, that we cannot find in this Life the Imaginary Happiness we look a'ter, yet we ought not to wish for death, nor abandon our selves, as through despair, to our Miseries: For thence springs our ordinary folly, to look for Happiness where we cannot find it, and to overlook it when it is under our hands. Our Pleasures are short, 'tis true, and they are not freed from Gall; but as they are Pleasures they overweigh our sorrows; and 'tis one of the greatest Uses of Life, to manage 'em with Address.

As we ought to be capable to support the Ill, so we ought also to know how to enjoy the Good; we ought to have it equally in our power to lull asleep our senses for Grief, as to awaken 'em for Pleasure; for Temperance is far removed from all

Excess: She is no less an enemy of *excessive Fasting*, than *excessive Debauchery*; and he that should suffer himself to die with *hunger*, would as much offend her Laws, as he that should choak himself with *too much eating*. Madmen that we are, always complaining of the rigours of our Birth, the uncertainty of our Life, and the misery of our Death; nevertheless we every day add new *miseries* to the old; and it looks as if we were only rational to Render our selves the more wretched.

This sort of *Conduct* is very different from that of the *Wise man* we mention'd just before: He made, as it were, an Essay of all things of this World, for which we have the most ardent desires, and presently knew the vanity of them: But yet he did not suffer himself to go to a general disgust of all things that he had lookt after; but remaining always in the same station, he enjoyed peaceably his pleasures.

But let's return to our Subject, and see how we ought to manage the *Good* and the *Evil* for the *Use of Life*.

CHAP. II.

Of the Existence of G O D.

WHen I make an exact Reflection upon all my *Life*, I acknowledg I have had *sorrows* and *satisfactions* according to the different Opinions I had a mind to assume: My Thoughts have as well created my *Griefs* as my *Joys*; and I have always found within my self the source of my *Miseries* or *Happiness*.

I'll not dissemble my Thoughts, The Persuasion of a Deity, and the uncertainty of our Condition after Death, have many times very much intrench'd upon my Repose; and in these moments of confusion, I consider'd that all our Watchings, all our Knowledg, all our Employes, our Profits, and our Honours, must end in Death; and that none of those things being *eternal*, we ought to search elsewhere for refuge. But I often suffer'd my Soul to think licentiously of these things; and not respecting enough the

8 *Of the Existence of God.*

first Truth, I met with nothing but doubts and difficulties about the *Immortality of the Soul*.

And as I always relied in this Affair, upon the Reasons of other Men, so I could never have certain Notions ; and the confusion of the different Opinions of our Authors, gave me Insupportable uneasinesses ; never were my Mind and Conscience of one Opinion. I was constrain'd to suffer the shocks of these two Parties which combated incessantly within me ; and nothing equal'd my disquiet so much, as the difficulty to resolve the Question which was the Subject.

At length finding my self foil'd by all this Foreign Assistance, I was resolv'd to retire within my self, and consult my own Thoughts ; as those sick Men do, who finding themselves abus'd by the Ignorance of their Physicians, undertake to cure themselves. 'Twas here I cut off Commerce with all Books, where I never found any thing but difficulties and uncertainties. 'Twas here I resolv'd to consider with my self, and consult my own Opinion upon the structure of the Universe, and the Admirable Order and Symmetry which Reigns in all things,

And

Of the Existence of God. 9

And when I consider'd the *Heavens*, the greatness of those wonderful *Vaults* filled me with astonishment, and with I know not how awful a respect! The *beauty* of the *Stars*, the *silence* and the *solitude* of the *Night*, pierc'd me with such a secret horror as dispos'd me insensibly to Religion.

Can it be possible, said I to my self, that the *Motions* of the *Spheres*, so just and regular, should not have an *Intelligent Being* for their *Author*? If these wonderful *Globes* know and govern themselves, are they not the *Gods* who command the *World* as they please? And if they suffer the controul of some *Superior Power*, who can sway these fearful *Machines* but a *supream Hand*? Who can move these *Huge Bodies* but an *unaccountable Force*? Who can reconcile their various *Motions* but an *Infinite Wisdom*? This glorious *Sun*, continu'd I, which shines equally upon all *Men*, could it ever give us its light by chance? And that exquisite proportion that we may observe in it, could it ever proceed but from an *eternal Wisdom*?

After these *Meditations* I consider'd the perpetual *Disagreement* of the *Elements*; and I could never enough admire that
Happy

10 *Of the Existence of God.*

Happy War which entertains the World with so many wonderful Motions.

But above all, I made my Reason give place, and my whole Soul bend to that *Prodigy of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea*. The vast extent of Waters amaz'd me. But when I came to consider, that the most Threatning Billows broke against the smallest Rocks, and that having no sooner met 'em, but in despite of all their forwardness, they were oblig'd to return with Violence into themselves; 'twas here that I cry'd out, transported with Wonder, and seiz'd with Astonishment:

*The Sea eternally does roar,
Its angry Billows beat the passive shoar.
But Mounds of Sand their might restrain,
And force them to their watry Realms
again.*

*Neptune with Indignation sees
His Waves ingloriously retreat:
Then from the conquering Cliffs he flies,
And murmurs at his shame, and sighs at his
Defeat.*

At last, when I had sufficiently consider'd of these Objects, I took great pleasure to descend into my self, and there to observe the

Of the Existence of God. 11

the Structure of an Humane Body, and to contemplate all the Springs that move this admirable Machine. I reflected upon the disposition of so many differing parts, and yet all necessary to the composition and conservation of our Bodies; as *Bones, Nerves, Muscles, Blood and Spirits*. I consider'd the marvellous Oeconomy of all these parts, and cry'd out with Admiration, *Poor Man! who knowst not these things but by means of thy senses; Nevertheless, canst thou boast thy self Author of so excellent a Work, Thou who understoodst it not till after 'twas made? And must all the parts be expos'd to thy Eyes to give thee the least Insight? 'Tis certain, that the experience of many Ages has made thee comprehend the cause of thy Living, Digestion, Motion, &c. and yet in despite of thy most exact Observations, thou dost not know it but after a very imperfect manner.*

On the other side, casting my Eyes on the rest of Creatures, I examin'd, with admiration, *the different Figures of Animals, the Scales of Fish, the Feathers of Birds, the Furs of Beasts, and all those Things which regarded without attention, represent nothing distinctly to the mind, but sensibly discovered to me the greatest*
Won-

12 *Of the Existence of God.*

Wonders in Nature : For, call that *Destiny, Nature, Knowledge, or Divinity*, which creates and governs all below, yet is it not always a *Sovereign Power* ? Is it not always an *Infinite Wisdom* ? Then I remain'd confounded, to think where I had been ; and I could never enough wonder at *the malice of the wicked, or the blindness of the unbelieving* : For a Man must altogether forget himself, and lose the knowledge of all things, before he loses that of his **Creator**.

On whatever part we cast our Eyes, we presently perceive the Character of the **Divinity** ; and whoever studies Nature thoroughly, shall find sensible **Proofs** of the **Power** on which it depends.

But we have some lazy *would-be-wits* now a-days, always bent to the imitation of others, who, without ever examining themselves, or considering of the matter, espouse the Cause of Impiety, only to be thought Partners with some famous *Libertines*.

There are also some men, who by an extravagant reach of Soul, will in nothing depend on their Maker ; imagining, that the Obedience which they should pay to
this

Of the Existence of God. 13

this Infinite Majesty, would take away the Freedom of their Opinions.

Not but that we see sometimes the best and most knowing men in the world fall under some sort of Incredulity or doubt. But these do not give themselves the trouble to discover an Eternal Intelligence by the *Order of the Universe*. Their Curiosity drives them to consider what is possible to be; and after having stunn'd their Understanding with those Infinite Qualities which the Soul of Man cannot comprehend; they oftentimes become incredulous, because they cannot reconcile the Sentiments of their *Conceptions* to those of their *Conscience*. Now as we ought to laugh at *Sots*, and abhor the *Wicked*, I think that we ought to have compassion for the last, and to pity 'em, only because they are miserable.

Some people are upon the rack to persuade themselves to believe that which they cannot comprehend. Others attack Heaven it self, through a fearful Malice, and blaspheme a God whose Power they do not understand: So as they are always in trouble and despair; and after having been toss'd by the Fury of Impiety, they find themselves torn by the Remorse of
their

14 *Of the Existence of God.*

their own Conscience, especially when the Light forsakes 'em, and the Company which upholds 'em, leaves 'em in the Desert of Solitude. There is no passion so tormenting but they feel the sting on't; *Fear, Trouble, Disquiet* and *Madness* torture 'em by turns. It were better for their Quiet, if they never thought, than to have but the least Commerce with their Conscience; for nothing equals the Torments of the Wicked.

*If some lewd Blasphemies he pours,
In endless pains he spends the Conscious
Hours.*

*Hagg'd by the Ghastly Image of his sin,
No safe retreat without, no peace within.
He flies the Day, he fears the Night,
He runs from Truth's all searching light.
His Conscience too would leave behind,
But in himself both Judge and Torturer
does find.*

The Unbelieving, though they are not altogether so faulty, are not less Miserable. They hunt after, with difficulty, a thing they never find, and at every turn accuse Nature of being cruel only in regard of Man.

Thence

Of the Existence of God. 15

Thence proceeded the Complaints of that Great Man, who envy'd the Advantage which Beasts enjoy'd, of living in a commodious Ignorance of all things, without disquieting themselves with a search after any Truth.

Thence also proceeds the discontent of those Men who cannot think, without envying those of other Countries ; Nor see any Beast in the sweetness of his Repose, without envying the Tranquility that Nature has bestow'd on him.

It is then certain, That *the Belief of a God* makes the best foundation of all Pleasures ; and the Opinion we have of him, never suffers a Man to be without satisfaction in his *Prosperity*, and comfort in his *Adversity*. A Mind well ordered does not only taste delights in the *enjoyment of a Good it receives*, it also finds *Dainties to thank its Benefactor for* ; and every Reflection it makes upon 'em is a new *Subject of satisfaction*.

'Tis to God we must have recourse in Afflictions ; and there is no Anguish so great, but it may be sweetned by a total resignation to His Providence.

Then let every one judge how much Religion imports us, How much it advantages

16 *Of the Existence of God.*

vantages us to acknowledg *God*, and to submit our selves to his will, as well in consideration of our Duty, as for the interest of our Repose.

C H A P. III.

That we ought to restrain the Violence of our Appetites, by considering the true Worth of those things we desire.

I Find nothing more profitable, and more important to any one that has a mind to taste true Content in this Life, than to oppose his greatest Inclinations, and reduce his desires to those simple Motions which we call *Wishes*.

Nevertheless, as there is no Man but has some particular Inclination and Favourite Passion, so it is not an easie thing to come to an *Indifference*: But one may, notwithstanding, weaken ones Chains ; for there are no Bonds so strong which Reason and Experience cannot break in time.

In

In effect, as the sweetest Objects have their Gail, so there is no doubt but the Heart looses much of the force of its desires by some disgust. At such a time a Man lifts himself insensibly up above the World, the Pleasures that he was wont to hunt after with so much earnestness, then appear Insipid to him. He then sees how much it imports him to understand *the True Price of Glory*; What pain, or what satisfaction one finds in knowledg, that so we may not attempt any thing we may repent of; or expect any thing we cannot hope to enjoy.

With these prospects, Is there any Man whose *Reformation* one ought to doubt of? He that has been always us'd to *Submission* and *Obedience*, shall not he raise his desires to *the glory of Command*? The needy, shall not they establish their *happiness* in abundance, tho' they have been oppress'd with *want*? A Sluggard that suffers the reward of his *Idleness*, and the *remorses of a bad Life*, shall not he reckon him happy whom he sees in the esteem of all *honest* and *good Men*? Those that are embarrass'd with a Crowd will they not wish for the quiet of the Private?

18 *Of the Restraint of*

The Court and its Pomp tires us ; The Woods and the Fields become uneasie to us : But whoever has not tasted fully of *Vexation*, cannot easily be persuaded of its strange effects.

In short, we may disgust our selves with our condition, but not with those we have never experienc'd. And see here the manner we ought to make use of on this occasion, to find the *Vanity of all things*.

Although one has not all the Riches, all the Merit, all the fair Qualities ; yet one may reflect on them who have acquir'd them by *Fortune* or *Virtue*, and discover the *Anxiety* they labour under. We may see them then oppress'd with the same *Maladies*, subject as we to the same *Diseases* that *Nature afflicts us with*. We shall see a Wise Man not able to defend himself from *humour* and *folly* : An Heroe feeble, full of defects, and as much a Man as they which are below him. And the greatest Originals of *Europe*, as subject to particular weaknesses as the lesser Copies. We shall find in the end, that 'tis impossible to renounce Nature, and to raise our selves above the condition that God has plac'd us in. For in truth there
are

the Violence of the Appetite. 19

are no great Men, if we compare 'em one with another, but they are in themselves weak, unequal, and deficient in some part or other. Pomp and Splendor do not satisfy all those whom they surround. The excess of Delights palls our Appetites oftner than it pleases ; and all the advantages of *Nature* and *Fortune*, join'd together, know not how to create a full and entire *Happiness*. This consideration moderates the fierceness of our desires, and it may be will destroy those Inclinations we have to the most sensible and pleasing Objects: And then we shall search after our Content without disquiet, enjoy it without eagerness ; and lose it without regret.

C H A P. IV.
Of R E P U T A T I O N.

By Another Hand.

THere is no Passion which makes more unhappy people than this, which almost all Men entertain for an Universal esteem : For excepting some Persons of truly *Heroical Minds*, who act only for the satisfaction of their Conscience, and perhaps too for the approbation of good Men, all the rest do that for Noise, which ought to be done for Virtue, and suffer themselves to be enchanted with the shadow and appearance of a Thing, whose real Body doth not so much as affect them.

They would have all their *Actions* be esteemed *Virtuous*, but not that they should indeed be so ; They wish nothing more than *the applause of the people*, tho' in the midst of such a crowd and agitation 'tis almost

most impossible to discern the Truth ; and without considering the *Opinion of the Wise*, they suppose that all things are to be *decided by Numbers* ; and that the sentiments of *Learned Men*, whom they are pleased to call *Fantastical Persons*, cannot eclipse their Fame.

The most Ingenious demonstrate on this occasion a sufficient *finess* in their Conduct ; for being satisfied with themselves, and having had the luck to content honest Men by some essential quality, they accommodate themselves in a gross manner to the humour of the People, and gain the Vulgar by outward shew and appearance.

They commit voluntary Fopperies to agree with real Fops : They appear without parts to the Stupid ; Subile with Intrigueing Persons ; Generous with Men of Honour ; and in a word adapt themselves to all sorts of Characters with so dextrous a compliance, that one would say, Their humour is that of all others.

But besides that, in this way of proceeding we betray our proper sentiments, and that we oppose ourselves to the design of Nature, which has made us more for our selves than for other Men ; I don't

observe that these persons with all their *good-humour* and *complaisance*, with all their *feints* and their *dissimulations*, ever arrive at the point which they propose to themselves. On the other side, I have known it a Thousand times by experience, That those Men who are so greedy of *Reputation*, almost always lose it by that very *irregularity* and *greediness* with which they seek it; and that nothing so much interrupts their design, as their *excessive Passion* to obtain it.

In effect, shew me the Man who has at any time had *merit* and *good fortune* sufficient to acquire an esteem *truly general*? Who is he, that was ever *powerful* enough to *suppress* the *calumnies* of all his *Enemies*? And who is he that has been able, hitherto, to *stop the mouth of Envy*.

I can certify, that I have known some Persons so very *agreeable*, and so *virtuous*, that a Man could not *converse* with them without *admiration*, and *love*. They made *Partisans* even of their *own Enemies*; and one must have been *brutal* even to *excess*, either to withstand the *Charms of their Conversation*, or not to be won by the *Goodness of their Nature*. Yet for all this, I have seen some envious Devils

vils oppose their *malice* to so *conspicuous* a *Virtue*; and according as they had either *address* or *power*, stop the course of an *esteem* so just, and so well established.

Now, since it is impossible to catch this *flying Vapour*, after which I see the whole World runs, What folly is it to labour to obtain it with so much application, and pains so ill rewarded !

Besides this, a *Fop* that desires this *esteem* with *passion*, and does not deserve it, cannot long enjoy it. A good Man on the otherhand, soon makes *reflections* upon the *weakness* and *frailty* of this little Good; and feeling his *miseries* even through the *applauses* which are given to his *felicity*, he suffers *disquiets* and *uneasinesses*, when the World cries up his *advantages* and his *happiness*. *Veræ gloriæ cupidi nullâ ratione quiescere possunt, cum non inveniant unde possint aliquatenus gloriari.*

In effect, Have not we seen a *Vespasian*, who amongst all his *magnificence* and *splendor*, tired with the tediousness of the *Triumph*, and sensible of the *vanity* of that *glory* for which the People *flatter* him, appear *melancholly* and *sad*; nay, in the very *festivals* that were celebrated to thank the Gods for his *Fortune* and *Prosperity*?

Have not we seen that great and formidable King of *Sweden* despise the acclamations of the People? and reject the Panegyricks of Orators?

The Duke of *Candale*, whom we lately lost, regretted by all good Men, Had not he as great an aversion for this kind of *esteem*, as our ordinary Courtiers express a zeal to procure it?

It is then undeniably true, That 'tis impossible to acquire it, and that tho' we should obtain, yet the possession of it would be absolutely unserviceable; That as it depends less upon our selves, than upon *Fortune*, it is found liable to her *inconstancies*; That it is a *noise* which strikes nothing but the *Ear*, and which cannot form a *sensible impression* upon a *Noble Soul*.

If we have a mind then to labour for our *happiness*, let us endeavour to satisfy the *Minds* of the *Wise*, who are, 'tis true, but few in number, but from whom we may receive *real Approbations*.

Hatilius would not have a *wise Man* hazard his *Life* for the repose of *Fools*: But since we owe our Services and our selves to the advantage of our Countrey, and the good of our Friends, we ought
always

always to do *Actions worthy of publick Applause*, and to despise that very *renown*, after we have once perform'd them.

I would not, at the same time, advise such a sort of *disinterestedness* as should extend to the finding no *satisfaction* in the *esteem we deserve*; but as *Censures* follow *Approbations* close at the heels, let us rebate the edge of *Malice*, by withstanding those *false praises* which render it the more sensible to us; let us take advantage of a good *Reputation*, and not to be so sortishly stiff, as to forbid our selves all sort of *complaisance* relating to our own *Merits*: And if the *Publick* has *unjust Thoughts* of us, let us appear from their *Opinion* to the *Judgment of the Wise*, and so retire within our selves to receive *comfort* from the *testimony of our Conscience*.

CHAP. V.

Of Vexations and Displeasures.

By the same Hand.

TIS one of the greatest Secrets of *Life* to know how to *sweeten our Troubles*, and if we cannot get rid of our *Afflictions*, at least to weaken the influences of them. Without this we must resolve to be often miserable; for being exposed to an infinite number of Misfortunes, there hardly passes a day but presents us with a taste of some new unhappiness.

Now, I don't know any Remedy so effectual for this purpose as *forefight*; and whoever makes an exact reflection upon the *disappointments* and *crosses* of *humane Life*, will find himself *consolable* at least in his *severest disgraces*. For, as 'tis natural for us to make a *vigorous defence* against a *premeditated assault*, the Soul which pre-
 pares

Of Vexations and Displeasures. 27

prepares it self for *resistance*, through the *consideration of danger*, is much less shaken and concern'd at it.

I would have every one then so to foresee and expect all kinds of *Misfortunes*, that they may not be surpris'd at whatever happens.

Let a happy Courtier enjoy the favour of his Prince, and possess, as long as it shall please him, the delights of his good Fortune; but let the example of so many Falls dispose him to mistrust the firmness of his situation; Let him not always raise his Eyes, because he is at the top of the Wheel, but humble them sometimes; let him regard the place from whence he began to rise, and consider the *first degree of his Fortune*, as a Precipice, to which he may every moment fall again.

Let not a General of an Army be always secure of Victory, nor be puffed up with the Glory he has won, as much by the assistance of his Troops, as by his own Valour. One single day may determine his Fortune; but then after the loss of a Battel, let not him, who was before encompassed with so many people, suppose himself to be destroyed with them: He must be unconcerned, he must return to himself, and enjoy himself again. Let

28 *Of Vexations and Displeasures.*

Let not a Prince confide in his Empire without Reason, nor let the *obedience* of so many people rashly flatter his *Self-Love*: In Four and twenty hours we have seen Kings in the *Throne*, and following a *Chariot*. In the course of a few days, we have seen a Prince *Triumph*, and led in *Triumph*. The *Revolt of the People*, or the *loss of a Battel*, may dispossess him of the *Crown*, and put his *Scepter* into a Foreigners hand.

And here I cannot forbear to make an open confession: I adore the *Romans*, and believe they were something more than Men. I cannot without a sensible emotion consider *Brutus* and *Cassius*, who knowing the frailty of *humane greatness*, agreed before the Battel began how to *dispose of their Lives*, and considering the uncertainty of the event, embrac'd one another as if they were never to meet again. Methinks I see them giving their *last Adieus* with these noble sentiments of *Affection* and *Courage*.

The *Vulgar* imagine there is a timorousness in *foresight*, and as they are unable to conceive any sort of *danger* without fear, persuade themselves that a *Man cannot fall into it without blindness*. But as 'tis the
fault

Of Vexations and Displeasures. 29

fault of such *weak Reasoners*, to venture upon many things they don't understand, and to renounce them as soon as they come to know them; so it belongs only to Men of sense to *foresee the dangers that threaten them*, and to sustain with the same equality of mind, *the favours and disgraces of Fortune*.

But 'tis not sufficient for us to prepare our selves only against the loss of the *prosperities of Life*, for there are many other proofs of our Constancy: The death of our Friends, and even our own, much more sensibly affect us; and therefore we ought to expect it with a more solemn preparation, than a bare simple privation of extrinsic things, which ought to be indifferent to wise Men.

I am thinking every day how many things are dear to me, and after I have considered them as *temporary and perishable*. I then prepare my self to undergo the loss of them without *weakness*.

When the Sun begins to shine, I don't rely upon seeing the Evening. The day and the moment wherein I shall die, will it not resemble that which I spend to day? A Man shall equally hear the hurry of the World, shall enjoy the light, and live after

30 *Of Vexations and Displeasures.*

ter the same manner. Now, since we must all die, and are in so great uncertainties as to the time of death, let us prepare ourselves, from this day, to leave one another. There doth not pass an hour but somebody loses a Friend, I may then likewise reasonably expect every moment to lose one of mine ; and whenever such a thing happens, the circumstances of his death will not encrease my sorrow nor my affliction. Perhaps he will shed his Blood upon a Scaffold ; perhaps a Fire will reduce him to Ashes, or he shall be swallowed up in the Sea: But don't imagine that the circumstances of his death should redouble my grief, and that I should complain of nothing so much at his *Funeral*, as the manner of his loss ; 'Tis he that I find wanting, and it is of no importance whether he was taken from me by Water, Sword, or Fire.

Not that I would be here so wretchedly misunderstood, as if I would have a Man become a Barbarian in order to exercise himself to Constancy ; or that Nature or Friendship have not a right to extract tears from us, I am so far from advancing so *Brutal* an *insensibility*, that I maintain on the other side, it would be inhuman to refuse them on certain occasions

Of Vexations and Displeasures. 31

We *sigh* and *weep* justly enough in the first motions of our *Grief*, but a strong, vigorous Soul ought soon after to retire within it self, and return to that happy situation from whence the disorders of its Passion had removed it. For can a reasonable Man consider the *unprofitableness* of *his Tears*, and the *vanity* of *his* regret, but he must of necessity blush at a long and *violent Affliction*?

Indeed in those cases where we are able to *repair our ill Successes*, I am wholly of opinion that we ought to employ all sorts of *Remedies*: But in a *fatal Accident* which is never to be retrieved, pray tell me what is the service of a *ridiculous affliction*, and *paying Tears* which are at best *troublesome* to those who shed them, and *unserviceable* to those for whom they are shed?

*Why do we sigh, or why complain?
All these Tears are shed in vain;
Deaf to our sorrows and our grief,
The Dead receive not this relief.*

Besides this, we are to consider, that the most sensible persons in the World at length forget their tenderness; and the
Soul

32 *Of Vexations and Displeasures.*

Soul which at first is afflicted to excess, soon makes a relaxation of this violence, and is not long in exhausting the whole stock of its sorrow.

Our Complaints wear with our Years, and as the Object begins to remove it self from our imagination, our displeasure for its loss is insensibly removed from our mind.

If we were wise then, Should we not without reluctance resign up those sentiments of Grief to our Reason, which Weakness at last is constrain'd to resign to the length of Years?

A Father who died but two or three hours ago, is as effectually dead as any of our Ancestors; and that which is no more for us, ought no longer to affect us.

*Your Father, summon'd by his Fate,
Now mixes with his Brother-shades below.
Not the least tittle of your State,
Your Grief, or Sorrow does he know.
Tho' but last night he lost his breath,
Yet since He's in the hands of Death,
He's full as dead as Cæsar, who we know
Died so many years ago.*

This

Of Vexations and Displeasures. 33

This Reason alone is capable of sweetening our bitterness, and appeasing all the motions of our Greif: He whom I lost but now, feels nothing; has no further share in the day, and enjoys no more Life than those who were swallowed up in the Deluge; Why then should I torment myself in vain after a shadow, that has neither *Voice* nor *Thought*?

*Wisely your vain complaints give o're,
This foolish Tribute pay no more.
For empty shadows why should Tears
be shed?
Let's bury even the memory of the Dead.*

We ought further to consider, That in this rigorous separation of Soul and Body, nature commits no more violence, and shows no more ill usage to us than she does to the rest of the World: Of all these prodigious swarms of Men which fill the Earth, shew me one single person who is exempted from the cruelty of her Laws.

I very well know that every one has a sense of his *affliction*, and that those whose example I alledge here, relent and complain as well as we: For as we don't forbear to tast our own *happiness*, when we

34 Of Vexations and Displeasures.

know the *felicity* of others; so the knowledge we have of the *miseries* of our equals, deprive not us of the sense of our own *misfortunes* : And since *private Persons* partake in the *Publick Rejoycings*, How should they otherwise than share in the *General Sorrow* ?

There are some *common misfortunes* which have a relation to all Men, but every Man has his particular sentiments of them, and so endures, in that sense, the whole weight of his *affliction* singly.

Let us confess the Truth : That which affects us most in our *disgraces*, is to see nobody bear a *resemblance* to us. We cannot with any patience behold our selves destined to suffer an *unhappiness* alone, which all the World may be affected with as well as we. And to speak soberly, nothing so much augments the *sharpness of our afflictions*, as the *fierceness* and *pride* of those who seem to brave and despise them.

Now it is not mankind alone that attends us to death; all Animals, of what *species* soever, arrive to the same end, and undergo the same Law. That strength, dexterity and foresight which Nature has bestowed upon them for the *conservation* of their *Life*, is of no *use* and *service* to them at their *death*. The

Of Vexations and Displeasures. 35

The most insensible things have their end, which is a sort of death to them. Those very *Ramparts* that were proof against all the *batteries of the Cannon*, and the *violence of Men*, will sooner or later have their share in this *universal ruine*. The Elements themselves, which compose all things, will be at last destroyed. The Heavens will be turned topsy-turvy; The Sun and Stars will lose their light; and all the Mass of the World will be confounded in a general ruine: Can we then demand with justice *the everlasting Health of our Friends*, or of *our selves*? And since we must dye of necessity, Is it not a comfort for us to know, that all the things we have seen will perish, and suffer the same *destiny* with us?

*The Stars shall lose their glorious light,
The Element shall jarr and fight,
And all be buried in vast night.*
*The Great Creator of this Ball,
Master and Sovereign Lord of All,
Who out of Nothing did display,
Air, and Earth, and Fire and Sea,
Will with the same Almighty Hand,
To Primitive Nothing All Command.
And this great Change, to our surprize,
May happen ere to morrows Sun does rise.*

36 Of Vexations and Displeasures.

But behold now an *Affliction*, of which I am so sensible, that no *Arguments*, no relief drawn from *Philosophy*, can make me support it : 'Tis that Concern which *publick Calamities* inspire me with, in which my Senses interest me in spite of my self.

I am not able to hear the *Groans* of the People; I cannot understand *their Cries*, nor behold *their Tears*, without feeling my self affected with a real *Compassion*.

I cannot be a spectator of the *disorders* of my *Countrey*, nor consider the *ambition* of its *Oppressors*, without conceiving an *invincible aversion* for them.

We likewise experience another sort of *Vexation*, which invades us in the midst of *Pleasure* it self: It is nothing else oftentimes but a *disgust of abundance* ; for our Soul having not strength enough to digest it, suffers a mighty remission in the vigour of its *faculties*, and yields at length to the violence of these *excesses*.

Now for this, I find no better, and indeed, no other remedy, than to moderate our *Passions*, and to manage our *Pleasures* with a prudent and wise *Oeconomy*.

Thus *Epicurus* revived his *Appetite* by *abstinence*, and avoided all *excesses* to shun the *inconvenience* of *Debauchery*; and as
the

Of Vexations and Displeasures. 37

the continual society even of the best Men, becomes at length tiresome or insensible, those persons that have a delicate apprehension of *Pleasure* will voluntarily remove themselves from one another, to avoid the *disquiet that threatens them*, and to have a better taste of *the charms of Conversation*, by a new vigour which they bestow upon their Thoughts.

There remains nothing more for me to speak of, but another sort of *Vexation*, whose Cause I am not able to divine; and as 'tis extremely difficult to know the real subject of it; I find that it is hard to sweeten it, or to withstand it: It is a *Secret Displeasure* which hides it self in the bottom of the Soul, and which we *feel* much better than we can *discover*. 'Tis that which goes to Bed with us, which awakes and rises with us, which attends us at our Repasts, which follows us in our Walks, which we carry along with us, as well in a Crowd, as in Retirement, and which doth not forsake those whom it has once seized, till it has exhausted all its power upon them.

I have had a wearisome experience of this Malady, and have often felt the whole bitterness of it: I have gone with it to

38 Of Vexations and Displeasures.

the Play-house, and have come out with the same. I have carried it into the best Conversations without any relief; I have, during its excesses, used the most agreeable Diversions, but was insensible to them all the while; and in the midst of the *publick Joy*, have been constrained to shew my *ill humour*, and to appear *disgusted* with the *sweetest contentments of Life*; and at last have found no other Remedy to Charm it, but the *pleasure of good Eating and good Drinking*.

Good Cheer with our Friends is the Sovereign Remedy against this sort of *Vexation*; for besides that *Conversation*, which then becomes more *free and pleasant*, insensibly *sweetens* it, 'tis certain that *Wine revives the forces of Nature*, and gives our Soul *vigour sufficient to exclude all sorts of Melancholly*.

I know some morose, unsociable Persons will, at least in outward shew and appearance, declare a great aversion for this Remedy, whose Delights notwithstanding they do not condemn. But let us banish all *grimaces* here; I am little disturbed at their *mistaken severities*, since the most *rigid Philosopher of the World* has prescribed us this very Remedy; since the
seve-

severest of our Illustrious Men have submitted, if I may so express my self, their *most austere Virtues* to the *charms of this agreeable pleasure*; and since the best sort of Persons *disown not the Use of it*; but are only content to *condemn the Excess*.

CHAP. VI.

Of PLEASURES.

By Mr. MANNING of the *Inner-Temple*.
The same Hand with the former.

AFTER having discoursed of our *Disgusts*, and the means of qualifying the *bitterness of them*, it is not improper to entertain our selves about the *Pleasures of Life*.

Although, to speak the Truth, extrinsic things contribute much to our Pleasures, and 'tis not enough to have Senses, unless we have Objects to content them; yet the multitude of them being almost infinite, as in effect we find; it seems that our hap-

pinest depends in some measure upon our selves, and that our greatest *diversions* are *unpleasant* to us, if our *Senses* are not in a disposition to receive them.

As for my self, I am of opinion that we should never debar our minds of those *innocent pleasures which occur*, but live free from all those *disquietudes* that a consideration of what is past uses to infuse, as from the *disturbance* we conceive for what's to come.

The present time only is ours, and if we were wise, we should manage every moment as it were the last; but nothing is more ordinary, than the evil use we make of that time which Nature has allowed us.

There are few Men but would live long enough, if they knew how to live well; but it happens for the most part, that when we are a dying, we complain of not having lived as yet.

If we are destined to a long Life, we disturb it by the fear of not arriving to it; and when we are come to our limitation, we have nothing else left us but the concern of having manag'd it very ill.

This Pleasure which now presents it self, is perhaps the last I shall be sensible of; an infinite number of pains may overwhelm
me

me a moment after, Who then shall hinder me from enjoying my self innocently, whilst I may? Must the difference of places, or the inequality of Objects, keep me always in disorder, when I have power to live contented in all parts of the Earth?

I grant that indeed certain Persons are *dearer to us*, and more *agreeable* than others; that as there are *different Subjects* to divert us, so there are *delights* more and less affecting; But for the sake of a *pleasure* which I earnestly hoped, am I to despise all others?

That Life which slides away in the Countrey, is no less mine than that I pass at *Paris*. The days wherein I am wholly *buried in Grief*, will be reckoned to me as well as my most *joyful Festivals*; and will contribute as much as they to make up the number which must confine my years.

Why then should the *charms of my Repose* be troubled here by the *remembrance of those Pleasures I should have tasted*, or by the *imagination of those which I pretend to enjoy*?

'Tis an imprudence to be desirous thus to return to those places we had forsaken; and to endeavour to be present in those, where we cannot be so soon.

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If the *Pleasures* we find in the *Countrey* are different from those of the *Court*, let us endeavour to adapt our minds to them: For who can hinder us from *exalting* and *bumbling* our selves in this manner? We have here neither *Masick-meetings*, nor *Balls*, nor *Play-house*; but then we have no *disgraces*, no *servitude* to fear or undergo.

Conversation is not so agreeable here. Admit it is not, a Man may have Commerce with himself, and with Persons that however are not troublesome.

Cato entertain'd himself with *Children*, after he had applied himself all the day to the Service of the *Commonwealth*; and our best *Wits* in *France* disdain not to hear a *Tale* from one of their Servants, after the most *serious Discourses*.

A Man must endeavour to live easily in all places, and tast those *Pleasures* which his respective abode can furnish him with.

Let us not play the Philosophers so much, as to condemn by our *austerity* the *Magnificence of the Court*. I wish we could imitate the *Virtue* of the Ancient *Romans*. Let us be Just, let us be Generous as they were; but we may very well neglect those extravagant *Maxims*, whose severity-Corrects fewer Persons than it scares. If

If we have not wherewith to be splendid, let us not accuse others of an immoderate splendor ; for certainly one cannot condemn so much *fine Workmanship* produced by *human Industry*, without being *fantastically severe*.

One may admire the *Pomp of a glorious City*, very innocently ; one may partake of the *delights of Perfumes*, and the *satisfactions of Musick* ; In short, one may behold with pleasure the *delicacy of Painting*, and yet not *infringe the Laws of Temperance*.

If, by *constraint*, or *inclination*, we have established our *residence in the Countrey*, let us there leave off admiring the *Labours of Man*, in order to Contemplate the *Works of the Creator*, and the *Wonders of Nature* : Let us remove our thoughts from the *Pride and Glories of the Court*, and innocently tast the *sweets* which occur in *solitary places*.

The *Heavens*, the *Sun*, the *Stars*, the *Elements*, have not they Beauties enough to satisfy the mind that contemplates them ?

The extent of *Plains*, the course of *Rivers*, the *Meadows*, the *Flowers*, the *Rivulets*, have not they sufficient Charms to enchant the sight ?

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The Musick of Birds, is that ever wanting
in our Groves? And if it is true, that men
have learnt theirs from the Nightingales,
What advantage may we receive by having
so great a number of these little Masters
at our Service, without being in our Pay?

WELL, what're sins by turns have
sway'd me,

Ambition never reach'd my heart.

It's lewd pretences ne're betray'd me,

In publick ills to act a part.

Let others Fame or Wealth pursuing,

Despise a mean but safe retreat,

I'll ne're contrive my own undoing,

Nor stoop so low as to be great.

The faithless Court, the pensive Change,

What solid Pleasures can they give?

Oh, let me in the Country range,

'Tis there we breath, 'tis there we live.

The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,

Smiling Valleys, murmuring Fountains,

Lambs in flow'ry Pastures bleating,

Ecchos our complaints repeating.

Birds in cheerful Notes expressing

Nature's bounty, and their blessing:

These afford a lasting pleasure,

Without guilt, without measure.

In a word, we may live contented in any part of the World, and we only change our pleasure, when we change the place of our abode.

Here the mind finds its satisfaction in the study of Nature ; Here our Senses meet with their delights; and whoever is capable of moderation, may find in all places but too fertile a scene for his contentment. Neither the limits of Solitude, nor the little space of a Prison, can hinder a wise Man from finding his tranquillity : He may meditate there, and with pleasure reflect on the good Actions he has done, and comfort himself by the pleasing thoughts of his Innocence.

A Man does not always lie under a necessity to enjoy the full extent of the Fields in order to be happy. Our *happiness* for the general part lies in our selves ; and as we sometimes find our selves uneasy under the full enjoyment of our Liberty, so it may very well happen, that we may be satisfied even in those Prisons in which we are confined.

The most cruel Tyrants in the Universe could never yet find Dungeons for our Souls ; they cannot become Masters of it, unless we are willing to enslave it our selves;

selves ; Their Chains cannot bind it, and let the Body be enclos'd in what place it will, it changes neither place nor habitation.

Thus we may find contentments every where ; Let us endeavour only to enjoy them with moderation ; and rest perswaded that it is an error to condemn *Pleasures as Pleasures*, and not as they are *unjust and unlawful*.

In truth, let them be never so innocent, the *excess is always criminal*, and tends not only to our *disgrace*, but to our *dissatisfaction*. A Man that loseth his *Reputation by Debauchery*, very often loses his *Health* too, and hurts his *Constitution* no less than his *Honour*.

If we are insensible to *the Charms of Pleasure*, let us excite our *Tast* and our *Appetite* by a just consideration of those *pains* which are their contraries.

Let those who find themselves abound in the conveniencies of *Life*, tast their happiness by the opposition of the necessities of others ; and let the thought of *misfortunes* make them deliciously enjoy that felicity, which they possess.

Let a good Man make reflections upon the state of his Conscience, and rejoyce
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that he finds neither *remorse* nor *anguish* in the bottom of his heart.

Let *Health*, which we ordinarily taste after the same manner as we do an *insensible Good*; let this *rich present* of *Nature*, I say be felt more lively by the comparison of *Diseases* and *Infirmities*, to which so many others are liable.

Let a Man of good *Health*, esteem himself happy, not only in the enjoyment of his felicity, but let the thought of enduring nothing amongst so many troublesome Objects that encompass him, render him still more undisturbed; Let him rejoice not only for the *good fortune* which he enjoys, but likewise for the *unhappiness* he has not: Let the *Pleasure* which he tastes, and the *Pain* which he suffers not, contribute equally to give him new satisfactions.

As to what remains, let us banish that disorderly passion of *Envy*, that vile infamous passion which corrupts all our *Pleasures*. Let not our Eyes or Ears become in the least concerned for possessions that don't belong to us; but let us partake, without *Covetousness*, of all the Charms of those places which we go to see. Every thing that is made for the pleasure of sight, Doth it not belong to me

me, so long as it is exposed before mine?

The *Louvre*, *Luxembourg* House, and the *Tuilleries*, as much belong to me, when I am gazing upon their Beauty, as to those whose legally they are. For, to speak properly, nothing can be ours, but by an actual enjoyment. The conclusion which I infer from all these Discourses, is, that we ought to rejoyce with Moderation. To apprehend this Assertion rightly, all that is done in the World, is done only for pleasure; and tho we take different ways, yet we see all mankind incline to the same end.

He that searches for Reputation in the Field, and breaks through all the dangers of Fire and Bullets to obtain Honour, would not expose himself to the least Danger, if he did not expect that satisfaction one finds in himself, or that which is derived from Fame,

He that grows old in his Closet, amongst a parcel of Mouldy, Moth-eaten Books, would not employ the least pains in the acquisition of Sciences, if he did not receive some pleasure in the pursuit: All our Actions have no real object, but Pleasure; without that the most Laborious Persons would Live languishing and idle.

idle. 'Tis that alone which makes us active ; 'tis that which stirs all bodies ; 'tis that which gives motion to all the Universe : Let every one then follow that method which suits best with his *innocent inclinations*, and enjoy all *Delights* that present themselves to him, when they are not repugnant to the true Sentiments of *Honour*, or *Conscience*.

*To Mademoiselle L A
Consolatory Discourse upon
the Death of Monsieur M . . .*

By Mr. MANNING.

I Hear, *Madam*, that you lament the death of Monsieur M . . . and am sensible that it is your Duty to lament it: He was a person of *extraordinary Merit* ; he Lov'd you tenderly ; he had done you great Services: How cruel, how unjust, nay, how ungrateful would you be, if you did not bewail his loss ! I am so well

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perswaded of the greatness of it; that I am even in pain to know if you have been able to preserve your Senses all this while; & with the abandoning of your Eyes and Mouth to sorrow may be the utmost of your *affliction*: What way soever you escape, you will give the World sufficient proofs of your *Wisdom*, if you don't *run Mad*.

Let others shed Tears by measure, and proportion their sadness to the occasion of it, I shall not be surpris'd; but it would be an amazing thing to see you afflict your self by Rules; you, who may so justly mourn, you, who have no other way to signalize your gratitude than by your *lamentation*.

Perhaps it may be represented to you, that you ought to weep with more moderation, and that your Sex, your Age, and your Condition, exempt you from abandoning your self intirely to your Grief: But believe me *Madam*, don't for all that deprive your self of the satisfaction of Weeping; Answer the Duties of a just Friendship to the full: Mourn without constraint for a Man, whose chaste delights you were; and without shame lament a Man, who could not be but the delights of the Chast. In dying he has set all your
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Sentiments at Liberty; and his death delivers you from those scruples, which tormented you during his Life.

It would be in vain for *Slander* to misinterpret your complaints: The Relation that was betwixt him and you doth but too highly justify you. 'Tis apparent, as you were so nearly joyn'd in blood, nothing but a lawful correspondence could be established between you.

You could find nothing in him but *Wit*, *Honour* and *Wisdom*: These Qualities, generally speaking, are not overmuch the favourites of our Senses. They are fitter to raise Friendship than Love; and to serve as a support for Virtue, than to afford matter for Passion.

You could not be tempted, either with Youth, Beauty, Riches or Splendor: He had neither wherewith to purchase, or seduce you; and Nature and Fortune equally conspired to deny him what might engage a Lady of your merit to Love, and what might engage himself to miscarry. Alas! who is ignorant that if you had been inclined to one of the two, either your Love might have chosen Demy-Gods for its Objects, or your Wants might have found Treasures for their Recompense?

Let them alone then, let them talk who have not the gift of silence: *Innocence* and *Virtue* are not a sufficient sanctuary against *Calumny*. *Sanctity* it self has not defended the *Pauls*, the *Melanius's*; and if *Canonized Friendships* have been *suspected*, why should not yours, as untainted as it is, be brought into *question*?

Besides, Where's the advantage of *constraining your self*? you run an equal hazard, both by *dissimulation*, and by *divulging your Grief*.

If you *divulge* it, you will perhaps awaken the *Reproach*; but if you *dissemble*, you will undoubtedly encrease it: And as it is always sooner fastened upon *concealed Actions*, than those that are *above-board*, it will impute your *moderation* to your *Artifice*, and the *serenity* of your Face to the easie *submission* of your mind.

But, *Madam*, I would have your Grief keep to appearances, and take a *superficial Calm* for a *profound Tranquillity*. What will you advance by this Conduct? If it doth not find you too tender, it will find you too ungrateful. I leave it to you to judge, whether it is better to be accused of a *Vice*, or of a *Passion*? And if it is more shameful to appear *susceptible of Love*, than *capable of ingratitude*? But

But why should I seek Reasons to encourage your *affliction*? Can it be possible that you should fear to hazard your Tears upon the death of your Friends, and that you must be heartned against the attempts of *Calumny*, to dispose you to pay the last offices to *Friendship*?

In the mean time, what can my design be here? and who obliges me to wish that your *Grief* may be *free and violent*, instead of being *moderate and constrained*? I would have it *free*, lest it should prove dangerous; I would have it *violent*, for fear it should be of continuance: It might attempt some violence upon you, if you should keep it captive: It would be lasting if you should let it be moderate. I consent to have it make your tenderness appear; but I pretend likewise to have it demonstrate your force of Mind; you will acquit your self of the Duty of a good *Friend*, in lamenting your *Friend*; As you will perform the duty of an *Heroic Woman*, in not lamenting too long.

Manage your self then in such a manner, that your *Grief* may not be unworthy of him, and that it may be worthy of your self: Lament then, if you please, as a *Heroe*; but lament him in the quality of a *Heroine*.

54 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

I allow you more than this; abandon your self for some time to your *affliction*; but take care to see it so well satisfied in that time, that it may require no farther a Tribute from you.

Entertain it as long as you think fit, with the *Idea* you conceive of your *Illustrious Deceased*; Represent to your self that *Noble Countenance*, that *severe Air*, those *venerable Wrinkles*; in a word, that Head of *Socrates*, which denoted so well both the *Soldier* and *Philosopher*.

Then proceed to the qualities of his Mind: Reflect upon that natural elevation which rendred things of the greatest moment entirely familiar to him. Consider with what clearness he pierced into the obscurest matters; with what subtilty he examined the most curious; with what fecundity he handled the most barren; and with what solidity he made choice of the most important.

From thence proceed, if you will, to the equality of his Soul: Consider what an absolute Command he had over his Sense; and his Moderation, that made him renounce all Pleasures.

Then after you have considered the regularity of his Manners, consider also how
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ease they fate upon him: What indulgence had he not for all those defects that might be supportable in a *civil Life*? Did he not seem to believe that he singly was obliged to be *Wise*? And (directly opposite to the rest of Men) did he not more easily dispense with the greatest *infirmities of his Friends*, than the meanest of his own *imperfections*?

Can you imagine any person to be more *Virtuous*? Yes, without doubt, *Madam*, his *Virtue* went yet further, since he made it no less a scruple to *discover the Vices of his Enemies*, than to *publish his own Perfections*.

You know, *Madam*, that one of the most powerful Men of *Europe* was his Enemy, and proved the instrument of his ruine; and yet you know, *Madam*, that your Friend never failed to pay the *respect due to his Quality*, nor the *discretion to conceal his defects*.

No doubt on't but he was perfectly acquainted, and consummate in this *Wisdom* of condemning no body, since he preserved it even in favour of those who oppressed him.

How many Thousands, in his Circumstances, would have exclaim'd against the

56 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

Times and Manners ! How many Thousands would at least have reveng'd themselves of the injustice done them, by speaking the Truth ! and in a word, *sharpened their Tongues to destroy their Enemy*, to discover the *Vices of his Mind*, and the *disorders of his Soul* ; the *baseness of his Designs*, and the *iniquity of his Actions* ; the *evil use of his Authority*, and the *misemployment of his Riches* ; the *indiscretion of his Conduct*, and the *indignity of his Person* !

Your Friend was Master of a Soul too generous, as well as strong to evaporate his Grief in *Complaints* and *Invectives*. He was convinced that nothing more discredits the *violence of wicked Men*, than the *moderation of the good*. He knew well that *Persecutors never become more odious*, than by the *Wisdom of those whom they Persecute*. He was contented to let his *silence and reservedness* declare him worthy of a better Age.

He would not say a Word that might deserve his disgrace. He would not do an Action, that might acquit the Authors of it. In a word, He would oppose nothing to their *Ambition*, but his *Modesty* ; to their *Violence* but his *Constancy* ; to their

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Authority, but his *Prudence* : And without doubt the Conduct which he preserved in his *Disgrace*, was a perpetual exercise of these *Virtues*.

I am perswaded that he practised all the rest in Prosperity : But although great Souls are always great in both Fortunes, I ever took more care to observe them in the bad, than in the good. I look upon them in the good, as in a career of Exercises and Sports ; I regard them in the bad, as in a Field of Hardships and Battels.

The *Virtues* of a *happy Man* are agreeable and easie ; the *Virtues* of the *unhappy* are difficult and troublesome. In a word, the *happy Man* has nothing else to do, but to give himself up to his *Virtues* ; and the *unhappy* must even sacrifice himself to his.

I look upon your Friend then through the finest part of his Life, when I consider him in his Adversity : Nevertheless I leave you the liberty to recall the most agreeable ideas, that ever his good Fortune furnished you with.

You may still do more, and you will undoubtedly : You will recollect all the Marks of Friendship which he gave you ;
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58 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

you will recall all his tenderness, and all his Services. Grief is too ingenious not to make an exact search after all things that may be of advantage to it : It is accustomed to live at the expence of the memory, and as long as it can find any subsistence, I question not, but it will rake up all its corners, and put all the subservient faculties in agitation.

But after all, there must be a time prescribed to this *Passion* ; and indeed time it self will prescribe limits to it.

I know there are some obstinate people in the World, who have sworn an Oath of Fidelity to their Grief, and contracted with it for their whole Life. But what offence has Nature done them, that they should thus throw themselves into the party of her Adversary ? It is true, she has deprived them of what they loved. But what, if she makes us die without our own consent, can we take it amiss that she destroys others without our permission ? Are not other people of less value to us, than our selves ? And since we must learn to dye without repugnance, should we not learn to see others dye without despair ?

Let us refer then, both our own *Death*, and that of our *Friends*, to the order of the
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Universe. Let us consider our *Friends*, whilst they live, as *good things* we are obliged to part with. Let us consider them, when they are *dead*, as *good things*, which we were to enjoy but for a short space. Thus we shall enjoy them without too much *inquietude*; and shall lose them without too much *concern*.

You will alledg to me perhaps, that *Precepts* are of no *service*; that *enjoyment* has always afforded *pleasure*, and that *privation* will always cause *pain*. But examine well, *Madam*, whether you are not mistaken in some manner upon the *Publick Faith*.

The greatest part of the World believes that the *privation* of a great happiness, is a great *misfortune*: The most *judicious* part believes the contrary; great Men, 'tis true, have *established this Error*, but greater have opposed it. I make you the *Arbitrator*. Is it not certain that there is no *medium* between *enjoyment* and *privation*; but that there is one between *pleasure* and *pain*, which is *indolence*? How then can you pretend we are obliged to fall from *pleasure* into *pain*, just as we fall from *enjoyment* into *privation*?

60 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

The *Philosophers* that have received no grief by their *Losses*, and the *Saints*, who have even extracted *Joy* from them, sufficiently justify, that *privation* is not a natural cause of *Pain*.

The *Blind*, the *Cripples*, and the *Infirm*, whom neither their *Reason* nor *Holiness* has raised above *Sensibility*, justify it yet more. We see them rejoyce like other men, yet they endure the most cruel of all *privations*. But we need not admire at it. Nature teaches them to support themselves for the *Pleasures* they have lost, by reflecting upon those which remain to them; and they have always enough, provided their mind is not distracted with *pain*.

Observe then, if you please, that in *Privations* the *Pain* doth not always distract our Mind; that the cutting off of a hand, doth not hinder us from being *Voluptuous*: But that a *Gouty-hand* makes us insensible of all *Pleasures*. For there needs no more to prove that *Pain* must have a real cause, and by consequence cannot be the effect of *Privation*.

I don't disown, but that the loss of what has afforded us *Pleasure*, does furnish us with an occasion of *Grief*; the experience of all Mankind would contradict so

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A Consolatory Discourse. 61

Fantastical an Opinion. I should have against me the Tears of all *Widows*, the Cries of all *Orphans*, the Mourning of all *Relations*, and the Voice of all the *Afflicted*.

But must be granted also, that *privation* is not a cause of *Pain*; otherwise *Pain* would be *Eternal*, as *Privation* is.

You know, *Madam*, that there is no *Privation*, but what is *Eternal*; and that there is no *Grief* but what is *Transitory*. So that if to prove *Privation* to be a cause of *Grief*, you alledg the Example of all those, who *Mourn*; to prove that *privation* is but an occasion of *Grief*, I can use for my own justification, the example of all those who are *Comforted*. Is it not true, that those who are comforted are in a state of *Privation*, as well as those who are *Afflicted*? 'Tis therefore probable that *Privation* is not precisely a cause of *pain*; and that we must admit some other, which suffers degrees and variations.

I am of opinion *Madam*, it would not be improper here to discover to you this *Cause*, and to let you see why it doth not act upon some particular minds: Why it acts upon others: Why it ceases or continues to act; and in a word, why it acts with

62 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

with more or less *Violence* ; But as this Discussion would engage me in too large a Field, so it would put you to the expence of too intense an Application, which perhaps in your present condition you are not capable of making.

I would treat you as a Lady of *Resolution* and *Learning*, and also as a *languishing* or a *curious Person* ; I am for leaving to your She Friends the care of sweetning your Affliction by their Tears, and for reserving to my self the employment of engaging it with my Reasons. But as I pretend to confine my self to useful things, I will apply my self only to what may be proper for your cure.

To which end, *Madam*, you need only make a short Reflection upon the Causes of Grief: You know that all Grief immediately proceeds from Separation, and that there are two kinds of Separation: (For one relates to things continued, and t^other to things united.) But you are perhaps still to be informed that the Separation of continued things occasions the pain of the Body; and that the Separation of things united, causes the pain in the Mind.

A Consolatory Discourse. 63

In the mean time, 'tis of no great importance to dwell longer upon this cause, by reason it is not possible to hinder Separation from producing Pain, and that it is even impossible to hinder *Separations*.

We must ascend somewhat higher, and in that imitate the Conduct of the *Physitians*, who seldom have any regard to the nearest Cause, but always apply themselves to that which is remote, because 'tis that which feeds the Distemper, and is the cause of ill Humours; and 'tis chiefly against this that their Remedies exert their Vertue.

The remote cause of the *pain in the Mind*, is *Opinion*. But what is this *Opinion*? Some say that it is an *undetermined Judgment*. As for my self, I take it to be the *evil Choice of our Judgment*. At least I don't apprehend how *indetermination* agrees with what one ordinarily calls *Opinion*. There is nothing less indeterminate than that: For does it not principally proceed from the force of *Opinion* that we expose our selves to *Dangers*, to *Vexations*, and to *Death it self*? Wou'd we incur so many *Hazards for real Benefits*? What likelihood then is there that *Opini-*

on would engage us so far, if it was nothing but an *undetermined Judgment*?

I have here great *Discoveries* to make to you, did I rather *propose* to my self to satisfy your Mind, than to calm your Heart. I would then endeavour to shew you after what manner *Opinion* is *formed*; and how it *moves the Mind and the Body* : But when you have well *considered*, that *Opinion* is the *remote cause of Grief*, you will have almost all the *Knowledge*, which is necessary for *your Cure*.

Pleasure and *Pain* are the Sentiments which *our Soul* has of what is agreeable or offensive to us : But because nothing can feel, if it doth not touch, nor be felt if it is not touched, it follows of necessity that what produces *pleasure* and *pain* *must touch the Soul* ; it is certain then that all *sensible Beings* necessarily touch it : But all *Beings* are not *necessarily sensible* : There are none but those, which are *delightful* or *prejudicial* to us in themselves, that are so ; and these are *the Goods* or *Evils of Nature*.

The rest, which are called *indifferent*, are not so but when they lose *their indifference* ; and they never lose it, but when *Opinion* fastens to them the Idea of *Good*

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or *Evil*, and then they become the *Goods* or *Evils* of *Opinion*.

But the Idea of *Good* or *Evil* is no sooner fix'd to an *Object*, but the Soul unites it self with it, or separates from it. This *Union* is made by a kind of touch, which gives *pleasure to the Soul*; and this *Separation* is made by a motion which gives *pain* to it, and which cannot be better expressed than by the word *Divulsion*, which *Physick* has appropriated to its own use.

You see then, *Madam*, that the *separation of the Soul from its Objects*, is the immediate *Cause of Pain*; and that *Opinion* must be the remote *Cause* of it, since it is the *cause* of this *separation*.

This Principle being once established, it is easie to explain all the degrees and differences of *Pain*, by the greater or lesser violence which the Soul endures, in disengaging it self from those objects to which it was fastened.

But we must pass to a more useful consideration, and observe after what manner *Opinion* acts against us, that we may know how to act against *Opinion*.

I find then that *Opinion* cheats us three ways; Sometimes it gives us an Idea of *Good* and *Evil* altogether false; oftentimes it gives

66 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

us one that is false in part, and almost always misapplies their real Idea to objects.

It gives us an Idea of *good* and *evil* altogether false, when it makes them pass with us for what they are not: It gives us an Idea partly false, when it makes us conceive them to be less, or greater than they really are. It misapplies their real Idea to Objects, either when it applies it to an object, from which it disagrees; or to an object with which it agrees less than with another, or to an object with which it agrees no more than all other objects of the like nature.

Thus, although *Existence* and *Nothing*, *Life* and *Death*, are neither *Goods* nor *Evils*, yet *Opinion* has made them pass for the greatest *Goods* and the greatest *Evils* in the World.

Notwithstanding *Health* is the most valuable Gift of *Nature*, yet the Covetous prefer the Gifts of Fortune to it; and fear less to become indisposed, than to become poor.

After that *Opinion* has given us these Ideas, either absolutely false, or false in part, or misapplied as to the Objects, it wholly puts the Soul upon possessing the *Good*, or avoiding the *Evil*, which it presents to it. It prepossesses it so much, that it hinders
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it from disposing it self to the contemplation and enjoyment of other *Goods*; and leaves it no leisure to beware of other *Evils*, and to avoid them: Inſomuch that it ſeems the Soul knows but one *ſingle Good*, and one *ſingle Evil*; or at leaſt but one *great Good*, and one *great Evil*.

This ſtate of *prepoſſeſſion* is a kind of *divorce* that the Soul makes from all other *Goods*, in order to unite it ſelf more ſtrictly to the *Good* it eſpouſes.

This *Good* which proceeds from its choice, appears to be ſolely made for it, and reduces it to the neceſſity of being no longer happy, than by its poſſeſſion.

'Tis for this Reason, that too *paſſionate Lovers* cannot partake of other *pleaſures* than thoſe which they receive from *Love*.

Notwithſtanding this *Good of Opinion*, the *Good* of the *choice of the Soul*, is not more ſolid, or more durable than the reſt; and as ſoon as it comes to fail, the Soul which knew nothing elſe for the *object of its felicity*, no longer knows where to betake it ſelf.

It ſees nothing that can make amends for what it has loſt; and till ſuch time as it has formed another *Idea* full as ſtrong and as agreeable, it remains fixed in the

contemplation of the change it finds in its *object*, or else it acts in the search of other *objects*. When it was fixed, its *pain* is stupid and dumb: when it moves, its *pain* is restless and complaining.

To cure our selves of *Opinion*, and consequently of the *pain* it occasions to us, we must do against it, the contrary of what it doth against us; We must frame to our selves a true Idea of *Good* and *Evil*: and either correct what is false in the Idea we have; or if we conceive a just one, to apply it well to *objects*.

In order to frame a true Idea of *Good* and *Evil*, a Man has nothing else to do but to consult *Nature*; what it avoids is really *bad*; what it searches after is unquestionably *good*.

But we must take care, that there are things which it avoids or desires merely for themselves; and likewise that there are other things which it avoids or desires to shun or obtain others.

The first are *pleasure* and *pain*; the second are those which may afford us *pleasure* and *pain*.

We must also remark, that the things which *Nature* desires for themselves, are those one may call *good* of themselves; and

and that all others have but a borrowed goodness.

Examine, as long as you please, all the *Goods* of the World, and you will always find them much more desirable than really they are, till you have enjoy'd them. Examine likewise all the *Evils*, and you will always find them to be feared beyond what they ought to be, till you have made the experiment your self.

You may demand of me here why *Virtue* opposes *Pleasure*, if *Pleasure* is the good of *Nature*? And you may likewise add, That *Virtue* ought not to be called a *Good*, if it is contrary to the essence of *Good*. But if you regard *Virtue* near at hand, you will observe that it is not *Pleasure* which it opposes, but only the species and excess of *Pleasure*. You will also see, that when it opposes either the *species* or the *excess* of it, 'tis only done in its favour, to render it greater, or more secure.

All moral *Virtues* are but means to preserve, both *Pleasure* in *Nature*, and *Nature* in *Pleasure*.

Might I assume the freedom here to make a little digression, I would make you sensible, that the severest *Virtues* are but honest Mediators between *pleasure* and *pain*.

But what should we say of those *Christian Virtues* which have no other *object*, or at least no other allurements but *Pleasure*; and which conduct us to God no other-wise than as He is the source of *Eternal pleasures*?

What shall we say of those Expressions used by the Prophets, who say that *God will overwhelm us with a torrent of pleasure*? In a word, what shall not we say of the opinion of the greatest Doctors, and the greatest Saints, who believed, That the *joy of seeing God, would make up the essence of our Eternal felicity*?

All these advantages would be of mighty use to establish *pleasure* for the *single good of Nature*: But let us keep to the most simple and most evident Reasons: and agree, That since there is nothing *good* but what affords *pleasure*, and nothing *bad* but what affords *pain*, it is certain that *pleasure* and *pain* are really the *good* and *evil* of *Nature*.

All this being well understood, would you believe, *Madam*, that a pretended Prince of Philosophers has affirmed that *Nothing* was the greatest of all *evils*; and that *Death* was the most formidable? Will not you maintain against him, That they are not

evils;

evils, since they represent no Idea of *pain*?

Can *Nothing* do an injury to what is not? And can *Death* prejudice what is no more? *Nothing* takes away the subject of *pain*; *Death* destroys it; and neither of them can be the principle of it, since they are both *Nothing*, and that to produce, there must be *existence* in the Case.

You see then, that by forming to your self a just and natural Idea of *evil*, you exterminate presently the two most formidable Monsters, that *opinion* ever brought forth.

I own there is an infinite number of things which we call *evils*. Shall we then give the Lie to Mankind, or shall we force it to change its Language? No, *Madam*, I know that the publick Voice has right to impose Names; But have not we also a right to interpret the names which it imposes?

We may say then, that this name of *Evil*, which properly belongs to *pain*, has been transferred to all things that may produce it. We have divided them into *Evils*, of *Nature*, of *Opinion*, and of *Fortune*.

The *evils* of *Fortune* and of *Opinion* only differ in this, That all the *evils* of

Fortune; are evils of *Opinion*; and that all the evils of *Opinion* are not evils of *Fortune*: Wherefore we may reduce all evils to those of *Opinion* and *Nature*.

Under this term of *evils of Nature*, we understand all kinds of *Pains* and *Distempers*, and all natural inconveniencies.

And we use to comprehend them in three conditions of *Life*, in which it is as it were impossible to be without *pain*: And they are *Indisposition of Body*, *Slavery*, and *Poverty*. But these three conditions sometimes leave us so much indolence and tranquillity, that one cannot so much call them the *evils of Nature*, as *evils of Opinion*.

It is not enough for us to have a just Idea of *evil* in general, we must also have a just one in particular; and after having known that all *evils* are *pains*, we must know what are those *pains* which are called *evils of Nature*; and what are those, the World calls *evils of Opinion*.

It will likewise be of great service to learn how to regulate and put them in order; to the end that we may not only avoid running the risk of taking *Evils* for what they are not; but also that we may be exempt from the danger of apprehending
ing

ing them for greater than they are.

The *Evils of Nature* are those which, without our thinking of them, excite in us the sentiment of *Pain*; The *Evils of Opinion* are those which excite it only, when we think upon them.

We may also say, That the *evils of Nature* are those, which not only make themselves felt without our thinking of them; but which make us even think of them, because we feel them: And that the *evils of Opinion*, are those which we don't feel, but when we think of them, and because we think of them.

Upon this Rule, it will be judged that *Hunger* and *Thirst* are *evils of Nature*; and that the *death* of a *Father* or a *Husband*, are *evils of Opinion*.

You may derive from thence four consequences, which will serve you to assign a difference and order amongst all *evils*; to judge rightly of their greatness, and in a word, to regulate your sense of them.

The first is, That the *evils of Nature*, are but the *evils of the Body*; and that the *evils of Opinion*, are no more than the *evils of the Mind*: For they are only the *evils of the Body*, that depend not upon our *Thoughts*; and *evils of the Mind*, that depend thereon.

The

The second is, That the *evils of Nature* are in some sort the *Masters of our Mind*, since they compell it to be present at all their actions, and fall upon us, as it were, with full right; but that our *Mind* is *Master of the evils of Opinion*, since to remove our selves from them, we need only remove them from us; and that they cannot act upon us but by a borrowed Authority.

The Third, That the more the *evils of Nature* are *Masters of our Mind*, the greater they are; and that the more our *Mind* can be *Master of the evils of Opinion*, the lighter they are.

The Fourth, That the *evils of Nature* are sometimes so small, that they cannot Rule over our Mind, and then they are but as *evils of Opinion*; but that the *evils of Opinion* are sometimes so great, that our Mind cannot be absolutely Master of them; and then they hold the place of *evils of Nature*: For which Reason 'tis said to be natural to bemoan ones Father; and when any one is too much possessed with the thought of a small indisposition, he is reproached with being sick of Fancy.

After having thus established an Order between the *evils of Nature*, Is it not likewise

wise possible to establish one between the *evils of Opinion*?

But who can regulate what proceeds from so disorderly a Cause? Is it not too adventurous a design to prescribe limits to the Caprices of Men; and to endeavour to make out how far our Grief should extend, when it goes beyond the *evils of Nature*? No, undoubtedly: And since our Mind can be Master only of the *evils of Opinion*, 'tis against them alone that it is not amiss to afford Instructions.

How is it, *Madam*, that one comforts the Afflicted? Don't we diminish the idea of their misfortunes in order to diminish their Grief? Can that be done in the *evils of Nature*? Can one deceive the sense of a Man *Tormented with the Cholick*? Is it possible to make him believe that his Gripings are but illusions? Can one even propose to render him attentive to such a Discourse? And if he could be capable of hearkning, what effects would remonstrances have, except it were to add *anger* to *pain*, and joyn a *great passion* to a *great disorder*?

The best method we can take in the *evils of Nature*, is to cry out upon the greatness of the *Distemper*, and the patience

76 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

ence of the indisposed ; and 'tis exactly the contrary of what's done in the *evils of opinion*.

It is true, there are some *consorters* in the World who begin by the *aggravation of evils* ; but that's only to obtain a free *admittance* in the mind of the *afflicted*, and to surprise their belief.

Thus we may *artificially* oppose the *Grief of feeble Minds* : But we openly and sincerely oppose that of Stronger ones. We consider what is the *source*, the *principle* of their *affliction*, and attack it immediately.

But which way soever we proceed, whether with the strong, or with the weak, either we don't *comfort* at all, or else we *effect* it by lessening the idea of the *evils*, and this is no where possible but in the *evils of Opinion*.

So that 'tis no rashness to endeavour to establish some Order amongst *evils* ; and to give certain Precepts how to combat them.

The Order of the *evils of Opinion* is not harder to find than the Order of the *evils of Nature*. For, if the greatest *evils of Nature* are those which expose us most to *pain*, the greatest *evils of Opinion* should

should be those which expose us most to the *evils of Nature*.

I see but two kinds of the *evils of Opinion*, that expose us to the *evils of Nature*. One is the loss of Persons that are dear to us : The other is the loss of Estates.

I understand by these words of *dear Persons*, both those whom we Cherish, and those that Cherish us. For the loss of those whom we Cherish, and who don't Cherish us, is not an evil of much consequence; and therefore no great strength of Reasoning is necessary to comfort us upon this Article.

In the first of these losses we comprehend the Death of *Relations*, of *Lovers*, and of *Friends*.

In the second we comprehend the loss of *Law-Suits*, *Storms*, *Barrenness*, *Fires*, *Pillages*, and all things that bring a diminution to our fortune.

The last of these *evils* exposes us to *Poverty*, but the first exposes us to all the *evils of Nature*. Wherefore we may allow it the first rank amongst the *evils of Opinion*.

If we happen to be sick, by whom are we relieved but by Persons that are dear to us? What are the cares of our
Phy-

78 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

Physitians, and our *Chirurgions*? These Mercenary Cares are seldom confined to above a quarter of an hours useless presence, or hazardous Operation; blind Advice, or frivolous Conference.

Of what consideration, of what advantage can these Cares be, in comparison of the Charitable Offices, the continual Assiduities, and the kind Disquietudes of our Friends and our Relations? How often are we delivered by their indefatigable Zeal from that quickness of Pain, wherein the insensibility or negligence of *Physitians* often leaves us?

If we become *Slaves*, by whom are we redeemed, but by persons that are dear to us? Do ordinary Friends contributed towards our Ransom? Do they undertake great journeys for our Deliverance?

If we are reduced to Poverty, who shares his Fortune with us, but those dear persons? The rest either abandon us to our Misery, or assist us but sorrily, or only serve us out of Vanity; and whatsoever kindness they do us, it always costs us both some repugnance to demand it, and shame to receive it.

A true Friend, a passionate Lover, prevents our necessities. They will not suffer

suffer us to perceive that we are Miserable; They employ all their Addresses to avert our Misfortune, all their force to oppose it, all their Power to Alleviate it, and all their Discretion, to conceal it.

What have we then that defends us better from the *evils of Nature*, than persons that are dear to us: And consequently what have we that can pass for a greater evil, in the *Order of Evils of Opinion*, than the Death of those Persons?

But as indisposition of Body, altho it is the first *evil of Nature*, is no great *evil*, if it doth not expose us much to *pain*; the Death of Persons dear to us, altho it is the first *evil of Opinion*, is no great *evil*, if it doth not expose us much to the *evils of Nature*.

Let us examine then at present what consequences the *Death* of your Friend draws after it: Whether it abandons you to an indisposition of Body: Whether it gives you over to Servitude: Whether it reduces you to Poverty. And I believe we shall soon discover that it draws down upon you none of the *evils of Nature*.

How should it abandon you to an *indisposition of Body*? Your Friend was Old,
and

80 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

and you are Young. He could not have dispensed with your cares, tho you could have been without his assistance. He reached the end of his Race, before you arrived to the middle of yours ; and the time of his *Death* had much got the start of your *Infirmities*.

It is true, if it was not impossible for you to have an *infirm Youth*. But all possible evils are not formidable. Human Prudence doth not look upon Objects that are too wandring and too remote. We should not fear *evils* that threaten not, and we should not much fear even those that threaten at a distance.

How should it give you over to *Servitude* ? Thanks to our *Religion*, our *Laws*, and our *Manners*, we are free ; and if we except those whom the *Service of God* and the *State* engage to cross the Seas, there are scarce any but *Vagabonds* that can become *Slaves*.

But tho by the *Revolution of Human Affairs*, *Servitude* should come and seek after you from one end of the World to the other, or should meet with you upon its own Lands, would you not enjoy *Consolatory means* enough in all your great Qualities ? Would you not easily attract the
vene-

veneration of your Masters? And would not your Masters employ all their Power to hinder you from depriving them of your presence?

Yes, *Madam*, you might always render your condition supportable to your self. But in case it should appear uneasy to you, your Friend would never be capable of changing it. Your Ransom would exceed his Power. Your *Merit* would obstruct your *Liberty*; and if they should exact your *real value*, it would be impossible for you to find *Redeemers*.

In fine, how should it reduce you to poverty? Your *Friend* was not rich; and it is hard that you should be poor. One cannot be so with the *Graces*, the *Vertues*, the *Sciences*, and *Arts* which you possess; and the world is not yet become so insensible of *merit*, as to give you leave to fear extremities which would dishonour your Age.

Don't apprehend then, *Madam*, any lamentable *consequences* from the *Death* of your *Friend*. Nothing will be wanting to you in life, not even such *Friends* as he, you have lately lost. There will arise some from the *dust* of him you lament; and there is no Man of equal honour and wit with

82 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

him, but will love you as he did, and like him, will be devoted to your *service*.

But you are in pain perhaps whether there are still such *perfect friends* to be found. Make no question of it, *Madam*. *Virtue* loses nothing, no more than *Nature*. The *seeds* of goodness circulate eternally, and pass without intermission from one *subject* to another, and the principles which contribute to the production of the *wise*, no more annihilate than those, which concur to the *generation of Men*.

Your *Friend* has made room for an infinite number of others to succeed him; and 'tis only your *province* to elect him a *successour* in the most *numerous Court*, that ever *Sacrificed* to the *Graces*.

You will find, that *Heaven* will restore you full as much, as it has taken from you. How do you know but it will give you even more? You will discover in him, you shall make choice off, all that was in him you have lost, and perhaps something more: possibly more youth, and a better meen: possibly a *virtue* less severe, and a *friendship* more agreeable. Let the things we lose be of never so great, yet we must not abandon our selves to *immoderate grief*, when we only *lose* what we are able to recover.

You

A Consolatory Discourse. 83

You need only defend your self from this popular mistake ; which makes us apprehend, in second friendships, either the jealousy of the dead, or the censure of the living.

The dead are offended at nothing, and the living are affronted at all things. But the living are of a very scurvy humour, when they oblige us to sacrifice our selves to the dead.

If the dead loved Sacrifices, they would take the pains to demand them of us. They must needs have lost the tast of the things of this World, since they entertain no commerce with us. And if they are so unmindful of us, why should we be reduced to live only for them ?

Assure your self, Madam, that their State is a State of Insensibility, or a State of Repose ; and that we can do nothing to make them either happy or miserable.

What is it, in your opinion, that has prescribed to us the duty of preserving fidelity to the Dead, but the weakness and tyranny of the Living ?

Every one would flatter himself with the thought of fixing another to himself, when he is no longer fixed to any one.

Our Vanity is so great, that it exacts veneration for our Ashes, and endeavours to

84 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

make our *shadows triumph over our Rivals.*

It is not just, *Madam*, to have regard to this fancy. At the moment we are buried, the world is quit of all *obligations* in relation to us.

The duties of *interment* are called the last duties ; and beyond the *Funeral*, all that is given to the *Dead*, is taken from the *Living*.

Lamentations, that are too long, not only hurt *Nature*, but *Society* likewise. They render us incapable of the *duties of a civil Life* : And one may say that out of complaisance to those Friends we have lost, they make us wanting to those whom we still retain.

Observe all those people that indulge their *sorrow*, and seek to get reputation by their *Grief*. Is it not certain that their *affliction* seems to suspend their *Friendship*, or at least that it dispenses them from *acting in favour of the Friends*. Nay, one may say that 'tis an Incivility to offer a petition to them, and request a service of them : So much doth *Grief* devote them to the *Dead*, and render them unuseful to the *Living*.

But what, must there be no lamenting for the death of our friends? No, *Madam*, there must be none, if it were possible. This passion

sion is absolutely pernicious; and if it were good in any respect, it would only be in demonstrating *that we knew how to Love.*

But if tears were certain marks of *love*, the greatest weepers would be the firmest Lovers; and we are sensible of the contrary. Weak Women cry more than those of stronger courages; and the latter love more than the former.

I am not surprised to find Tears were in so great *reputation* with the *Poets*, and despised by the *Philosophers*: Poetry borrows its fineness from the *Passions*, and the infirmity of *Nature*: And *Philosophy* derives what it has *Noble* from the *Virtues* and *force of the Soul*.

A *Poet* represents to us a *Niobe*, who melts into *Tears* for the *Death* of her *Children*: A *Philosopher* represents to us a *Cornelia*, who beholds with *dry Eyes* the *Death* of all her *Family*: The one is very tender, the other is very couragious: both are very Mothers. Whose part do you take? Without doubt you have an admiration for *Cornelia*, and compassion for *Niobe*. You pity *Niobe*, and you commend *Cornelia*. You have reason, *Madam*. *Niobe* submits to *Grief*: *Grief* submits to

86 *A Consolatory Discourse.*

Cornelia. We should pity those, whom Grief overcomes : But commend those, who overcome Grief.

But if it is not possible for us to *live without Grief*, is it possible for us to have as much of it, and as long as we please? You put a great question to me, *Madam*, But to excuse my self from returning such an Answer as it deserves, I must tell you, that if we are not able to get rid of our Grief, when we please ; we may however chuse whether we will retain it : It removes of it self, when we let it loose.

I can tell you more than this, *Madam*, we have the power of removing our selves from it, since we can transport our thoughts from impertinent Objects, to those that are agreeable ; and all our Afflictions depend upon the Application of our Thoughts.

But in fine, is it decent to think no more of our friends, when they are interred ? I could tell you, 'tis wholly indifferent to think, or not to think of them : However, not to strike too severely against the sentiment of all the *World*, I will affirm to you, *That at least it is not decent to maintain and feed our Weakness by our Thoughts.*

We

We decently remember the *Dead*, when we remember them *Wisely*; and we remember them *Wisely*, when we preserve an easy remembrance of them.

All that *disturbs Tranquillity*, is not *Wise*, and whatever is not *Wise*, is not *Decent*.

Till such time then as one is accustomed to reflect with easiness upon the Death of his Friends, it is good to avert his mind from it, and to amuse it else where. Wherefore 'tis no consequence, that because there is a *Decency in Loving*, there is also in *Lamenting what one has Loved*; since friendship is a vertue that cannot be but *Decent*, whereas Grief is a passion, that at most can be but excusable.

Why then, say you, are we told that it is becoming to be *Afflicted*; and why did the *Romans* appoint a time for *Women* to Mourn? Hearken to one of your good Friends of Antiquity. Our Ancestors, says he, have given *Women* a year to Mourn in; not that they should Mourn all this time, but that they should Mourn no longer. He adds, that they prescribed no time for *Men* to mourn, because they can never mourn with decency.

Thus you see the *Wise men* and *Law-givers of Antiquity* have not set too great a

value upon Tears : That they have in some sort *prohibited them to men*; and that they only *permitted them to Women* through a sort of *precaution* against their *Obstinacy*, and through a kind of *indulgence* to their *weakness*. I leave it to your consideration whether this difference makes for the *honour of Women*, and whether a resolute *Woman* ought to make use of such a Priviledg,

A Lady that has a true strength of Soul afflicts her self like a discreet Man : She lets sighs escape from her, rather than sends them forth : She suffers her Tears to slide away, rather than pours them down : She gives something to Nature, without taking any thing from Reason. In a word, she employs the first days after the loss of her Friends, so as to make it appear she is a *Woman* : but she employs all the rest of her life, so as to make it appear she above these weaknesses.

Behold, *Madam*, how a Lady of your condition ought to be afflicted. It is not possible but you must be concerned for the Death of your Friend : but then 'tis possible for you not to resent it too long.

You ought to consider, that you will do no kindness either to your self, or to him,

if

if you consume all your days in lamenting his loss ; He is depriv'd of his sensibility, and no longer has a sense of yours.

In spite of all *Romantick expressions*, and all *Poetical Fictions*, there is no *Loving after death* ; and we don't *preserve Fire under Ashes*.

Monfieur M . . . is no more, or at least is no more your Friend. What Service then do you propose to your self by persevering in a Grief, which he is not obliged to you for? What advantage will you gain by losing your best days, for which he will make you no compensation ?

Would you follow the example of ordinary Women, who being unable to advance themselves by *eminent Virtues*, would signalize themselves by *vehement Passions*? Leave them to contrive *Snares* for their *Lovers*: Leave them to *bemoan the dead*, in order to *mollify the living*: Leave them to insinuate their *Friendship* into those, whom they first convince of their *Grief*.

An amiable Person, like you, is above their Artifices ; She doth not *weep* to obtain *Love* ; She will not owe to the *reputation of her tenderness*, what she can overcome by the *force of her merit*.

It is then of no service to you, *Madam*, to be *afflicted*, but it is not easie to be not so; *Grief* is entred into you with a strong hand; *Acknowledgment* and *Friendship* have introduced it into your Heart; you have not been able to dispense with your self from admitting it there.

Well! Act your part, give up to *Grief* all the *Tribute* that *acknowledgment* and *friendship* require you to give: But act so, that *Reason* may regulate what *Acknowledgment* and *Friendship* ought to require.

Take care, *Madam*: they are often indiscreet; and they will be so, if they suffer *Grief* to reside too long in your Soul: 'Tis enough they have had the credit of introducing it, they should leave you that of driving it out; They have shewn you hitherto their power; do you shew yours in your turn.

It is near a Month since your Friend died, and it is near a Month since you have been dying. What would *Acknowledgment* and *Friendship* demand of you? Would they encourage you to follow him? Reason will not.

Don't you observe, that Heaven has not design'd to unite your destinies? It is sufficiently shown by the interval, which it
has

has put between your births. It gave you a Friend, already advanced in years, to instruct you how to live, and not to engage you to die; and it was pleased to let you enjoy his conversation for some time, that we might enjoy your Wisdom long.

Dispose your self then to follow the decrees of Heaven; Put your self in a condition to improve the instructions you have received: Honour your Friend by your constancy, after having paid homage to him with your Grief.

Imagine that you are to bemoan him in his presence, and don't force him to disown your Tears; hitherto they have been becoming, but presently they will not be so. Your Grief appears somewhat long. The Earth, which covers the Ashes of your Friend, is almost stiff.

Think upon recalling your firmness; Reason and Decency do now oppose your Grief: Your Friend opposes it himself; and if you make use of his Precepts, hereafter you shall be only free to extol his Merit, to consider his *Relations*, to cherish his *Friends*, and to respect his *Memory*.

C H A P. I.

*Of the True and False Beauty of
Ingenious Writings.*

By Mr. SAVAGE.

IF the Idea which all Men have naturally of the *True Beauty of Works of the Mind*, were not effec'd by the great Number of *false Judgments*, there would not be so many *various Opinions* about their *Merit*. For this Idea would be a certain Rule which every one would be obliged to follow; unless one would expose himself to the *Universal Censure of Readers*, who would easily discover when they were out of the way.

I will not here take notice of the Causes that have created in the greatest part of our Writers, the common custom of giving so many wrongful Opinions. Some of them are general, which have so extinguish

tinguist the light of the Soul upon all objects which are not exposed to our Senses, that there are Infinite Errors in all Sciences, and even reach to the distinguishing of *Good and Evil*.

There are some other particular Causes which are apt to hinder, of themselves, the knowing the *true or false Beauty of the Works of the Mind*, when Reason would be otherwise Just, Exact and Clear.

That which is most common is *Precipitation*: For every one flatters himself that he is capable to judge, either through Pride, not to be thought Ignorant; or through Affection and Hate, according as one is engaged in any Party; or through Imitation, neither judging for or against, but only as one has heard the World talk; or in fine, through Caprice, Chance, Elevation and Sal-
lie of Humour, as happens oftentimes to persons of Quality, who pretend that their Rank gives 'em all the necessary illuminations, to know the *price and worth of the Gifts of the Mind*.

But whatever these Causes are, General or Particular, the *variety of Opinions* is too evident, to doubt the certainty of this truth, *viz.* that we don't judge upon the same Idea, or by the same Rule, tho' it be not certain there is one.

'Tis

94 *Of Ingenius Writings.*

'Tis to form it in the Mind, that Rhetorick and Poetry, and the Art of writing History has been employ'd: But the more rules are invented, the more they seem to be neglected. And 'tis a wonder that the most expert Masters of the World, as *Aristotle, Cicero, Horace, Quintilian, &c.* should have so few perfect Followers.

It seems then, that we ought to forsake the way of Precepts, and search elsewhere for sure and immutable Guides, either to *Write Well*, or to *Judge well of the Merit of Authors.*

To give ones self a just and exact Idea, I think it would be necessary chiefly to examine any Book, with some other which has acquired an Universal Approbation.

Malherbe in the late Reign, excelled in the beauty of his *Odes*, and they have preserved to this day the same Charms to their Intelligent and Judicious Readers. Wherefore when you read any *Ode* to the Glory of this King, compare the Stile with that of *Malherbe*, and according as you find 'em agree, so you may venture to decide.

But then the Piece you compare it to must be of establish'd reputation, and which you must be sure is like to continue such; we have seen several Authors who have had very
great

great Applause, but it only continued for a very few years: during which the *buzzing of the Readers*, and the *suffrage of their Friends*, gave 'em their *short-liv'd worth*.

There are but very few true Modells: *Voiture* himself is none, and much less *Balzac*. The pretty Conceits of *Voiture*, and the Flights of *Balzac*, have both an *Affectation* which naturally displeases; The one endeavours to be agreeable, and make us laugh in whatever humour we are; The other would be admir'd and esteem'd by the number of his Words, and the excess of Amplifications. The two Letters writ to

* *Monfieur de Vivonne*, imitating both their manners of Writing, are an excellent Satyr on their Stile, and easily discover the ridiculousness

* By *Monfieur Boileau*, where they are to be found at the end of his Satyrs.

of these two Authors, who were not long since so famous.

It were easie to foretell that such will be the Fate of a certain Author, who Composes his Works upon the Memoirs of the Streets, and Female Fooleries; who believes that all the beauty of a Book, when the subject is the Life of a *Saint*, consists in bringing in some new term, or smart expression; and is very well satisfied with himself, when
the

96 *Of Ingenious Writings.*

the Period, which has neither *depth* nor *solidity*, rowls agreeably to the Point.

But not to make any further offensive Predictions, we know that *Seneca* writ no otherwise, than scattering through all his Works, Points, Antithesis's and Paradoxes. He surprized his Times with the Arrogance of his Decisions; and there are some yet alive who hold him for a Model of Eloquence: But they must write very ill that imitate him, and they may be assur'd to tire those Readers that have any taste or relish.

'Tis not with these extraordinary flourishes that Nature explains her self: Whatever requires a continual attention displeases, because the greatest part of Men are not capable of it. There is a force and weakness in all Writers whatever. This Fantastical mixture makes us naturally conclude those Works to be disagreeable, where we must have too intense a thought to conceive 'em; or at least are so much below one, that they deserve not the least regard.

Nevertheless there are but few good Writings, where the Author excell'd so far as to stand for a Model. We have *Homer* and *Virgil* for Heroick Poetry. *Horace* is a perfect Original of Satyrs;

Satyrs, Epistles, and Familiar Discourses. I dont say the same thing of his *Odes*, and I would explain my self farther, if the excellency of some of 'em did not oblige me to a respectful silence of the rest. If the * Author of the long Comments upon him disapproves my Opinion, I will add, what may perhaps appease him: That thole of *Anacreon* are more lively, more sweet, more engaging; and by consequence more perfect.

* I suppose he means Monsieur Dacier.

Let's return to the Authors of our own Language: *Corneille* and *Racine* are admirable in Tragedies; nevertheless it were to be wisht, that the cleanness of Expression in *Corneille* suited with the variety, and abundant fertility of his Thoughts. Few Authors can arrive to represent so many different Characters; To invent so many Intrigues; To make so many Persons Reason with so much *connexion* and *solidity*. We assist at the very Action, whilst he does but represent it, and pass immediatly from the figure to the reality.

'Tis *Augustus* that we hear speak in *Cinna*. 'Tis the *Cid* that we see in his first work, who Cause so much talk in the Court and the City, and was as it were the signal of the course, where he carryed away the Prize. Not but that the copiousness of his Subject,

the whole exttent whereof he penetrates his vast imagination, and his Inexhaustible Genius, sometimes has left in his Expressions too much confusion, as if it were impossible to be profound and solid, and yet clear enough at the same time to be understood. But these Faults hinder not, but Authors of this Reputation may pass for excellent Models. If I were oblig'd to speak precisely, which of the two I would choose for a Model, when I were to write for the Theatre; I would answer, *That it were more difficult to follow the former, and that 'twould be more sure to imitate the latter.*

So much shall suffice upon this Subject; and I do not think it necessary to tarry any longer upon the first Head,

At present I will make bold to add; *That instead of asking your self, Would Virgil have writ after this manner? Did Malherb sing his excellent Odes in such a tone? Or, if you please, Is it thus that Corneille, or Moliere drew to their Theatres, both the Court and the whole Kingdom? Ask you your self, Is there any Method more confus'd, than that of this Work? Is there any Design less ingenious? The Expressions, could they ever be more imperfect? Is there any Imitation more low and servile than that of this Book?*

This is a fault very common, and it oftentimes happens, that one becomes a very bad Copier of a very good Original. We ought also to take a great deal of care not to fall into the Whimsical design of that Painter, who being to draw an extravagant Picture of Helena, which he design'd to represent perfectly beautiful, advis'd with himself to give her all the Graces that he had heard commended in the fairest persons. In effect

effect changing her Lips into Coral, her Cheeks into Roses, and her Eyes into Suns, and unskilfully joining 'em together, he made a Figure like to that which Horace describes in his Epistle to the Pilo's. 'Tis certain he had a mind to laugh. But Authors are serious people, they are careful of their Reputation, and copy with gravity.

But in short, whatever good a opinion an Author may have of himself, 'Tis an easy matter to mortify his self-pride, which these people cannot forbear shewing to their Friends, by defying them to write worse upon the same Subject. In such a case we ought to show our sincerity in the utmost degree, and to explain our selves with the greatest freedom, against the ridiculous Opinionate of those Scriblers, who never read, but to court your applause, and not your Criticism, how reasonable and just soever it may be.

Nevertheless, we ought to take care that we don't mistake implicity as where it is admirable for downright meanness. 'Tis the perfection of every Work, and if I dare say so, the embellishment of Beauty it self. Horace has given us this advice, when he would have the manner of explaining our selves appear so natural, that thereupon an ordinary Reader might judge it would be very easy to speak the same things, tho is nothing but a reflection upon all that is fine and delicate, discovers the difficulty to express our selves with the same good Fortune.

Truth has nothing changeable in it. Falsity imitates Truth in all sorts of ways: We always find out the last, if we have recourse to the

first, but are often cheated if we are not very diligent to discover the Imposture. When we follow Reason with steadiness, and arrive at thinking aptly, and expressing truly our thoughts, 'tis impossible that the Reader should not be mov'd, because there is in all men a natural propensity to Truth. So that what is really false, cannot please any longer than we are dazled with the appearance of Truth, under which only it shews it self.

Upon this score, if the Expression be mean, it will present without trouble, a great number of the like to your mind: But if it be simple, do what you will, it will please you, and you will think it the finest thing you ever saw, If your Wit is not much superior to the Author's, and your Experience in the Art of Writing much more advanc'd than his. For this simplicity has different degrees of perfection as all other Objects have, that present themselves to us. But if we have a mind to profit by the two Rules we have already propos'd, we must necessarily have some knowledge of the defects that are to be found in the most perfect Authors: For it is not my design here to instruct ordinary persons, but make some Remarks for the entertainment of the Curious.

The first is, That one ought not to make use of Metaphors too often, nor too long: We are very much wean'd from it in *this age*; and since the *world* has taken a new measure of the taste of true Eloquence, all this pompous heap of glittering falsities has disappear'd. The Learned men of the last Age, who were fill'd with it by reading some of the Antients, believ'd their Stile was adorn'd

adorn'd and set out by Metaphors; there was then as strange a caprice in Eloquence, as in their other Opinions.

At the vanishing of that profound Darkness, wherein the foregoing Ages were as it were lull'd asleep, we wak'd suddenly, and then knew not distinctly enough which was the better side.

The use of Figurative and Metaphorical Expressions was first abolish'd from that minute, when we begun to discern more clearly what we ought to say.

The *French* Genius, which is lively, natural, and sincere, cannot endure these Languishing, Artificial and Embarras'd Discourses. Nevertheless, we have some Metaphors still left; and it does not displease us to see * Flames in Anger and Love; but these Expressions are become proper and literal, and can deceive no body.

* That is, where Metaphors are natural, and the Ideas obvious; they may be safely employ'd in our Author's Opinion.

The second Remark is; That 'tis an inexcusable fault to pass from one Metaphor, by which we have begun, to a new one, and so to connect Images which have no agreement amongst themselves. When a man is careful to write well, he knows how to continue, and support the same Idea; *I pitty him*, says the Author of the Characters, *I give him for lost, he is cast away. It is not thus that we ought to make use of the Wind, to arrive at the delightful Port of Fortune.*

You see he takes care to mix nothing that is foreign with the first Image he gave us to express what the *Rich* think of the conduct of *Philosophy*. This person is represented as it were
upon

upon the Sea. The Rich Man saw he would be Ship-wrackt. He saw him out of the road: He judged that 'twas not so, that he ought to make use of the Wind, and that he would never arrive at the *Port of Fortune*. There is not here one term which is not Ally'd with the rest.

But the Author had committed an unpardonable Solecism, if after all these expressions taken from *Navigation*, he had hapned to say, *It is not thus one ought to bear against the Wind, and build his fortune*. This new Image of Building, joyn'd to those of the Sea, which preceded it, would have produc'd a disagreeable effect; whereas all being united, the discourse becomes clear and easy.

The third remark resembles this, and chiefly consists in advising that we ought never to pass from one person to another in the same Period. The same we may also say of the Numbers, and of all that the Grammarians term *Moods* and *Tenses* of *Verbs*.

I will give an Example of this fault, taken from an Author who is extraordinarily regular in his Subject and Stile. *All that is here below*, says this excellent Writer, *has no long duration*. He should have stopt here, but he was resolved to carry on his Period. Wherefore he adds, *And this perpetual Motion of Creatures*, (you may take notice already that he passes from a subject indefinite, *all that is here below*, to one which is determin'd; *And this perpetual Motion of Creatures*, which have no other apparent connexion but by the Conjunction, and none at all in the Sense. He continues, *which succeed one another*. (This adds an Image

altogether unnecessary, since it was sufficiently remarkt by the defect of Duration, and the perpetual Motion) render as it were a continual Homage to the Immutability of God, who alone is always the same. I say, That these Tails of Periods render 'em Intricate, Confused, and Superfluous; and that this is truly the Stile, not of an Orator, but a Declamer.

One might have expressed the same thing after this manner: *All that is here below, has no duration, and renders as it were a continual homage to the Immutability of God.* I know there are some People so extreamly exact that they will not permit one to joyn an *Affirmative* proposition with a *Negative* so close together.

I say nothing of this Homage that *Motion* renders to *Immutability*. It is a point which signifies nothing to my design.

But to quit this *Digression*; If Authors of the most accomplisht exactness fall under these sort of Faults, what must Vulgar Authors do? these remarks will appear to them too severe, because they are sensible, it may be, that they are not in a condition to practise 'em.

All that I can do at present in their Favour, is to propose no more of 'em. Our general discourse is about *Observations* upon our *Tongue*. And we go no farther than barely to examine, If a term be well us'd, and how long it has been in Vogue. Tell me, I beseech you, may not your Discussion go farther. Can a Work be said to be perfect, when 'tis only compos'd of *choice words*? If this is your Opinion, you are easie to be contented; but there are a great many Men more difficult, because they are more delicate.

C H A P. II.

Of the cleanness of Expression.

By Mr. MANNING.

I Was formerly too indulgent, and perhaps am now become too nice and severe. In the heat of Youth, and those first ardours of Passion, a Man is not acquainted with the discreet coldness of a Life somewhat more advanced; We observe with pleasure, that Authors who have been admired both by the Ancients and Moderns, have embraced the same follies, which our inclinations recommend to us.

The Licentiousness and Debaucheries of *Petrarch's* Stile, have nothing then that shocks our Nature: It is without any disturbance to our Modesty, that we still represent its irregularities, and as if there was not obscenity enough in his Fragments, we regret the loss of what is wanting with as lively a concern, as if we had lost the only Discourse that could preserve Decency and Manners amongst Men.

I bethink my self, too late perhaps, to make these Reflections; but it usually happens, when we have arrived at our Journeys end, and are talking of our Travels, and the Road we followed, that then and only then we perceive our going a stray.

This

Of the Cleanness of Expressions. 10

This is one sort of going astray, and I don't know if there be a grosser, than to Address ones self to all ones Contemporaries, nay, to all those who shall come after us, without having any thing but what is highly undecent and unseemly to tell them: And this proceeds from Ignorance. They don't know, at least they don't consider that there is a secret Pride in the bottom of the Soul, which obliges us to take exceptions against too licentious a conversation, as a want of respect. To this Pride we are obliged, that those splendid names of Glory, Decency, and publick Civility are still preserved.

But tho *Pride* were silent, and somebody had found out a Mystery to make it hold its peace, which I confess is a very difficult task, yet *Virtue* would not be silent; She has not as yet so utterly abandoned Man-kind, but that they still pay a great respect and veneration to her. The *Modesty* of one whole Sex will be always armed for her defence; and the greatest part of the employments of Men are only taken up for her sake.

Pleasure it self, I speak of lawful and indifferent *Pleasure*, dishonours whosoever seeks it with affectation, or who procures it for another. Thus, I know no Satyr, included in one word, more stabbing than that of being call'd the *Comptroller of Nero's Pleasures*.

Since I declare so freely against my self, by disowning the Praises I have given to *Petronius*, no one will expect that I should spare the Raillery of *Cicero* in his Oration for *Cælius*.

I freely own, that he was brought up in business, and knew the World; that he raised himself by his Merit, much above his Birth; that
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106 Of the Cleanness of Expressions.

he was equal in dignity to *Pompey* and *Cæsar*.

But certainly he forgot himself, when indulging his natural propensity to Raillery, he reproached, in full Senate, *Clodia*, for making her younger Brother lie with her, *Propter nocturnos quosdam metus*. A Man may easily find out the equivocation; but I wonder that so great a Man should tax *Gælius* with so great a Crime only by way of *Irony*, if he believed it to be true; or that he should give himself the liberty to accuse him of it, if he believed it not.

It were to be wished, that what has been required of Orators, were likewise required of all Authors, and even Poets.

Virum bonum Oratorem esse oportet.

We have mightily neglected this Precept in our Language. Our old *French* Poets were almost all guilty of writing obscenely. *Desportes* is the Man that fell into this vein, with the greatest affectation and impudence imaginable.

But since *Voiture*, who had a refined Genius, and who conversed with the politest Company carefully shun'd this sordid, this ungentleman like way of Writing; the Theatre it self has no longer suffered our Authors to write any thing too licentious. Thus all this liberty is no more supported even in the most familiar Conversations; and if our Age is not more chaste than the preceding ones; at least it knows how to manage the outside, and to set it self off with the appearance of *Virtue*.

Our niceness goes yet further; and we cannot endure now adays to see the description of any
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Of the Cleanness of Expressions. 107

object that is apt to leave a bad *Idea* behind it. All that we can suffer a sick Man to do, is to tell his Distemper: we give some ease to his indisposition, in hearkning to him with some little attention: But this complaisance which we express to his infirmity, is no excuse for it; especially if he descends into too long a relation of particulars.

But, except this occasion, 'tis not possible to make a description of things, for which we have naturally an aversion, without offending the Company; notwithstanding this has been the defect of many Authors. *Buchanan* has described a Dream with all the luscious figures of Rhetoric. *St. Amant* has discovered a World of Debaucheries with all the plainness peculiar to his Style; but upon such subjects, both Rhetorick and plainness are unseasonably lost.

Let us return to *Cicero*. Now ought this Consul, when he was declaiming against *Piso*, in the presence of the Senate, to have made use of terms, which in so lively a manner represent the most beastly circumstances of Drunkenness? His description is charged with particulars, which must needs be very nauseous and disagreeable.

Catullus also might have given to the Annals of *Volusius* another term, than that of *Cacata charta*. This Poet, who pretended to a purity of Style, should have abstained from an Epithet so gross and so licentious.

Martial found out a by-way to commend the cleanliness of his Mistresses Lap-Dog, yet for all that he has fallen into a very unseasonable expression,

Gutta pallia nec fefellit ulia.

It had been more proper to have said nothing of it.

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108 *Of the Cleanness of Expressions.*

Without doubt these Authors were corrupted by their bad Morals. There was in their times, how fine soever we may represent them, so total an ignorance of what the Laws of true decency require from us, that they have not produced one Author who has observed them with exactness.

But, in endeavouring to avoid this fault, be cautious least you fall into another, very common in our days. *Passions* and *Vices* are described to us in such pretty colours, even in the Pulpit, that a Man can hardly perceive what deformity they have in them. There are those persons that know how to conceal the impieties and extravagancies of the most pernicious manners, in order to hide what conformity they maintain to the weakness and frailty of our Hearts.

We should be too much startled to know the *impiety* thereof. No body would draw down upon himself the vengeance of Heaven. We are too much humbled in a severe examination of our *extravagancies* and no one has a mind to be ridiculous. But to be frail, to be subject to infirmities, this is no more than being born Man; and no one thinks he ought to be ashamed of his *birth*, or of his *destiny*.

I should therefore rather chuse a description which would faithfully represent things, than those flattering Pictures which fortify Men in their false *opinions*, or in their usual *disorders*.

However, don't follow *Juvenal's* footsteps, or assume the liberty to make the grossest representations of the greatest irregularities: In vain doth an Author so abominably licentious and impudent persuade me to hate the excesses of *Messalina*, I hate him even more than I do her, and the lewdnesses of his wit that are sufficiently discovered

Of the Cleanness of Expressions. 109

covered in the boldness of his Stile, scandalize me infinitely more than those of the most abandon'd Women, who are blindly transported by the fury of their Passions.

I love his Translator better than him ; He took great care to preserve the cleanness of his Stile in such ill Company. He has omitted nothing in the Satyrs of his Author, but what might hinder the secure reading of them. His fine indignation at the *Vices of Rome*, his Fire, his Vivacity, even to the tone of *Declame*, which was the true Character of *Juvenal*, he has preserved entire. And let it never be said that Satyr divested of these excesses, is less agreeable ; for 'tis certain, that nothing but the Salt of acute Raillery makes up the whole entertainment in that sort of Poetry ; and that on the other side, grossness of expression and thought, cannot fail to displease those Gentlemen that have the least delicacy. Which is easily justified by the example of

Monfieur * *Despreaux* ; For do we read any of the Ancients with greater satisfaction ? And yet can one carry further, than he has done, discretion and reservedness.

* We know him better in England under the name of Boileau.

His Muse always chaste, always modest, knows how to pursue *Vice*, and to condemn it, as *Virtue* it self uses to do, by its light, and by its vehemence : For we should overstretch things, and push them to the utmost rigour, should we say, he had done better if he had afforded no room for the *la Neveu* in his Works. What he says in that respect is so short, that he deserves to be excused, if it be a fault ; and if not, we must acknowledg that he has taught us, that a Man may speak sometimes
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110 Of the Cleanness of Expressions

of such a Person, provided he observes the temperaments of this Author, in one or two words, and yet never infringe the Rules of Decency.

But *Lucretius* neglects this conduct at the end of one of his Books: *A Man must certainly have his Veins kindled with the flame of Love, a Burning Ætna in the bottom of his Soul*; or, to leave these great expressions, A Man must be a Madman, as in effect he was, to tire his Reader with a long description, and that in the most extravagant and nasty circumstances, of the Dreams and Illusions of a young Man.

The more I consider of this passage, the less I discover those Reasons which make People generally so fond of so violent, so imperious an Author: When he would act the Serious Man, and the Reasoner, 'tis then he's utterly lost, and knows not what he says: witness that verse which I have often heard so impertinently quoted.

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor.

That is to say, *Fear induced Men to believe, that there were Gods.* For if one should ask him, *Who is it that produced this Fear?* Would not he have been obliged to Answer, *That it is the natural Idea which Men conceive of a Divinity?* For Fear, and other Passions, are no otherwise raised in us than by the Objects which excite them by the means of the *Imagination* or *Thought*.

But if I find in my self the *Idea of a Divinity*, before I find that fear which I ought to have for it, this fear then is the effect, and not the cause of the thought I conceive of it. A man needs but very little penetration, and extent of mind to make so obvious a discovery?

Of the Cleanness of Expressions. 111

If he has a Mind to descend from this State, which doth not suit with his Talent, Why must he go throw away fine expressions, to represent impertinent things, to insist upon them so long, and not to leave, till he had exhausted it, so ridiculous a Subject, as that of the *Dreams of an Age*, which performs nothing, even in the day time, that deserves our attention?

If this is *Beauty*, or *Delicacy*, or *Learning*, I heartily congratulate the grossness of our days, which certainly would near bear so irregular a freedom in any Author whatsoever.

I with all my heart I could excuse *Ausonius*, that illustrious Consul of *Gaul*; but the consequence of this remark carries me in spite of myself, to speak of him, nay, and to speak ill of him, What can be finer than his *Thanksgiving to the Emperor* upon the subject of his *Consulship*?

Pliny the 2d, would have envied him this work. What can be more ingenious, than the *Punishment of Cupid in the Elysian Fields*, and those sufferings and reproaches which the Heroines made him undergo, who had all of them some cause to make their complaints of him?

He must, for the misfortune of his Reputation, amuse himself in that employment, which of all things in the World is most unworthy of a Learned Man: Judge what time he lost in busy-ing himself to pick up sometimes a beginning of a verse in *Virgil*, sometimes an end; and tack all these different parts together, in order to compose a poor wretched *Cento*.

What shall I say of those expressions of *Virgil*, which tho they were innocent as they lay in him, yet as *Ausonius* has managed and sorted them, they

112 Of the Cleanness of Expressions.

they are conscious of all the indecencies that imagination can possibly form to it self?

Behold now a strange description of this Man. He that was Author of a serious Work, which he Addresses to a great Emperour, who has Wit and Learning, as we may sufficiently see in many other places of his Books, is notwithstanding the same that prostitutes his Muse, and composes an infamous Poem out of several pieces of Poetry very harmless in themselves.

To condemn all these insolences, doth not argue too great a *ſomniness of Spirit*; many persons would be pleased to see even *Virgil* himself condemned for the interview of *Eneas* and *Dido* in that cave of the 4th of the *Eneids*.

*Speluncam, Dido, Dux & Trojanus, eandem,
Deveniunt.*—

Nor would they be less willing to condemn *Homer* for what passed between *Juno* and *Jupiter*, upon the *Mount Olympus*.

These two great and illustrious Authors have avoided a thousand occasions, wherein any other person would have lost himself. If *Paris* and *Helena* converse together in the *Iliad*, 'tis only to reproach one another. *Calypso*, *Circe*, the Syrens of the *Odyssey*, contain nothing that offends Modesty. *Ulysses* doth not abuse the Favours of the Princess *Nausicaa*.

A Man who has a truly great Soul, Elevated and Noble; a vast genius, and an imagination clear and well disposed, will never stoop and descend to that meanness which I here condemn.

C H A P. III.

Of the Exactness of Reasoning.

THE Qualities, by which People aim to distinguish themselves, are commonly such as they have not: To praise a Perfection, which of itself is valuable, is not a sufficient Title for a Man to ground a Right of Propriety upon it. Pride assumes to itself this specious Title; but there will be always a great deal of difference between esteeming what deserves to be so, and possessing it effectually.

Examples do not authorize a fault, and I am unwilling to fall into one, although it be easie to observe, that the most celebrated Authors in the World, and those who discovered the Glory of good Sense, have not been able to secure themselves from falling into it, whensoever there has been an occasion to advance those Opinions, whereof they had declared themselves Protectors.

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Infatuation, which is a disposition of Mind, the most repugnant to Reason, passed, notwithstanding, for good Sense with them; and there was not no term more ambiguous, and more perplexing, than in their Discourses.

The *Cartesian* looks upon his Notions of a different ordering of Particles as so many new Discoveries, and represents to himself the ancient *System* as a confused mixture of Nonsense and Ignorance.

Nevertheless, at the same time that he applauds himself, for the discovery of *Subtle Matter*, and the effects which he attributes to it; the ancient Philosopher looks upon him with Pity, and says to himself, That all he advances is not a jot more evident and satisfactory, than the occult Qualities of *Aristotle*.

Which has made me think more than once, that a Man cannot flatter himself, that he has attained to a good exactness of Reasoning, till he has shaken off the yoke of the Opinions of others, and freed himself from the servile dependance of a Style peculiar to the Character or Party of some Persons.

Some years ago, we were generally over-run in the *French* Language, with certain

certain fashions of speaking: We must not forsooth make use of the first Person, and a Physitian, who asked a sick Man concerning the state of his Health, receiv'd no other answer than, *That one had passed the Night very Untowardly, that one had felt great Pains, that one remained in an extream Weakness.* And as the Interest of the Physitian obliged him to have some complaisance for this Gibberidge, he did not fail to answer, *You are order'd, you are advis'd, you are desir'd, &c.* In a word, all things went after this manner, not only in private Conversations, but also in Books.

This was called downright Modesty and Humility. As for my part, I think it was Hypocrisie and Affectation in Persons of Quality, and the meanest and most servile Imitation in those of meaner Rank.

There is a considerable difference between the Sentiments of these persons, and my own; and I think it not amiss to point out this difference: If I am to speak of a general Disposition, as for Example, of that Esteem which all Men have of Vertue; I may thus express my self: "One has so much inclination to return to

“the first State, to which one was designed by the Creator, that every time one considers the beauty of Vertue, he cannot forbear to esteem and love it. It is to represent these general Dispositions of the Soul, that this way of speaking is well enough employed: But when a Man speaks of his particular Opinion; I affirm, That ’tis a trespass against good Sense, to explain himself indefinitely, and to fear to say, when he has received a Kindness, *I thank you*; and instead of that, to come off with, *One is extremely obliged to you*.

At the same time, I hate the Book of a certain late Author, for the liberty he has taken of interposing impertinently on every Subject he has treated of. A Book is a general Conference that we propose to have with a great number of Readers.

I cannot endure you to draw your Proofs from an infinity of little poultry Histories, while you conceal from me all the circumstances, and even declare in the Preface, that the Names are supposed.

Besides, you cite all sorts of them, Serious, Pleasant, Casuistical, Gallant; you know the Court, the City, the Country; but above all Religious Communities and
Preach-

Preachers. In a word, you have suppressed your Name; but there is not a Reader of any parts, who has not discovered your Profession.

The Liberty I condemn in this Book, is incomparably more excusable in the Essays of *Montagne*: 'Tis true, he tells his Thoughts and Inclinations somewhat too plainly; but after he has made some Digressions, he always returns to himself, which is the Subject of his Work; and bringing back his Reader to him, he has always wherewithal to please him. He is no troublesome Host, but when Conversation fails him, he has Friends to support it, till such time as he has taken a little Breath: We hear there with Pleasure, the Ancients, and even some of the Moderns; and by this mixture we meet with a Variety which always pleases.

There has been a great deal of pains taken to Criticize upon this Author, and we have seen but few Books wherein he has not been ill treated. At the same time these Authors have read him themselves, and he will be read perpetually: I will not undertake here his Apology. Where is the Author that has not had his Faults? That of speaking freely of one's self, is,

perhaps no more than that of affecting not to speak at all, even when the connexion of the Discourse obligeth us to it.

Instead then of entring into a larger Discussion, I chuse rather to affirm, at present, That the Source and Original of the Exactness of Reasoning, whether for Thoughts, or Expressions, consists in the independance and liberty of the Soul.

We have natural Ideas enough of Truth, and Phrases natural enough of expressing it, if a Man would rather follow his own Conceptions, than others. The Imitation of others is destructive both of Reason and good Sence.

As every Man has a certain tone of Voice peculiar to himself, which it would be ridiculous for another to imitate, so every one has a peculiar way of thinking and speaking.

He that will not speak but as he thinks, will not always speak wonderful things, but then he will say nothing which may draw a just censure upon him.

No one is obliged to think beyond his Capacity, and we never transgress the bounds of good Sence, but when we aim further.

I don't here excuse Laziness and Stupidity; for when we know how to make use of Nature's Gifts, they will grow with time; and that Doctor so much cryed up in the Schools, of which he is now the Head, made but a dull Figure in the first years of his Studies.

His Happiness was, that he had nothing to do but follow a beaten Road: In those gross times wherein he appeared, neither Languages, nor polite Learning were understood. 'Twas enough to propose every Argument syllogistically for the use of the Secular Priests and Monks. Their greatest Ambition was to cure the grossest part of the then Prevailing Ignorance.

To excel in this kind of Science, a little Judgment was at least full as serviceable as a greater share of Vacuity. *The Subtle Doctor*, who followed soon after, had like to have spoil'd all, by too much fineness; and I can't tell what this Genius would not have undertaken, had he not been confined by the method of the Age he liv'd in, which obliged him not to vary from the Form of *Peter Lombard*, the Master of the Scholastick Questions, which have been since so little regarded

*He means our
Country - max
Duns Scotus,*

'Tis true, that there are Revolutions in the Republick of Letters, as well as in all other States; and Humours, Fashions, and Inclinations have their period of Duration.

'Tis wisdom to comply with the Times we live in. All wise Men have done it. I speak only of Exteriours. This fits us for Company, but one wou'd not engage so deep as the liberty of one's reason.

For, if a Man proportions the tone of his Voice to the Ear of his Auditors, and if it would be ridiculous to cry out in presence of a small number of People, as loud as before a numerous Assembly of Auditors; so the measure of things, and the ways of proposing them, should be taken from the different disposition of the Times wherein we speak.

I don't suppose Man is always the same, for too many occasions contribute to his Inconstancy. The same Revolution which makes one Age succeed another, introduces a new Scene of Manners.

We must submit to so powerful an Impression, unless we are born in a Station considerable enough, or are in a condition illustrious enough, or feel in our selves
strength

strength of Genius enough to change sometimes the Inclination of our Age.

There have been Kings who have banished out of their Court, Railery, Fopperies, and all other Buffooneries, by the profound Wisdom they have shewn in all their Actions. We have seen some Ministers, who by their Vigilance and Activity have rouz'd the Sluggishness of the most lazy Courtiers, and made them out of Emulation, apply themselves to the most useful, and serious business of the State. In a word, we have seen the great Orators of our Age, by their solid manly Eloquence, banish from all publick Harangues, those Points, Quibbles, and false Thoughts, which so much reigned in the last Age.

But a Man must be truly Great, to change and reconcile so many different Relishes. It is a sort of Conquest that is worth its Price; and the single thought of following one's self alone, and obliging others to follow us, is sufficiently Heroick.

Not to submit one's Judgment to that of another, approaches very near it. He is a bold Man that dares venture alone, especially now-a-days, when our Books of
Me-

Morality are filled with nothing else but the defects and errors of Mankind. The way of Truth seems to be shut up, and we find nothing on every side, but inevitable Mistakes.

But what influence can Errors have upon a Mind never so little fortified, which disengaged from the disorders of Cabals that divide the World, consults nothing else, in order to judge of other things, but only of itself?

What satisfaction doth not such a Man taste in discovering the Truth, which is inclosed in the Idea that Nature gives us of every thing?

The reason why so many Discourses, either spoken or written do not persuade, is, because there are but few persons that establish them upon those Principles, of which all Men in themselves are inwardly convicted.

All the Mystery of Persuasion consists in applying them to these fundamental Truths: Every Man must convince himself. Convictions by Instruction don't last, and produce no effect. But when you have engaged yourself in another Man's Opinion, and have discovered to him that you think, and judge after this manner,

manner, you must expect all from his Confidence, and the execution of his Designs.

But avoid with great care, an Author of great Reputation, who would have all Men conceive things, just as he has conceived them himself. Possibly in some other occasions I may speak of him, and I mightily wonder, that a powerful Society, whom he has not spared, should still have a very great consideration for him.

I must farther add, that I cannot believe him, when he says, that Men never mistake in deducing from a Principle or Definition, the consequences which are contained in it; for 'tis there, if we duly mind it, that mistakes of Judgment shew themselves most.

Thus, instead of being of his Opinion, and teaching, That Men mistake in the Principles, and not in the Consequences, I maintain, that we are deceived in the Consequences, particularly, when they don't immediately flow from the Principles.

But it was for the Interest of his Work, to discredit the Rules of *Aristotle's* Logick. As for my part, who have no obligation to commend them, I am sensible enough, that they may be of great service,

vice, to show Men of false Judgment, that they do not reason justly, and draw their Consequences aright. But who doth not see it as well as my self? Is it not the very same thing, that *Horace* formerly said, when he gave us for the first and most important Precept of the Art of Poetry, (from whence we may draw Rules for all other Writings) that we should carefully preserve Unity in every thing? *Sit simplex quodvis duntaxat & unum.* This Unity so beloved of the Antients, What is it else but the Exactness of Reasoning?

But if you would be more persuaded of this Truth, consider but a little, of the Image he gives us at the head of this admirable Epistle: Can there be a greater fault, than that of the disproportion which is between the different Members that compose it?

In short, if *Descartes* has merited Commendations in this Age, is there a better Topic to praise his System, than the Connexion, and Coherence of its parts?

I have a Book of Christian Meditations upon the Truths of our Faith; the Author was a Pious Man, I will believe

it

it upon the Reputation he has in the World. But as he writ it in Latine, because he spoke *French* but ill, one of his Brethren was order'd to Translate it, and he succeeded in the Attempt well enough.

But as a Translator makes a particular Acquaintance with his Author, he is better able to discern the Imperfections in him. This Man presently found there was not a single Argument directly inferr'd from its Principle; all his Conclusions were Indirect, and oblique. To rectifie this Fault is not properly to Translate, but to make a new Piece.

We hear nothing else in the Pulpit, but an Apology for the Design of the Sermon, and for the Division or Method which they pretend to follow. But this Apology once over, the Preacher is the first Man that forgets it; he Rambles, he makes Digressions, and he arrives at Life Eternal, before he has begun to follow the Method he had promised.

This is the fault of those persons who affect to speak all things Politely, and neglect the Exactness of Reasoning.

There never was, perhaps, unless we except the *Augustean* Age, a more flourishing

rishing reign of Latine, than towards the last Age. But it were to be wished, that the Authors, who were but Grammarians, or at best but agreeable Declamers, had not taken upon them to Dogmatise upon Religion.

As they applied themselves to the Study of Learned Tongues, they could not reason with Exactness enough upon elevated Matters, of which they had but a very superficial Knowledge. They ought, if they had been wiser, to have confined their Jurisdiction to prophane Authors.

Le Fevre of *Saumur* has done it in our days with Success, and the Author of *R. upon H.* may arrive to a Twelfth Volume with safety and impunity. The Antiquities of *Rosinus* may be read there with less uneasiness, because reading

'Tis so in the French. I suppose the Letters stand for Remarks upon Horace, by Monsieur Dacier.

the Poet will refresh the Reader. 'Tis an open rule that of *Roman* and *Gracian* Antiquities: We throw away our time in writing, or reading of them, without being obliged to give an account to any other but ourselves.

But to meddle with Sacred Books, and to have no other Knowledge but what is drain-

drained from prophane Authors, is to go beyond one's Sphere. Good Sense requires that we should Suit ourselves both to our Subject, and to our Reader. That once slighted, expect nothing after Just and Exact.

To the Earl of St. Albans.

By Mr. SAVAGE.

My Lord,

YOU command me to tell you in a few words, all that is necessary for a young Man of great Hopes, to enter with Advantage upon the Stage of the World, and there to support himself with Honour: And you desire also, *My Lord*, that of all that I have learnt upon that Subject, either by the Conversation of good Men, my own Reading or Reflections, I should compose a kind of an Art, in which, by way of Abridgment, one might find all the Rules, Precepts, and Maxims which
may

may second the Natural Industry, that a Man already of a good Wit, might have to recommend himself to Civil Society, and to set a Value, as much as may be, on the Talent he possesseth.

To tell you the Truth, *My Lord*, I never found any thing truly difficult till now, in all that you have ever commanded me, through an earnest Inclination that I have always had to do with Pleasure, whatever you have desired of me: But that which you here propose to me, appears of so great difficulty, that I am verily persuaded, that you would have never propos'd it to me, if you had consider'd it by the same Method as I behold it.

In effect, never was there so vast a Matter, and yet you command it of me in Epitome: Never Precepts more dis-joynted, and yet you require an Art formed out of them. Never Maxims less sure, and yet you would have Rules. The things do not appear feasible to me, yet I shall do all that lies in my Power to content you. I'll borrow both from the Living and the Dead; I'll drain both my self and others; but you must expect neither an Epitome,
or

or any Method. I will tell you, with all sincerity, what the Desire to satisfy you, rather than Study or Experience, suggested to me upon this Subject.

The first step that a Man makes into the World, generally determines all the rest, and is the Foundation of his Reputation, and best Presage of his Fortune; and, from the first Marches that he makes, those that have had Experience, will tell you how far he will advance. 'Tis then very necessary to make this first step with a great deal of caution, and to signalize ones Entry by something that is glorious and great.

There is a great deal of Art in gaining the publick Esteem, and to make ones Talents appear so to advantage, that the World shall never disgust, or be glutted with 'em.

The means to preserve ones Reputation, is to produce something more and more excellent, and to provide a fresh Nutriment for the general Admiration, which seems always to grow up equal with our Merit. The great Actions we do, promise something greater; and the good ought to be follow'd by better.

A Great man ought not then to suffer the depth of his Capacity to be founded, if he will be always esteem'd by the Vulgar : He ought, on the contrary, to behave himself after such a manner, as never to discover all that he knows, and that no man may have it in his power to assign Limits to his Learning. For, let a Man be never so learned the Opinion we have of him, when we know him but by halves, goes always farther than the Idea we conceive of him, when we are wholly acquainted with him.

Therefore let him take care not to discover his Ability all at once, but make an absolute use of his Cunning. He should always to manage himself with caution, that he may be able to disengage himself from the Inconveniencies he may fall into ; and, to have a hidden Reserve, where he may command suitable Succours, to repair his greatest Mistakes, and to retrieve him from his greatest Overights.

As the Success of the most Judicious Undertakings depends upon the meeting of a multitude of Conjunctions, many of which Chance can only reconcile ; an excellent man ought not ever

ver to commit his Reputation to the risque of a Conversation, a Dispute, or an Interview ; for, if it does not succeed with him, he never recovers it : And no man can be sure not to fail in an Essay or a Tryal ; since nothing is more common, than to find ones first Projects disappointed. He ought then to expose his Reputation to the hazard of the Enterprize, whatever Advantage he may promise himself from its Success.

On the contrary, the great Art of all consists in not discovering all one knows at once, but to unfold it (if I may speak so) by degrees, and always to nourish and excite Curiosity.

The *Magazine* should always answer the *Occasions* ; and the *Piece* should not belie the *Pattern* : In fine, a *Man* ought always to keep exactly to what he promises.

'Tis upon this consideration only, that great Masters never discover the whole Mystery of their Art in their Lessons to their Schollars, and by that means they remain always the Masters ; the Source of their Instructions never dries away, and as 'tis not communicated but by proportion and measure, they never exhaust

that Fund of Knowledge, whence they draw continually both to satisfy the expectation of others, and to keep up their own reputation.

There is one thing more that I would recommend to an ingenious Man, and that is, To be seen as seldom as may be; for as his presence diminishes the Esteem one has of him, so his absence and distance augments it. Fame every day encreases Objects, and the Imagination goes much beyond the Sight.

We ought not then to be lavish of our selves; we ought to make ourselves expected to be truly welcome. The desire any one has for us, is commonly the measure of the Esteem they have of us: Happiness is better tasted when it has been a long time expected; and the Pleasure that costs one something, is much more ardently sought after, than that which is easie: so the nicest People find in Hunger a sauce that all the ragouts could not give to their Victuals; and 'tis a refining of *Epicurism* not to satisfy our senses and Appetites but by halves.

A Man should never make himself familiar with the Vulgar, lest he lose that Air of Dignity, which a Retreat and seri-

ous

ous Life bestows on those that shew themselves but seldom : for presence brings to light those Defects which absence would conceal. The most pretious things lose their worth as soon as they become common. Those great inclinations we have for Rarities are chang'd into scorn, when we find 'em to be had every-where ; and the mind is much more delicate and difficult to satisfy than the senses, which are glutted with the most delicious and exquisite Viands, when they are made their daily food.

Thus we may see the farther a learned Man is from us, the more we wish for his company ; the more he absconds the more we look after him : not that he ought to render himself inaccessible ; nothing but a mean Genius ought to be difficult to come at, being conscious that his Merit would not bear too near a Scrutiny ; there is in this a Medium that consists between a Haughtiness that despises others, and a Familiarity which makes ourselves cheap.

There are many other things might be said upon this matter, and the more I endeavour to measure the extent of 'em, the less I discover their bounds. Let us proceed then step by step : Let us clear, if we

can, this confusion of *Idaas*, which present themselves in crowds to the Mind, and follow some sort of Order, which may hinder us from fruitless wandering.

The first thing, in my opinion, that a Young Man ought to do, who has a mind to settle himself with Success in the World is, to know his Planet, for there is no body but has one, and 'tis want of being acquainted with it, that an infinite number of People have not made their Fortune as they might have done in the World.

How many men do we see in Favour, who have not thought it possible they should be known by Great men, yet they have been so by the effect of their Destiny? And as soon as they have made an entry, and are settled in their Posts, they need but ordinary Capacities to maintain 'em. Therefore we ought to search with care our predominant Destiny.

He that fails at the Court, perhaps, may succeed in the City: And, he that finds himself the Jest of the Town, may set up for a Wit, and be admir'd in the Country. In a word, No man is a Prophet in his own Country.

'Tis

'Tis necessary then to know how to transplant oneself. Many Great men had never been known, if they had always tarried in the place of their Birth. Some men must stand in a good Light, to appear in their true lustre.

We see every day several persons that would have been the Scandal of their Order, if they had continued in it, yet forsaking it, they have become the Honour of another.

Men succeed oftentimes better in one condition than in another, altho' they have not a better *Genius* for that which they have undertaken, than that which they leave.

'Tis to nothing but their Fate that we ought to attribute the Rise or Fall of most Great persons : Wherefore every one ought to look into his Lot, to content himself with it, and follow it ; for, to think to make ones Fortune by any other means, is, to have a mind to sail against Wind and Tide.

The second thing that is necessary for a Young Man to do, is to know his good and ill Qualities ; for every thing in the World is mixt with Good and Evil. There is no man but has something good in him, which may become excellent, if it be cultivated.

Such a one would have become a Great man, if he had known his Strength, and perfected his best Talents. But the most part force their *Genius*, and lose the Reward of their Course, because they drive beyond the Posts that should bound their Career.

He ought also to know his predominant Defect, for every body has one, which counterballances in a manner his excelling good Quality; and if one takes a Resolution to destroy it, one may infallibly succeed. But one ought to take it in good time, and to labour with a great deal of Courage and Perseverance; for 'tis not a small matter to destroy a Vice that is born, and has grown up with us.

When a Young Man is arriv'd so far, he ought not to think, that he must presently enter upon upon the World, and embark in some Employ; he must reflect upon it a long time first; he must consider his Abilities, provide himself of Patrons, and measure the height of the Undertaking he pretends to: He ought, if I may be allow'd the expression, to feel the Pulse of his Affairs, and to wait a long time, if it be necessary; for it belongs only to Wise men never to precipitate,
and

and be impatient for any thing. He that never grieves, or puts himself in a Passion, shews that he is an absolute Master of himself; and when once a Man is Master of himself, he is not long after of others also.

There is a certain term to bring great Designs to maturity; those that can expect it, are commonly paid with Usury for their Patience; for, in many things Delay does more than Force.

Precipitation ruins the best-laid Enterprizes; whereas Patience ripens the most difficult Designs, and renders the execution of them easie.

Not but that it becomes a Young Man, to tempt Fortune by some bold and couragious Action; for, on the contrary, this way seldom fails of Success, and the Character of Attempting is almost a certain Pledge or Security for the Success of any Enterprize whatsoever. Nothing more resembles Sottishness than Cowardise; whereas a little Bravery supplys oftentimes the want of Ability.

We ought not then to be afraid so much of the Merit of others, nor suffer any Idea we may have of it to give us any disturbance before 'em; for, how
much

much soever one is possess'd in Favour of a man of great Reputation, he shall not have a long time convers'd with him, before he finds a great deal to be abated of the excess of his Reputation; and that every one has his Weaknesses, which level him with the Vulgar, as much as he is removed from 'em by his Merit.

A man that is upon the Rise dazzles us if we regard him at any distance; but let us come near him, and his Personal Defects will immediately moderate the Foreign Gloss that he but borrow'd from his Rank and Dignity.

Let us then be upon the guard, against a Power that an Imagination too favourably byass'd usurps over our Reason. It no more becomes a learned man to be fearful, than an ignorant to be bold.

We ought to know how to undertake seasonably: 'tis not enough to begin, we ought to know how to proceed in an Undertaking. There are a great many Men who are only good to broach an Affair, but are absolutely unfit to finish it: 'Tis from this Default that many great Battels have been gained without any great Advantages to the Conquerors, because they tarried behind to reap the Fruit of the Victory,

Victory, when they should pursue the Advantages. And 'tis from the same Principle that a Statesman, in Publick Affairs, commits the same Solecisms, as a private Man does in those of his Family.

If a Man after having taken his Measures on all sides, happens to succeed in any thing, let him take a great deal of care not to suffer himself to be overcome with the flattering Design, which Self-love inspires those with, who have too much Satisfaction in any happy Success: for there is need of as much Moderation not to be corrupted by one's good Fortune, as Patience not to be cast down at the bad: Besides, one ought to have the power to stop one's self in the middle of one's most favourable Enterprizes: The Torrent of Prosperity ought not to carry us away against our Wills. 'Tis often times necessary not to desire one's Victory as far as one might: a wise Retreat is no less glorious than a courageous Attack; 'tis by retiring from the World in good time, that we can secure the Glory we have acquired in it; and 'tis the Character of a consummated Merit, to be able to live in a Retreat with Honour, after having liv'd in the Publick with Lustre.

See

See here, *my Lord*, in what manner it seems to me, that a young Man who would maintain an illustrious Figure in the World, ought to begin, proceed, and finish his Actions. I am very well assured there are many other things might be said upon this Subject, but in the little I have writ upon this Occasion, there is enough to make me understood to one, that has had so much Experience as your Lordship, and whose Thoughts are so much elevated above those of other Men.

Reflections upon what a Man ought to do to live Happy.

Reflect. 1. **T**IS a great Advantage towards the Tranquility of Life, to behold it through the most agreeable part of it: A thing must be very adverse indeed, that one cannot draw some profit from; we grieve oftentimes, and give ourselves abundance of trouble for something that in a little time becomes of itself easie to us.

2. Satyr may give us a great deal of pleasure, whether we write it our selves
or

Reflections upon Happiness. 141

or hear it from another; but this pleasure should not inspire us with a kind of Melancholy, that is to be seen in the Conversation of some People who are seriously concerned at the Follies or Extravagancies of other Men; who are not pleased with the Condition they find the World in, and do not consider disagreeable Objects, but to be displeased with 'em. What good did it do *Heraclitus* to sigh and grieve? Did he by those means reform the Abuses of the Age? The wisest side is to take care of one's self, and to leave to others the managing their own Persons: Has not every one enough to do with his own Affairs?

3. When a Man is in trouble, he ought to remember that he has had some favourable minutes, and impute to his good Fortune all his former happiness; in short, one is less Unhappy when one can charm one's Sorrows either by a remembrance, or an hope of a Condition more Happy.

4. The greatest part of Mankind look upon the Honours, Riches, and Pleasures of others, as Adulterers do upon other Mens Wives, in despising those they enjoy: Cannot a Man make use of Life with pleasure without possessing all that may belong to it?

142 *Reflections upon Happiness.*

it? Why should we make a Necessity of an hundred things without which we may live content enough, providing we be but a little reasonable.

5. Although Ambition oppose this, yet we are more at quiet when we consider those that are below us: she would have us aspire to the first Rank, and despise this petty sort of Tranquillity; but had she any better recompense to put in its place?

6. The measure of our Happiness ought to be taken from that of our Passions: he that has the fewest desires, hopes, or such like other motions of the Mind, without doubt will be the most content.

7. There is nothing except the desire of Vertue, which ought to be limited, if one would live happy: For in fine, how many Vertues are there incompatible? How many Undertakings which are not proper to all sorts of People? it ought to suffice us that acquit ourselves in the Employ wherein we are, and there to bound all our Duty.

8. That Man's truly miserable who goes to search for Sorrows in Futurity; 'tis an Abiss so profound that the prospect from above is enough to fright one. To make use of the present good is a very rare

Secret:

Reflections upon Happiness. 143

Secret: but not that a Man ought to be prepar'd for the different Accidents of Life. This may shield us from the Insults of Fortune. No Misfortune can happen to us when one has a sufficient Fund of Patience and Reason to overcome it.

9. 'Tis very much to misunderstand one's self, to be troubled and frighted when one has done amiss. A man must have a great deal of Vanity, not to know his Weakness. But if he knows it, at least he may gain this Advantage by it, to remain in a calm Condition after any Frailty whatsoever.

10. There is nothing more frights the World than Death, as if it were not a passage to a better Life. Live well, and the thoughts of Death will but create in you an excess of Joy.

11. Let not your Soul, prevented by any austere Maxims, hinder you from taking the innocent pleasure of Life. There are some Men that build themselves up a Merit, by refusing the smallest, and most natural Sweets that Heaven has been pleas'd to mingle with the Bitters of Life, to render them supportable.

144. *Reflections upon Happiness.*

12. Solid Content proceeds from a good Conscience; without that, there is no Pleasure which does not become uneasie, for there is no body that receives more Satisfaction or Uneasiness, than either to be in good or bad Circumstances with himself. Now 'tis the thought that we have performed our Duty, that makes us be content at Home; and on the other hand, nothing gives us more Pain and Inquietude, than the mortifying Reflections we make on the ill Disposition of our Hearts.

13. Happy is the Man who knows to make a right Judgment of what is truly Good, and truly Evil; for there are a thousand false Scruples, that nevertheless give us true Vexations: And therefore, if we desire to regulate them, we must by no means reject the Natural Instincts we have of all that is really Good. The Quiet of those Persons who have lost their Conscience, is a lamentable Lethargy, that leads to Infallible Destruction.

Of Logick, by the same Hand.

INstead of a great number of Precepts, of which the Logick we learn at the College is wholly compos'd, and which are for the most part, either Unprofitable, or too Intricate; it seems to me, that these four only may suffice to all those, who have a mind to conduct their Reason surely in their Search after Truth.

1. We ought not to determine, That a thing is, or is not, without having a Reason for it, that is explain'd in so clear terms that it may naturally convince the Mind.

2. For fear of suffering one's self to be carry'd away by a Precipitancy of Mind, or Prejudice, to which we are so obnoxious, we ought to examine all the terms in which any Reason is laid down, dividing it into as many parts as we can: For it is not possible for us, having our Minds so confin'd, to judge well of a thing, unless we examine it peice-meal.

3. Moreover, we ought to establish an Order in all the Thoughts that a Subject

is fill'd with. That which is the most simple, most general, and most easie to be understood, ought to precede that which is most confus'd; because there is nothing which is a greater help than this Order, to know if one be not deceiv'd in Reasoning; that is to say, in making one thing follow another.

4. In fine, we ought to take a great deal of care, to make so exact an Enumeration, that we may be assur'd, that nothing is omitted. If but one thing be forgot, 'tis impossible there should not be some defect or other in what we propose.

To comprehend in fewer Words these four Maxims, remember,

1. Not to Judge of any thing which is obscure, or without Proof.
2. Divide the thing you are to judge of.
3. Take care to have a Method in your Thoughts.
4. That the Enumeration you make be entire.

*Of the Multitude of Words, or the
Number of Books.*

I Cannot well explain my Thoughts upon this Subject, without making use of this Question, *viz.* Whether it be not true, That those who Divine, or Conjecture upon any private Affairs, do not speak much more, and say many more things than those who know the Secret? What is not daily said about Affairs of State, when 'tis the Prince only that knows the Mystery? One word from his mouth would explain better all the different faces of things, than all that the Politicians commonly babble.

Hence it seems to me, That a Man may well think, that the more Books he sees upon a Subject, the more he may conclude we know nothing of the Matter. Of every thing there is but one Truth to be known; but for want of this Knowledge, there is a multitude of groundless Conjectures.

Of *Moral Philosophy*.

M*oral Philosophy* ought to endeavour to conduct us in the search of Good, as *Logick* guides us in the search of Truth.

So then, that of the College is not truly *Moral Philosophy*; for 'tis certainly true, that it only proposes some unprofitable Questions, concerning the Idea that one ought to have of the Order of Things that create our Happiness, of the number of our Passions, and other Metaphysical Points which serve for nothing else but Matter for a Dispute.

The true *Moral Philosophy* ought to teach us,

1. What it is truly to act like reasonable Creatures, that is to say, with liberty; It therefore first treats of Humane Actions, that is to say, rational, or free.
2. After having suppos'd, that nothing but free Actions are Good, or Evil,

Evil, it inquires what this Goodness, or Evilness of our Actions is; or if there can be any indifferent.

3. For this reason as the goodness of our Actions depends upon their Rule, and their End, it inquires what is the certain-Rule, and the certain End.

4. Then it teaches us, That we have not her Rule but the Law of God, which it considers two ways: 1. As it is written in the Books of *Moses*, &c. and the Gospel, interpreted according to the Fathers of the Church. And, 2. In every Man's Conscience.

5. As to what concerns the End, it shows that it consists not in Vertue only, which the *Pagans* sought after with so great a Passion, but that God only ought to be the Object, upon which all our Love is employ'd, of which it discovers to us the absolute Necessity.

6. Next, considering that the Passions are a certain Obstacle to it, it does not so much teach us to know them, as how to tame them.

7. In fine, because Men are obliged by the Necessities of Life, to live together, it speaks of the Duties of Justice, which we owe to one another, whatever con-

150 *Maxims of Morality.*

dition we are in. It seems to me, that, if every one followed these Rules in the Study of Morality, one might make a much greater Progress, and find more Pleasure, than in the insipid Systems of the Philosophy of the Schools.

Maxims of Morality

R Eason, which obliges us to be oftentimes irresolute in our Judgments, because the greatest part of Objects do not present themselves to our Minds with proof enough to make them well understood, obliges us not to be so in our Actions; for being to live with one another, 'tis necessary to chuse at last some sort of Conduct, which we should constantly observe, till we can find a better.

For in the same manner, as a Man who pulls down one House to build up another, makes choice, by way of Provision, of some place where to stand while he builds it; so when a Man would examine with care his Thoughts, and reform his Soul from the Prejudices it may have imbib'd, he
ought

ought to provide himself, after the same manner, of a Morality which may serve him for a Rule. This Morality may be reduc'd to four Maxims :

1. To obey the Laws and Customs of the Country where one is born, and to follow in all things, the most moderate Opinions, without disapproving, or condemning any Person.

2. To be so constant in this Conduct, that one has chosen, as not to have any regard to whatever may be said, to put us out of conceit with it : Like in this to Travellers, who finding themselves in a Forrest, ought not to wander this way, or that way, but go as directly as they can in the same path, and not to change it, for idle Reasons ; for at last they must come to some end, wherein all probability, they will be better than in the middle of the Wood.

3. To deliver themselves from all those Disquiets, which are wont to move those feeble and staggering Spirits, which suffer themselves to be turned inconstantly by all sorts of Examples : For these Agitations, and these unprofitable, and confus'd Reflections amuse the Mind ; and

take away from it all the force it should have.

4. Of all the kinds of Morality, we ought rather to make use of that which teaches us to vanquish ourselves, than that which has no other end, but to triumph over Fortune, and to change our Desires, without pretending to change any thing in the Order of the World. I believe this was the Secret of those Philosophers, who, inspite of the Incommodities of Life, were able to dispute Happiness with their Gods : But it is impossible to experience this Secret, unless one be thoroughly perswaded, that there is nothing truly in our Power, but our Thoughts, and our Desires.

With these few Maxims one may observe a regular Conduct, till one has formed another from long Experience, if it be possible to find a better ; Life being short, and the occasions of improving it very rare.

To the Earl of Ormond

ALL Men have a mind to be Happy. This Desire leaves us not, during the course of our Lives; 'tis a Truth wherein all the World are of one Opinion.

But to render our selves Happy with less trouble, and to be so with Security, without fearing to be disturb'd in one's Happiness, we ought to act in such a manner, *My Lord*, that others may be so with us; for, if one pretends to take care only of himself, he will find continual Oppositions: And when we will not be happy, but upon condition, that others may be so likewise, all Obstacles are removed, and all the World agrees with us.

'Tis this management of Happiness for our selves and others, which we ought to call Honesty, and which properly speaking is nothing but Self-love well manag'd.

Honesty ought then to be consider'd, as the desire of being Happy, but after a manner, that others may be so too. Let us look into, let us examine all Ver-
mious Actions, and we shall find they are
all

all of this Nature, and that they all move upon the same Principle.

To possess this Honesty in the highest Degree, we ought to have a sound Understanding, and our Hearts honest, and both to agree together.

By the power of our Understanding, we know what is most Just, and most Reasonable to say and do; and by the Honesty of the Heart, we never fail to be willing to do, and say the same.

When a Man has but one of these two, he cannot pretend to compleat Honesty; for the power of the former does vainly comprehend Reason and Justice: if the integrity of the Heart be not on its side, nothing is executed, nothing is done. And in like manner, if the integrity of the Heart be alone, and the Assistance of the Soul be wanting to guide it, it will blindly feel out its way, without ever knowing exactly the road it ought to take.

These two things are Essential to make an honest Man; and since 'tis so rare a matter to see them separately, how much ought it to be more rare, to see them together? But, *My Lord*, when they meet in the same Person, What Greatness do they not show, what Justice, what Charms,

Charms, and what Reason? A Man of this Character compleats equally all his Duties, however extended, or different they may be.

He is a good Subject, a good Father, a good Friend, a good Citizen, a good Master: He is Indulgent, Humane, Assisting, Charitable, and Sensible of the Misfortunes of another.

He is Circumspect, he is Modest, he doth not act the Man of Censure, or Pride; he takes notice of another's Faults, but never talks of them, nor does seem to have seen them.

He is not in the least interest'd, but, as he knows the Necessities of Life; his Conduct is always regulated, and he never lives in Disorder.

He is not mov'd, but by true Merit. That which is call'd Grandeur, Authority, Fortune, Riches; all these do not enchant him, and 'tis this which hinders him from taking sometimes the way to Fortune.

Although he be agreeable, and of good Converse, yet he is enough retir'd, and loves not a Crowd: So we may see he seldom endeavours to show himself upon the Theatre of the World: but if his
Birth

Birth or Fortune are pleas'd to place him there, as he has a vast Wit, as he is prodigiously Apprehensive, Penetrating, Expert, and what not, he performs his Part exceedingly well.

The honest Man makes a great account of Wit, but yet he makes a greater of Reason. He loves Truth in all things; he would willingly know all things, but is not vexed, if he knows nothing. He takes care of all, examines all, knows the Worth, Force, and Weakness of all. He esteems nothing, but according to its true Value. The nicest Errors and Disappointments do not impose upon him, nor make any Impression upon his *Mind*.

The honest Man, in short, says nothing, and does nothing, which is not Agreeable, Just, Reasonable, and which does not lead to the making all Men Happy.

'Tis then evident, *My Lord*, That to make the World Happy, 'tis necessary to establish Honesty in it. But to bring this about, 'twould not suffice to know in what Condition it is at present in; 'tis necessary also, to know how it ought to be, and how it would be in effect, if all Men were *Reasonable*.

In the present Estate of the World, every thing is almost out of Order : Honesty has no place in it, and honest Men live in it, as it were a strange Country.

The Re-establishment of Honesty amongst Men, would be easie for Kings ; and to accomplish this great Work, they would have nothing else to do, but to prefer good Men, and punish the bad.

If all Men were reasonable, there would be nothing among us, but our Natural Infirmities, as Sickness, Old Age, and Death.

Nevertheless, we have a thousand others, as Prevention, Madness, Ambition, Perfidiousness, Ignorance, and the Contempt of Knowledge.

There is nothing else in the World that attracts the eyes and esteem of all Men, but great Birth, and the Glory of War ; all other Deserts, if I may speak so, are sad and languishing, and not taken notice of.

'Tis very just that the Merits of War should be consider'd ; the Fatigues, Wounds, and Death itself, to which the Brave are so often expos'd, ought yet to be more taken notice of than they are : Nevertheless, if one compares the Honour

158 *Maxims for the use of Life.*

nours that are bestowed upon 'em, with those of Persons dignify'd in other Arts, we shall find that they are enough rewarded. There is this unhappiness in the Merit of the Mind, that few People understand it, and that even in this small number there are some who have no great esteem for it.

It is not the same with Riches ; all the World esteems them, the Poor as well as the Rich : The other Gifts of Fortune have the same advantages ; the Men of the lowest birth aim at Greatness, and do what they can to raise themselves, &c.

Maxims for the Use of Life.

MEN never commend freely, and without interest : Some advantage must come to 'em, or it must cost him something considerable that has a mind to be well prais'd.

Those that are of high Birth are continually respected, their name alone is a great Elogy ; there is not a greater Priviledge amongst Men.

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Maxims for the use of Life. 159

The Conditions of the most Unfortunate are the most despised; their Miseries alone are not enough, but there must be added to 'em Shame and Scorn; Men are in truth very cruel.

One must never say, Citizen, Country Boor, and such like. All these names are injurious, and words of contempt; one must endeavour to avoid 'em, for they do but create malice amongst Men: but we must preserve the names of Knave; Traytor, Ungrateful Fellow, and others of such nature, on purpose to cast a shame on those that deserve it.

We ought not to despise those that are in want, but rather on the contrary give 'em some marks of our Esteem: And as Contempt is, it may be, one of the greatest misfortunes of Poverty, we may sweeten in some manner their troubles, by declaring, without affectation, that we do not esteem 'em less, however unhappy they be.

One must be affable and courteous to one's Domesticks, and by this behaviour comfort 'em in their conditions. 'Tis the work of Fortune that they are so low, and that we are above 'em.

We must not be rigorous in what regards our own interests: Nothing becomes a Man better

160 *Maxims for the use of Life.*

better than to release a little of his privilege. One must avoid great Play, 'tis a Divertisement too dangerous; Anger, Heat and Quarrels accompany it always: it procures a Man often times bad nights, and at long run it perpetually incommodes him: Nor is this all, he must be always upon his guard, lest he be cheated, and 'tis but an uneasie condition to be always as in an Enemy's Country.

A Man ought not to have any thing remarkable or too gay in his Habit, Discourse, or Manners: It seems to me that the modest Air becomes one better than that which they call the *Bel-air*; 'tis good to have in one's Countenance something great, that procures both Esteem and Respect; but the Courteous, and Honest Air does not create less good Effects; 'tis from thence that we make our selves beloved: For the fierce Air that is so much esteem'd, in my Opinion, is only proper for War.

We ought to learn not to disquiet our selves, and to study well this Lesson.

The Court, if I may say so, is an *Epitome* of the whole Kingdom; whatever is most Exquisite and Pure, is there met with. The manner of speaking, the Modes,

Maxims for the use of Life. 161

the Modes, the Air, and the Customs are there excellent. The greatest part of these things are not learnt, but by the Success, as Physick is not well understood, but by Experience: However, it seems to me, that one ought to endeavour to know them by their Causes, which would be the best and surest way. And to this end, we ought to know the nature of those things which please, and be skill'd in the Hearts of Men.

There is no other Study, but how to please in the Courts of Princes, because there a Man makes his Fortune by rendering himself agreeable. Hence it comes, that Courtiers are so Polisht. On the contrary, in Towns and Republicks where Men manage their Affairs by Labour, the last of their Cares is to Please, and 'tis that which renders them so Clownish.

That which we call the *Last* in a Figurative Sence, is a very rare thing, and is found but in very few People. One can scarce learn it, or teach it, but it must be born with us. Exquisite Knowledge seems to be above it, and carries a greater Latitude; but in truth, for the Commerce of the World, and most affairs of Life, a true Judgment equals its Worth, and possesses its place. When we have got this

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Advantage

162 *Maxims for the use of Life.*


Advantage, we ought not to despise those which have it not.

To be agreeable, and good Company, a Man ought to think discreetly, and readily upon all that is said in Conversation; and this cannot be, if one has not an excellent Wit, a great deal of Memory, and an Imagination fuitable. One ought also to be Master of one's Language, by knowing all the Niceties, Beauties, and Delicacies of it.

We ought to suit ourselves to the Capacities of those we converse with, and to take in some manner, the Heighth, and the Degree of their Wit. We ought to take a great deal of care not to affect the Vanity to be the head of the Company. One makes himself more agreeable, when one hears willingly, and without Jealousie; and suffers others to have Wit as well as himself.

There is no Subject so barren, upon which there may not be something well said; but even when the Subject affords nothing, a Man of sense has always in Reserve, some agreeable manner of speaking, of which he is an absolute Master, and which can never fail him: Apt Words are rare, and depend upon Time and Chance.

Narratives



Maxims for the use of Life. 163

Narratives and Stories do not always succeed ; we ought not to make use of them often ; but when we find ourselves engaged in them, we must take care that they be not long, and that there be always something particular and diverting to surprize the Company. One must avoid Repetitions. We care not to hear what we know already, and we can reap no more benefit by,

Things that are New, Great, Universal, and those which have the Air of great Persons, are always pleasing, because Men are Curious ; because they despise those things that are limited, and of small consequence, and are commonly very much affected with Grandeur.

'Tis for this Reason, that what comes from the Country, from little Towns, and private Quarters, is but indifferently received. We are apt to imagine, that Politeness, and a good Taſt is not to be found there.

The ſame Reason occasions alſo, that Figures drawn from War, Hunting, and the Sea, are ſo well receiv'd ; and that we cannot endure thoſe that are taken from mean Professions ; of which the World makes but ſmall account.

164 *Maxims for the use of Life.*

One must not expect, that Conversations should be always equal; they depend upon Chance, as well as other things.

A Man can't become Learn'd, or Agreeable, if he does not love Reading; without it the best natural Parts are commonly dry and barren.

He ought to behave himself so, that in his Actions, Discourse, and Manners, there may be always a certain Air of Politeness, that never forsakes him: Nothing is more shameful than to be Ignorant.

Politeness is a mixture of Discretion, Civility, Complaisance, and Circumspection; accompanied with an agreeable Air scatter'd throughout, whatever one says, or does. And as so many things are Essentially necessary to acquire this Politeness, it is no wonder if it is uncommon.

Whether it is; that Women are naturally more Polite, or that to please them, the Spirit raises, and embellishes itself; 'tis principally from them, that this Politeness is learnt.

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A Letter to Monsieur Justel.

By Mr. Savage.

I Am over-joy'd to see you in *England*. The Conversation of a Man so Knowing, and so Curious as you, will give me a great deal of Satisfaction. But permit me to disapprove of the Resolution you have taken to quit *France*, so long as I see you maintain for her so tender, and so loving a Memory. When I see you doleful and desolate on the shoar of our *Thames* wishing for *Paris*; you put me in mind of the poor *Israelites* bewailing their *Jerusalem* upon the Banks of *Euphrates*. Either live happy in *England*, in an entire Liberty of Conscience, or accommodate your self to the Catholick Religion in your own Country, to enjoy the advantages you thirst after.

Is it possible, that Images, Ornaments, Ceremonies, and other such like things, upon which you establish so many ill grounded Disputations, and which you make so unreasonably the Subject of Separation; should trouble the Quiet of Nations, and be the cause of so many

great Misfortunes which happen to Men.

I confess, 'tis a good thing, to search God in Spirit and Truth. This first Essence, this sovereign Intelligence deserves our most purifi'd Speculations. But when we have a mind to disengage our Soul from all commerce with our Sense, are we assur'd, that an abstracted Knowledge is not lost in wandring Thoughts, and does not create more Extravagancies than it discovers Truths? Whence, think you, comes the Absurdity of so many Sects scatter'd through the World, but from deep Meditations, where the Mind, as it were in a Dream, meets with nothing but its own proper Fancies?

Forget Sir, this melancholy Disgust you have to our Images. Images stop in a manner, this Spirit so difficult to be fixed. Moreover, there is nothing more natural to Man than Imitation; and of all Imitations, there is nothing so lawful as that of a Picture, which represents to us only what we ought to Worship.

The Idea of vertuous Persons creates in us a love of Vertue; and produces a just desire to attain that Perfection which they have arrived to.

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There are Emulations of Holiness, as well as Jealousies of Glory; and if the Picture of *Alexander* animated the Ambition of *Cæsar* to a Conquest of the World, the Image of our Saints may well excite in us the ardour of their Zeal, and inspire us with that happy Violence which ravishes Heaven.

I allow you, that the Old Testament did not permit us to form any thing that looked like the resemblance of God. This God painted himself in the great Work of the Universe. The Heavens, the Sun, the Stars, the Elements were the Images of his Immensity and Power. The wonderful Order of Nature exprest his Wisdom to us. Our Reason, which would know all, finds in her self a kind of Idea of this Infinite Being; and this was all that could be figur'd of a God, who did no otherwise discover himself to Men, but by his Works.

But it is not thus in the New Alliance. Since that a God is become Man for our Salvation, we may well make to our selves Images of him, to stir us up to the knowledge of his Goodness and Love: And in effect, if those are condemn'd as Hereticks, that deny'd his Humanity, is not

it a strange Absurdity to call us Idolaters for loving to see it represented? You are commanded to think always of his Passion, to meditate always upon his Sufferings, and it yet is made a crime in us, to have Figures that should support the Remembrance of them.

They would have the Image of his Death always presented to our Souls, but won't allow of any before our Eyes.

Your Aversion for the Ornaments of our Priests has no better Foundation. Do not you know, Sir, that God took the pains himself, to ordain even the Fringe of the Habit of the High Priest? And do you find that our Pontifical Habits are very different from those under the Jewish Oeconomy?

You are not less forward to deny us our Musick, than to condemn our Images. You ought to have remembered, Sir, that *David* recommended nothing frequenter to the *Israelites*, than to sing the Praises of the Lord, with all sorts of Instruments.

The Musick of our Churches exalts the Soul, purifies the Spirit, inspires the Heart, and rectifies, or augments the Devotion. When a Mystery, or a Miracle is treated of, you understand nothing but Sense and Reason.

Reason. In Natural things, which lead to Purity, Sense and Reason are your Enemies. There you give all to Nature, here to Grace; there one can alledge nothing supernatural but you laugh at it: Here one says nothing of Humane to you, but you think it Prophane, and Impious.

Contrarieties have lasted but too long. Agree with us about the lawful establish'd Customs, and we will write with you against the Abuses that have been introduc'd.

As to the Doctrine of our Church, touching the real Presence of the Body of Jesus Christ, in the Sacrament of our Altar, you have no more reason to dispute it. You say, that it is difficult to agree with us about a Body without Figure and Extension; But is it more easie for us to agree with you about your Spiritual eating it? After this manner, who eats really the Substance of this same Body? The difficulty of comprehending the Mystery, is it less great on your side? And is not a Miracle as necessary to your Opinion, as ours?

So that, if in spite of all this, the love of a Separation still possesses you, and that you cannot disengage your self from the prejudice of your Sentiments; do not
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complain of that which is taken from you as an Injustice, but rather be thankful for that which you have left as a Grace. Melancholly Muttering, and Opposition, will rather hurt than serve you. Whereas a Conduct more respectful, and an Interest more discreetly manag'd, than violently maintain'd, might hinder the design of your Ruine, if it were thought on.

One of the chiefest points of Discretion, and the oftenest recommended, is to respect in all Countries the Religion of the Prince. To condemn the Belief of the Sovereign, is to condemn the Sovereign himself at the same time. A Protestant, who in his Discourse, or Writings, taxes the Catholick Religion of Idolatry, accuses the King by a necessary Consequence to be an Idolater; and makes an assault upon him in his own Dominions; which the Emperours of *Rome* would never suffer.

I know well, that I exhort you to no purpose, in the humour you are at present. A Sentiment as it were natural, which is form'd in our first Impressions; the inclination one has for ancient Customs; the difficulty that one suffers to quit a Belief,

lief one has been born in, to embrace another which one has always oppos'd; a delicacy of Scruple, a false opinion of Constancy, are bonds which will not easily be broken. But then at least leave to your Children the liberty of chusing that which your long Engagements will not suffer you to do.

You complain of the Edict, that obliges them to choose a Religion at seven years old; Now this is the greatest favour could have been done them; by that they are restor'd to their Country which you robb'd them of; It returns them into the Bosom of the Commonwealth, whence you drag'd them; It makes them capable of Honours and Dignities, that you had excluded them from.

Do not envy them Sir, those Advantages that you will not benefit by; and keeping your Opinions and Misfortunes to your self, remit the care of their Religion to Divine Providence, which shews itself so visible in such a conduct.

Where is the Father who does not inspire the Zeal of his Party, as well as his Religion, into his Children? And what does any one know what may happen
from

from this Zeal? whether it will proceed to Fury or Piety? if it will produce Crimes or Vertues? In this Uncertainty, Sir, remit all things to the disposition of a Law, which has no other end then the Publick Good, and the particular Interest of your Family.

A Letter to Monsieur the Count de C.

By the same Hand.

AS I interest my self infinitely in all that concerns you, the particulars of your gallant Actions have created in me a sincere pleasure. Persons that have been perfectly acquainted with 'em, have taken the pains to send me an account of 'em; and I should be ready to complain to you, for concealing them as a Secret, if I did not fear to disturb a Joy so great as yours, by reproaches of Friendship.

How truly Glorions are you, Sir, after having so often given proofs of your Valour against the Enemies of the State, to have vanquish'd, amidst the Delights of the City, the most merciless Creature, in the World, and who had defy'd all the Earth.

Earth? I know that charming Person in whom Beauty, Wit, and Manners seem to dispute which shall gain her the greatest Esteem: lovely, delicious, and now, for you only becomes a Lover. In truth, Sir, I enter into those very Transports which have made you forget all the World, to imprint in your Soul only the Idea of a Person so accomplisht: I pardon your abandoning yourself wholly to her; and I conceive it is difficult for you to have any Kindness left for Madam de L. who is so much below her in Charms of Body.

But at length, Sir, your forgetting and abandoning, excusable in the beginnings of so great a Fortune, would be so no longer if they should last always: You know that Madam de L. has a Merit very much distinguisht: you know all that you owe her. She loves you as much as ever any lov'd: Ought not her Love then to take place of Beauty? And this Acknowledgment, with which you were smitten so much heretofore, does it not oblige you to some manner of Return?

For my part, I confess to you, that the Description she makes of your Insensibility, and of her Grievs, is so lively and touching in the Letter she writ to me upon

on this Subject, that I cannot avoid entering into her Interests : Suffer then, Sir, I beseech you, my Remonstrances ; you owe this to our Friendship, and I owe them to the Confidence that an Unhappy Lady has repos'd in me.

I do not mean here that you should forsake in favour of her, this Beauty that so bewitches you : you have nothing more to do than to give yourself the trouble to deceive Madam L. You will do it easily because she'll assist you herself. And I believe you will not pretend to so squeamish a conscience as to make a scruple of it.

You are not ignorant that your new love will be mixt with some Confusions and Coldnesses : you may allow those Intervals to Madam L. and she'll be content with 'em ; and you may make use of her to re-inflame the fires of t'other, that unlucky Accidents or a meer Cessation may extinguish.

Yet once more, Sir, do not despise a Woman that a great many others would be glad of : permit her to think that she has yet some place in your breast. *Alci-
biades* did not disdain to eat coarse Bread and black Porridge with the *Lacedemonians*, after he had tasted the Delights of *A-
thens* ;

thens ; he came out of the arms of the lovely *Aspasia*, the most charming Creature of all *Greece*, where he enjoyed all the Spirit and Delicacy of a tender Love, and yet submitted himself to the Embraces of the Queen of *Sparta*, whose Manners were fulsom, and who was very far from having the Charms of *Aspasia*.

See here, Sir, an Example to follow ; consider also with a little attention, the Character of *Alcibiades*, and you may find it throughout to have much resemblance with yours ; which I presume will not be thought disadvantageous.

A Letter to Madam D. D. B. C.

By the same Hand.

FROM what I understand, Madam, you've a mind to become a Religious: I thank God for it with all my heart ; having more need in your Conversation of the Purity of Sentiments, you are about to have, then all those you may be inspired with from the Conversation of Men.

I conjure you, then in the name of Heaven, to take up a sincere Devotion ;
and

and to render it such as it ought to be, take care to avoid the Defects which that of other People is so often accompanied with.

There are some Men who think they have the ardour of a lively Zeal. There are some who enjoy themselves in a good and solid Piety. There are others who could be able to die for God, through the Sentiments of a courageous Faith. But in truth there are very few who can live according to the Laws of the Gospel and Religion.

You may expect all from their Heat, where there is occasion to employ it: but you must hope almost nothing from 'em where there is need of Constancy and Discretion.

Let us see how they behave themselves in things which God requires from their Submission: and when they show a Rule in their Manners, a Modesty in their Conversation, a Patience in Injuries, then will I be convinc'd of their Devotion by their Conduct.

Govern yourself, Madam, by the Errors of others; and having a mind to give yourself to God, let that less enter into your Devotion which you love, than that which pleases him. If you do not take
care

care in this, your heart may bear its inclinations to him without receiving the impressions of his Grace, and you will be altogether your own, when you think you are altogether his.

Not but that there may be an holy and happy Agreement between his will and yours: you may love what he loves; you may desire what he desires: but we do commonly by a pleasing and secret Impression, that which we desire of ourselves; and 'tis this which ought to render us more attentive and inclin'd to do nothing but by a consideration of what he enjoins.

You need not nevertheless for this reason subject yourself wholly to the Conduct of those Directors, who make use in their Maxims of a certain Spiritual niceness which you do not understand, nor perhaps they themselves. The Will of God is not so conceal'd but it may be discover'd by those who have a mind to follow it; and generally speaking you'll have less need of Inspiration than Submission. Those things which have relation to your desires, are easily understood, and easily follow'd: Those which encounter your inclinations explain themselves e-

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178 *A Relation of a Dispute.*

nough ; but Nature resists, and an indocible Soul defends its self from their Impression. I should desire then, Madam, two things of you, in the Devotion you are about to engage your self in : the first is, That you would take care not to raise your Heart to God , because you believe it more proper for the Passions of Men. The second is, That you would not disguise your Animosities under an appearance of Zeal, or prosecute those you wish ill to, under a false pretence of Piety.

*A Relation of a Dispute between the
Mareschal of Hocquincourt, and
Father Canaye, a Jesuite. By
M. D. S. E.*

AS I din'd t'other day, with the *Mareschal d' Hocquincourt*, *Father Canaye*, who din'd there also, let fall the Discourse insensibly, upon the Submission of the Spirit that Religion requires of us ; and having related to us many new Miracles, and some modern Revolutions ,
he

A Relation of a Dispute. 179

he concluded, that we ought to avoid more than the Plague, those head-strong Spirits, who would examine all things by Reason.

To whom do you talk of head-strong Spirits, says the *Mareschal*? And who has known them better than me? *Bardouville* and *St. Thibal* were the best of my Friends; 'twas they that engag'd me on the side of *Monfieur le Comte*, against *Cardinal Richelieu*. If I were acquainted with many more of these head-strong Wits, I would write a Book of all they have said. *Bardouville* being dead, and *St. Thibal* retir'd into *Holland*, I entertain'd a Friendship with *Lafrete*, and *Sauve Beuf*; these were not head-strong Wits, but brave Men. *Lafrete* was a gallant Man, and my very good Friend, and I think that I have sufficiently testifi'd my self to have been his, in the Distemper that he dy'd of. I saw him die of a small Feaver, which would have scarce killed a Woman; and was enrag'd to see *Lafrete*, that *Lafrete* who fought *Bouteville*, go out, neither better nor worse, than a Farthing Candle. We were concern'd, *Sauve Beuf* and I, to preserve the Honour of our Friend, which made me take a resolution

180 *A Relation of a Dispute.*

to kill him with a Pistol-bullet, that he might dye like a Man of Courage. I clapt the Pistol to his Head, when a certain Bougre of a Jesuit pusht my Arm aside, and hinder'd my Design. This put me in so great a rage, that presently I resolv'd to become a *Jansenist*.

Take notice, my Lord, says the Father, take notice how Satan is always lying in wait for us. *Circuit Querens quem Devoret*; You conceive a kind of Displeasure against our Order, which he takes occasion of to surprize and devour you; nay, worse than devour you, to make you turn *Jansenist*: *Vigilate, Vigilate*; One cannot be too much upon his guard against the common Enemy of Mankind.

The Father's in the right, says the *Mareschal*; I have heard, that the Devil never sleeps. We must have a good Guard, a good Foot, and a good Eye upon him. But let's leave the Devil and discourse of the things I love. I have lov'd War above all things, Madam *de Monbazon* next to War, and such as you see me, Philosophy after Madam *de Monbazon*. You have reason to love War, replies the Father, and War also loves you; she has crown'd
you

A Relation of a Dispute. 181

you likewise with Honour. Don't you know that I am also a Warrior? The King has given me the Direction of the Hospital of his Army in *Flanders*: Is not this enough to be a Warriour? Who would ever have believ'd that Father *Canaye* should ever have become a Soldier? I am such, *my Lord*, and do not render less Service to God in the Camp, than I did in the College of *Clermont*. You may then love War innocently; to go to War, is to love one's Prince; and to serve one's Prince, is to serve God.

But as for what concerns *Madam de Monbazon*; if you have lusted after her, you must permit me to tell you, that your Desires were criminal. You should not lust after her, *my Lord*, but love her with an innocent Friendship.

What, says the *Mareschal*, would you have me love like a Sot? The *Mareschal* of *Hocquincourt* has not learnt in Ladies Chambers, to do nothing but Sigh. I would, my Father, I would----- you understand me well. I would----- Oh how many I would? In truth, *my Lord*, you rally with a good Grace. Our Fathers of *St. Louis* would be astonisht at these *I woulds*: When one has been a

182 *A Relation of a Dispute.*

great while in the Army, one learns to bear all. No more, no more, you speak this, *my Lord*, I suppose to divert your self.

There is no such Divertisement in't, Father: Do you know for what design I lov'd her? *Usque ad Aras*, My Lord; No, *Aras*, my Father. Look here, says the Marshal, taking a Knife, and grasping the Haft fast in his hand, *look here, if she had commanded me to kill you, I would have buried the Blade in your Heart.* Father Canaye surpris'd at this Discourse, and more frighted at the Transport, had immediate recourse to his Mental Devotion, and prayed God secretly, that he would deliver him from the danger wherein he found himself. But not trusting altogether to Prayer, he leap'd insensibly out of the Marshal's reach, by an unperceivable motion of his Buttocks. The Marshal followed him in the like manner; and one that had seen his Knife always lifted up, would have sworn, that he was going to put his Order into Execution.

My ill Nature made me take pleasure a while in the fears of our Reverend Spark; but fearing at length that the Marshal in his Transports, might render that Scene melancholy which was before only

A Relation of a Dispute. 183

only pleasant, I caus'd him to remember, that *Madam de Monbazon* was dead; and told him, That fortunately the Father *Canaye* had nothing to fear from a Person that was no more.

God does all for the best, replies the Marshal: The fairest Woman in the World began to play the fool with me when she dy'd. There was always near her a certain *Abbot de Rance*, who talkt to her of Grace before People, and entertain'd her with other things in private. This made me forsake the *Jansenists*; before I never miss'd a Sermon of Father *Desmarez*, and never swore, but by the Gentlemen of *Port-Royal*. I have always been at Confession with the Jesuits since that time: And if my Son has ever any Children, I am resolv'd they shall study at the Colledge of *Clermont*, upon pain of being disinherited. Oh, how wonderful are the Ways of God! crys out Father *Canaye*: How profound is the Mystery of his Justice! A little Weathercock of a *Jansenist*, to follow a Lady whom my Lord wisht well to. The merciful God made use of Jealousie to put the Conscience of my Lord into our hands; *Mirabilia Judicia tua Domine*; Wonderful are thy Judgments, O Lord! Af-

184 *A Relation of a Dispute.*

After the good Father had finish't his pious Reflections, I thought it might be permitted me to enter into the Discourse; and I askt the Marshal, If the Love of Philosophy had not succeeded his Passion for *Madam de Monbazon*?

I have lov'd Philosophy but too well, said the Marshal, I have lov'd it but too well; but I have at length left it, and will trouble my head with it no more. A Dog of a Philosopher had so puzzled my Brain about our first Parents, the Apple, the Serpent, Terrestrial Paradise, and the Cherubins, that I was about to believe nothing of the matter. The Devil take me, if I believ'd any thing then, but from that time, I would have crucify'd myself for my Religion. 'Tis not that I see more reason in it now, but on the contrary, less than ever: But I cannot help telling you, I would nevertheless have sacrific'd myself without knowing wherefore.

So much the better, my Lord, replies the Father, with a tone of Nose very devout, so much the better; that shews they are not Humane Motions, but that they proceed from God. No reason! that is the true Religion which has no reason.

What

A Relation of a Dispute. 185

What an extraordinary Grace, *my Lord*, has Heaven bestow'd upon you? *Estote sicut Infantes*; be as Infants. Infants have yet their Innocence, and why? because they have no reason, *Beati pauperes Spiritu*, Blessed are the Poor in Spirit: they sin not; the reason is, that they have no Reason. *No Reason*, I cannot help telling you *wherefore*. Oh excellent Words! they ought to be writ in Letters of Gold: 'Tis not that I see more Reason in it, but on the contrary less than ever. In truth, this is Divine for them that have any tast of Heavenly Things: *No Reason*, what an extraordinary Grace, *my Lord*, has God bestow'd upon you?

The Father had gone on farther with his Invectives against Reason, but that Letters were brought from Court to the Marshal, which interrupted so Pious an Entertainment. The Marshal read them softly to himself, and afterwards he was pleas'd to tell the Company what they contain'd: If I had a mind to seem a Politician, as others do, I should retire into my Closet, to read Dispatches from the Court; but I always act and speak with an open Heart. The Cardinal sends me word, That *Stenay's* taken, that the Court

186 *A Relation of a Dispute.*

Court will be here in eight days; and the Command of the Army, which made the Siege, is given me, to go and relieve *Arras* with *Turenne* and *La Ferte*. I remember well that *Turenne* suffer'd me to be beaten by Monsieur the Prince, when the Court was at *Gien*; perhaps I may find an occasion to do him the like favour. If *Arras* were reliev'd, and *Turenne* beaten, I should be content; I'll do what I can; but I say no more.

He related to us all the particulars of his Combat, and the subject of his Complaint, that he thought he had against Monsieur *Turenne*: But we were advertis'd, that the Convoy was already far enough from the Town, which made us take leave sooner than we meant to have done.

Father *Canaye* finding himself without an Horse, desir'd one to carry him to the Camp: *And what Horse will you have, Father?* says the Marshal. *I will answer you, my Lord,* says the Father, as the good Father *Suarez* did the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, upon the like occasion, *Qualem me decet esse, Mansuetum*. Such an one as I ought to be, gentle and tractable, *Qualem me decet esse Mansuetum*; I understand

A Relation of a Dispute. 187

stand a little Latine, says the Marshal; *Mansuetum* would be fitter for Sheep than Horses. Let my Horse be given to the Father; I love the whole Order, and am his Friend, therefore let them give him my best Horse. Here I went to dispatch a few Affairs, but staid not long, before I rejoyned the Convoy. We jogg'd on prosperously, but not without some fatigue. As for the poor Father Canaye, I met him upon the prance, on one of the best Horses of Monsieur d' Hocquincourt; 'twas a mettlesome fiery Horse, restless and always in action; he chew'd his Bit eternally, always went on one side, neigh'd every minute, and that which shockt most the Modesty of the Father, he very indecently mistook all the Horses he met for Mares. *And, what do I see my Father?* said I, coming up to him. *What Horse have they given you? Where is Father Suarez's Nag that you askt so earnestly for?* Ah Sir, says he, I can sit him no longer. He was about to continue his Complaints, when a Hare cross'd the Road, and an hundred Horse immediately hurried away in confusion after the Course, and we heard presently more discharges of Pistols, than at a Skirmish. The Father's Horse being accustomed

188 *A Relation of a Dispute.*

custom'd to fire under the Marshal, carried away his Man, and made him charge instantly through their confus'd Ranks. 'Twas a thing very pleasant, to see a Jesuit at the head of all this Company, against his Will. Happily the Hare was kill'd, and I found the Father in the middle of thirty Horse-men, who all gave him the Honour of a Chase, which one might have better call'd Chance. The Father receiv'd their Commendations with apparent Modesty; but in his Mind he despis'd very much the *Mansuetum* of good Father *Suarez*, and was rais'd to the best humour in the World, in reflecting on the Miracles that he fancied he had done on the Marshal's Courser: Yet he was not long without remembering that good saying of *Solomon*, *Vanitas vanitatum, & omnia Vanitas*. He was no sooner grown cool, but he felt an uneasiness which the heat had conceal'd from him, and false Glory giving place to true Grief; he wish'd for the repose of his Society, and the content of a peaceable Life, which he had quitted. But all these Reflections signified nothing, he must go to the Camp, and he was so tir'd with his Horse, that I saw him ready to abandon his *Bucephalus*, and walk a foot at the Head of the Infantry. I

A Relation of a Dispute. 189

I comforted him for his past Fatigue, and exempted him from any future Inconveniences, in bestowing on him the easiest Nag he could have wisht for. He gave me a thousand thanks, and was so sensible of my civility, that forgetting all regard of his Profession, he convers'd with me more like an honest sincere Fellow-traveller than a Jesuit. I askt him what opinion he had of Monsieur *d' Hocquincourt*? 'Tis a good Lord, says he, 'tis a good Soul: He has quitted the *Jansenists*; our Order is oblig'd to him: but for my part, I think I shall never eat at his Table again, or borrow Horse of him.

Being much pleas'd with this first freedom, I had a mind to try him farther. Whence comes, continu'd I, the great Animosities between the *Jansenists* and your Fathers? Does it proceed from the difference in Opinion about the Doctrine of Grace? What folly, what folly, says he, is it to think that we hate one another for not having the same Opinion about Grace! 'Tis neither Grace nor the five Propositions that have rais'd these Animosities between us. The jealousy of governing Consciences, is the true reason. The *Jansenists* found us in possession

190 *A Relation of a Dispute.*

sion of the Government, and they have a mind to dispossess us.

Now to effect their ends, they have made use of Methods quite contrary to ours. We employ Gentleness and Indulgence, and they affect Austerity and Rigour. We comfort Souls by the Examples of the Mercies of God, and they frighten them by those of Justice. They make use of Fear, where we make use of Hopes. They would ride those that we would have to be our Subjects. Not but that both of us have a mind to save Men, and each has a mind to have the credit on't. And to speak freely to you, the interest of the Director goes almost always before the salvation of him who is under the direction. I speak to you after another manner than I did to the Marshal; I was purely a Jesuite with him, but with you I use the freedom of a Soldier. I commended very much the new Liberty which his last Profession had made him take, and it seem'd to me that the commendation pleas'd him. I had continu'd it longer, but as Night began to approach, we were oblig'd to separate; the Father being as much contented with my proceeding, as I was satisfied with the confidence he reposed in me.

Mo.

*Motives for a general Peace in the
Year 1678.*

IF it be a difficult matter to discover the Origine of Winds and Subterranean Fires, 'tis no less very often to dive into the hidden Causes of the greatest part of our Wars; sometimes Ambition and Avarice keep those designs long conceal'd, that the least pretence discovers.

The Declarations of the pretended Cause, for the most part, are only calculated to amuse the People; and oftentimes so dexterously, that the true Reasons of State and Policy are covered with some appearance of Justice. They never scruple to ruin the Foundation; and violate the most Sacred Rights of Nature.

Don't let us look for any fresh Instances of this in the unhappy War which at present oppresses all Countries of Christendom; let us conceive for the Princes who are the cause of it, a Respect which perhaps Posterity will not subscribe to; let us suppose, that they do all out of a good mean-

192 *Motives for general Peace.*

meaning, and that Justice is the rule of so many destructive Actions. It seems at least, that they have not forgot all impressions of Equity, since they have agreed to chuse Mediators to decide their Differences; and that those who are chiefly concerned seem willing to accept his Intervention, whom the God of Peace hath made his Lieutenant upon Earth.

But as it may happen, that these Princes are not all equally dispos'd to accept of a speedy Peace, 'twill be necessary to remember them, that they are obliged to it by the Motives of Glory, Interest and a good Conscience.

Glory is nothing else but an high Esteem which is acquired amongst Men, and which passes down to Posterity. We may say, that there is nothing more glorious for a Prince, than to make his People happy.

* *Nulla Major
Principis Gloria,
quam fecisse felici-
sem & satisfacisse
Inopi.*

* The glory of storming Towns and acquiring Victories is common even to Barbarians. But to conquer one's self, and renounce one's own Interest; to give Repose and Peace to the World, is the proper Character of an Hero. The People of *France* will never cease to give a thousand Benedictions and

Motives for a general Peace. 193

and a thousand Praises to the Memory of *Philip the Good Duke of Burgundy*; his Hate and his Vengeance appeared just, since he armed against the Murtherer of his Father: Glory and the Reasons of State seemed to forbid him to think of a Peace, since he might promise himself assured Conquests by the Union which he had made with a puissant Monarch. Yet for all this, out of a pious Consideration of the Publick Calamities, he stifled his Resentments, and by one so great a Mercy, he rendred himself a thousand times more glorious than his Son, who was so terrible and who fought so many Battels. Many Conquerours have thought to gain immortal Glory by their Arms, who in the next Age have been treated as * Robbers and Pyrates. War is never truly glorious, but when it is founded upon Justice; which also ceases when one may have a reasonable Satisfaction without it, and when the Interest of the State demands a Peace.

* As *Alexander* has been by *Seneca*, *Lucan*, and *Quintus Curtius*.

It would be no difficult matter to prove that even those Princes who are at present most concern'd in this War, will find

N^o their

194 *Motives for a general Peace.*

their trueſt Intereſt in a Peace, if they have any regard to that of their own Subjects, which is the only

(a) *Salus populi ſuperma lex eſt.*

(a) true Intereſt of State.

Miſery is general, we are a like ruin'd by Friends and Enemies: To take any Place you muſt ſhed the Bloud, as it were, of all the People, who being ſeduc'd to the laſt Extremities, mourn ſecretly amidſt the Songs of Triumph that are publickly commanded.

In effect, they are ſo far from being the better for the Conqueſts of their Prince, that they are more burthen'd with Taxes, and Impoſts, than ever. The Towns and conquer'd Provinces do not afford for the moſt part half the neceſſary Expence to fortifie, and defend them. They muſt pay Contributions to their Enemy, furniſh free Paſſage and Quarter to Souldiers, who almoſt every-where live like Licentious Robbers. The preſent poſture of Affairs ſeems to give us ſome indications of the approach of the day of Judgment, whoſe knowledge God hath reſerved wholly to himſelf; that it will be the laſt War of the World, foretold us by the Scripture, and which will for ever take away,

Motives for a general Peace. 195

way the Power from Princes and People, of Insuring and Supporting each other. Yet this is not all, they must either receive Souldiers, or pay Winter-Quarters, which destroys all they saved from the Pillage of the Campaign; perhaps they commit all these Excesses, to teach the People not to fear Death, in robbing them of all they have to keep them alive. But it is to be feared, that this Despair in the end may produce some (b) ill effects; that it may set the People upon looking for ease from their Burthens elsewhere; or at least that in this Conjunction, when the Pope labours for Peace, they will second his good Intentions in spite of their Masters who would oppose them. When the Popes heretofore made use of the Ecclesiastical Thunder for their temporal Interest, the greatest part of the World never heeded it, because their Power ought to be employed to edifie, and not to destroy: But if at this day the Holy Father would make use of the Church Censures against the most obstinate Opposers of Peace, which is the Source of all Impieties, tis to be presumed, that so ho-

(b) *Maxime metuenda desperantium audacia, tanquam acerrimi morientium belluarum Morsus.*

196 *Motives for a general Peace.*

ly a ~~action~~ would draw down the Blessing of Heaven, and procure the Applause of all Mankind.

It may be objected, perhaps, That the Interest of State, and Prudence does make Princes defer Peace, in order to weaken a growing Enemy, whose Power, unless prevented, may occasion a common Disadvantage: As for example, the *Allies* seem to have some reason not to accord so soon with *France*, hoping that time may give them some Advantages, to reduce her to such a condition, that she may not be in a capacity to hurt them. But this reason alone is not sufficient to continue the War, no more than it would be to begin it; 'tis from Divine Providence, and not from Violence, we must expect a Remedy against the

(a) *Illud vero minime feren-*

... fear of an uncertain Evil (c).

dam est, quod quidam tradiderunt, jure gentium arma recte sumi ad imminuendam potentiam crescentem, quæ nimium aucta nocere posset. Sed ut vim pari posse ad vim inferendam jus tribuatur, ab omni æquitatis ratione abhorret. Grot. li. 2. cap. 1. Sect. 17. Jure. Bell. & Pacis.

Whatever Interest we may have in a War, and whatever Justice we have to take Arms; We ought seriously to desire Peace out of a pure Principle of Conscience,

Motives for a general Peace. 197

science, though we are employed in the justest War. 'Tis indeed the last Reason we have mentioned, but it would be the the first and strongest, were it not for the universal Depravity of the World.

Heretofore it was a Doubt, whether Christians might make (b)

War; but not to raise any difficulty upon the Argument; it is certain, they may not, but upon those condi-

(b) *Non militandum Christiano, cui nec litigare quidem liceat.* Tertul. lib. de Idol.

tions which have been seldom or never observed. 'Tis a strange thing, that a private Man shall be put to Death, if he kills another who with-holds his Estate from him; and yet a Prince for the least occasion shall be permitted to lay all in Bloud and Flames: We know the difference between them; and that a private Man has not the power to do himself Justice, as Sovereigns have; but nevertheless, they ought to prescribe Bounds to their Pretentions and Revenge; (a) they ought to

(a) *Bellum ita suscipiatur, ut nihil aliud nisi pax quaesita videatur.* Cicero de Offic. lib. 1.

make it appear, that they seek Peace and its Effects, and not a Pretence to destroy their Neighbours. But let us go on

farther, and show in what case a War,

198 *Motives for a general Peace.*

though never so Just, may injure a Prince's Conscience ; (a) 'tis first

(a) *In pœnis quoque exigendis illud maxime observandum est, ne unquam eo nomine bellum suscipiatur in eum cui pares sunt vires, nam ut judicem civilem* when his Enemy is as potent as himself, and thereby engages his Subjects in great hazard ; and when he sees that the War will cause them more prejudice than advantage (b).

ita qui armis facinora velit vindicare, multo esse validiorem altero oportet, neque vero prudentia tantum aut suorum caritas exigere solet, ut bello periculoso abstinenceatur, sed sæpe etiam iustitia rectoria scilicet, qua ex ipso regiminis natura, superiorem non minus ad curam pro inferioribus, quam inferiores ad obedientiam obligat. Grot. de Jur. Bell. & Pacis. c. 24.

(b) *Quod si plus damni evenit reip. quam compendii ex bello suscepto etiam iusto, princeps debet restituere detrimenta.* This is the Opinion of the *Casuists*, and even of the Jesuit *Diana*, *Panormit. de regular. part. 6. pract. 4. de Bello Reg.*

If we make a Reflection on the success of Parties who are at present engaged, 'twill be hard to determine which will have the better ; nevertheless, we may see, that there is none that do not do more Mischief to themselves, than their Enemy ; and that like the Soldiers of *Cadmus*, in the Fable they devour themselves.

The second Reason which ought to incline a Prince to Peace, by a Motive of Conscience, is That he that is responsible to God for all Disorders, and Damages,
that

Motives for a general Peace. 199.

that his Soldiers occasion in a Friends Country : First, when they commit them for want of their Pay.

This is the Opinion of all the Divines ;

(a) and indeed of all those that have written about Politiks, obliges him to make a Reparation. 'Tis but too often seen, that the greatest part of Soldiers pretend a License for want of being paid ; and that all parts are much embarras'd at present, to furnish their Troops with Subsistence,

(a) *Puto Regem, qui quæ debet stipendia militibus non solvi, non tantum militibus teneri de damnis inde secutis, sed & subditis suis, & vicinis quos inedia coacti milites male habuerunt.*
Gret. de Jur. Bell. & Pac. lib. 3. cap. 17. sect. 2. Num. 6.

and that they will be more for the future.

2. When a Prince suffers, or permits Rapines, and the Violence of Soldiers, he is obliged to make 'em good : We may alledge here, what heretofore (b)

Gerson said in the presence of the King of France, *Tu ea*

(b) *Tom. 4. cap. 13.*

non agis mala, verum est sed ea fieri permittis & suffers. Sic Deus judicabit contrate, & dicet, non te alii, sed infernales Diaboli te cruciabunt. How then can these Sovereigns that make this present War dispence with these Obligations, or Punishments? they know well enough, that

200 *Motives for a general Peace.*

where-ever their Troops pass, nay, tho' it be in a Friend's Country, that they leave nothing behind them, that they can carry away; that they mow the Corn when it is green, and plunder both Women and Children, and commit oftentimes Crimes yet more enormous. Perhaps it may be objected, That all these Disorders do not come to the knowledge of the Prince; but yet he is not less guilty before God because he ought to inform himself exactly, and remedy the same by his presence. With what hopes can a Prince offer his Prayers to God, when he knows, that in quitting a point of Chimerical Honour, he might prevent Pillage, Violence, Burning, and Sacrilege; that he might put all Christendom in a state of Peace, and defend her from the Assaults wherewith the common Enemy threatens her; that he might establish the Glory and Worship of God, so much prophan'd by the Violations of War; and that he might hinder an infinite number of innocent People from being expos'd to the last Extremities and insupportable Outrages.

It is not possible but that such prevalent Reasons must move the Christian Princes to search after Peace. But 'tis not
enough

Motives for a general Peace. 201

enough to have bare Inclinations towards it; Piety obliges them to establish it with Industry, and to take the most proper and ready Measures for so great and good a Work.

The best and most assured Method that can be found on both sides, is to speak freely their Grievances and Pretensions, without losing the time in the discussion of Preliminaries and Formalities; and not pretend an Indisposition on purpose, or some default of the Equipage of a Plenipotentiary, to retard the Effect of his Commission. Every one ought to do himself Justice in the Tribunal of his own Conscience, as well as his Enemy, and offer him a Reparation of the Wrong he has done him; after the example of that holy Prince, who having broken an Alliance which he had made with an idolatrous King, was not ashamed to condemn and submit himself to render a just Satisfaction. Which was the cause that God, who had punish'd him for this Breach, afterwards heap'd upon him infinite Prosperities.

*Hezekiah,
2 Kings,
ch 18, 19.*

After the rate that the Ministers assist at the Assembly of *Nimeguen*, they seem
to

202 *Motives for a general Peace.*

to be very far from entertaining so pious an Intention. They are so slow in coming thither, that in all probability they will not be slower in moving Questions, and yet they may be more slow in resolving them. They may make it last, if they please till the Diet of *Ratisbonne*; and perhaps amidst these Delays there may happen some Accidents that will exasperate their Spirits so much, that they'll break it as they did the Treaty of *Colen*.

Whenever there is a sincere Inclination to treat of Peace, the Points are always propos'd before, by a secret and private Mediation, and concluded in the Cabinets of Princes: The sending of Embassadors and Plenipotentiaries, and Publick Conferences serve for nothing else but show. This appears by the most important Treaties of this Age, and particularly that of the *Pyrenees*; so that we may easily see that *Nimeguen*, where they know not yet what they mean to propose, will cause us a long time to expect a Peace; during which every Party endeavours to make the best Advantage of the present Conjunction, and flatter themselves with Successes they think to find over the rest.

The

Motives for a general Peace. 203

The Allies imagine perhaps, That *France* in the end will be distress'd by the vast Numbers of its Officers and Soldiers; and that the poverty or natural inconstancy of the People will cause a speedy Reverse of its Prosperity. On the other side, *France* confides in the Union of its Forces, in the good Fortune she has always hitherto had, and in the Dissention she endeavours to spread among her Enemies; and in fine, trusts to the Revolution of Affairs, that the *Port* or *Poland* may produce in the North and the Empire itself.

All these Conjectures are very ill grounded, both on one side and t'other, but especially through the ill Conduct of one Party. These three Years they have been framing them to no purpose, and according to the judgment of the best Politicians, each side has more reason to fear than to hope. In the mean time, for these uncertain Hopes, all Christendom undergoes infinite Devastations, which can never cease, but by the end of the War. We must expect Peace from God only, and believe, that at last he will move the Hearts of these Princes to hearken to his Voice and the Groans of the People.

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